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Vol. II.---From MARCH to AUGUST, 1875.

OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD;

DEVOTED TO

NORTH CAROLINA---HER PAST, HER PRESENT AND
HER FUTURE.

OFFICIAL ORGAN N. C. BRANCH

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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S. D. POOL, EDITOR.

Our Living and Our Dead;

DEVOTED TO
North Carolina—Her Past, Her Present and Her Future.
Official Organ North Carolina Branch Southern Historical Society

Vol. II.]

MARCH, 1875.

[No. 1.]

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

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THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR;

CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF
EVENTS, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES,
WHICH OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE
Bloody War, Which took Place in the United States in 1861.

By REV. JOHN PARIS, Late Chaplain 54th Regiment, N. C. Troops.

CHAPTER IV.

Effects of the Battle of Manassas upon the Northern mind—McDowell removed from the command of the Grand Army—Operations in North Western Virginia—Battle of Cross Lanes—Battle of the Gauley and defeat of Rosecranz—Gen. Robert E. Lee assumes command of all the troops in Western Virginia, and manoeuvres with Rosecranz—Repulse of the Yankees by Brig. Gen. H. R. Jackson—Missouri secedes and unites with the Confederacy—Battle of Carthage and defeat of General Siegel—Battle of Oak Hill—Defeat and fall of Gen. Lyon—General Price captures Lexington, with Mulligan's whole force—Gen. Fremont recalled from Missouri—Dispersion of the Maryland Legislature, and arrest of its members by the Lincoln Government—Defeat of the Yankees at Ball's Bluff—Affair at Dranesville—Battle of Belmont—Arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, upon the high seas, by the enemy.

IT IS proper to note the effects produced upon the two belligerent parties by the battle of Manassas. On the part of the Yankees, the defeat was unlooked for, and deeply mortifying to their innate pride. Telegraphic reports had been sent to Washington and New York, from Centreville, at 3

o'clock on Sunday, of a brilliant victory. The newspaper offices immediately issued their extras, to herald the glad tidings through the streets; and all Yankeedom grew jubilant. But by next morning a mighty change had come over the spirit of their dream. The streets of Washington were filled with the frightened fugitives from Manassas, and the debris of the "Grand Army" choked up the avenues leading to the capitol. The truth had been flashed along the wires to all parts of the country, that General McDowell had been routed and driven back upon Washington with great loss. The *New York Herald*, which had pompously announced the preceding evening, in flaming capitals, the news of a splendid victory, on Monday morning let down the feelings of its readers in the following gentle, yet soothing, manner: "We regret to announce that our army, after having gained a brilliant victory at Manassas on yesterday, abandoned it." The Congress took up the subject and passed a resolution of thanks to the army, declaring its confidence in its patriotism and valor; and the whole machinery of Government now applied itself with renewed energy to the work of re-organizing and strengthening the army, and of preparing for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

On the other hand the victory of Manassas produced great enthusiasm throughout the Confederacy. The unequalled bravery of the Southern soldiers, their patient endurance and firmness, with the splendid military abilities of their officers, had excited universal admiration. The Confederate army that fought at Manassas was no doubt made up of the best material, so far as the rank and file were concerned, that ever took the field in defence of their country. To a large extent it was composed of the noblest spirits of the South. It was made of men of intelligence and moral worth; of respectable and honorable position in society; men governed by the highest sense of honor and of patriotism; men who, at their country's call, had promptly turned their backs upon everything at home for the dangers of the tented field; men who honestly believed they were fighting for Justice and Right, and held themselves ready to sacrifice everything for country and its cause, from a sense of duty and of honor. These men might have been called "raw troops," as they had but recently left their homes, and not more than two regiments of them had ever burnt powder at an enemy before, yet raw and ill-equip-



ped as they were, under the leadership of such Generals as Johnston and Beauregard, they had been able to fight and put to rout double their numbers on the field of Manassas. The South was proud of its achievements.

But this brilliant victory of Manassas has been called by some, a serious misfortune to the Confederacy. Its importance and effects were over estimated, and as Hope tells a pleasing tale, many hoped that in its results, it would cause the leading powers of Europe to acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy, and that the Federal Government, under the press of circumstances, would abandon its hostile designs upon the Southern States, and enter into an arrangement for a peaceful separation. Such opinions entered too largely into the minds of Statesmen, as well as into the minds of Government officials. By the victory of Manassas the energy of the South was relaxed, and the country relapsed into a state of fancied security. A tide had set in, which might have led to success and to fortune, if the Government had availed itself of the advantages which it brought, but apathy ensued, and the great victory of Manassas failed to produce some of its hoped for results. The army of Gen. Johnston, although considerably strengthened by reinforcements, was doomed to inactivity with the exception of some small rencounters between foraging parties. On the part of the Yankees, General McDowell was displaced from command of the "Grand Army," and General G. B. McClellan called from the Army of Western Virginia to assume command.

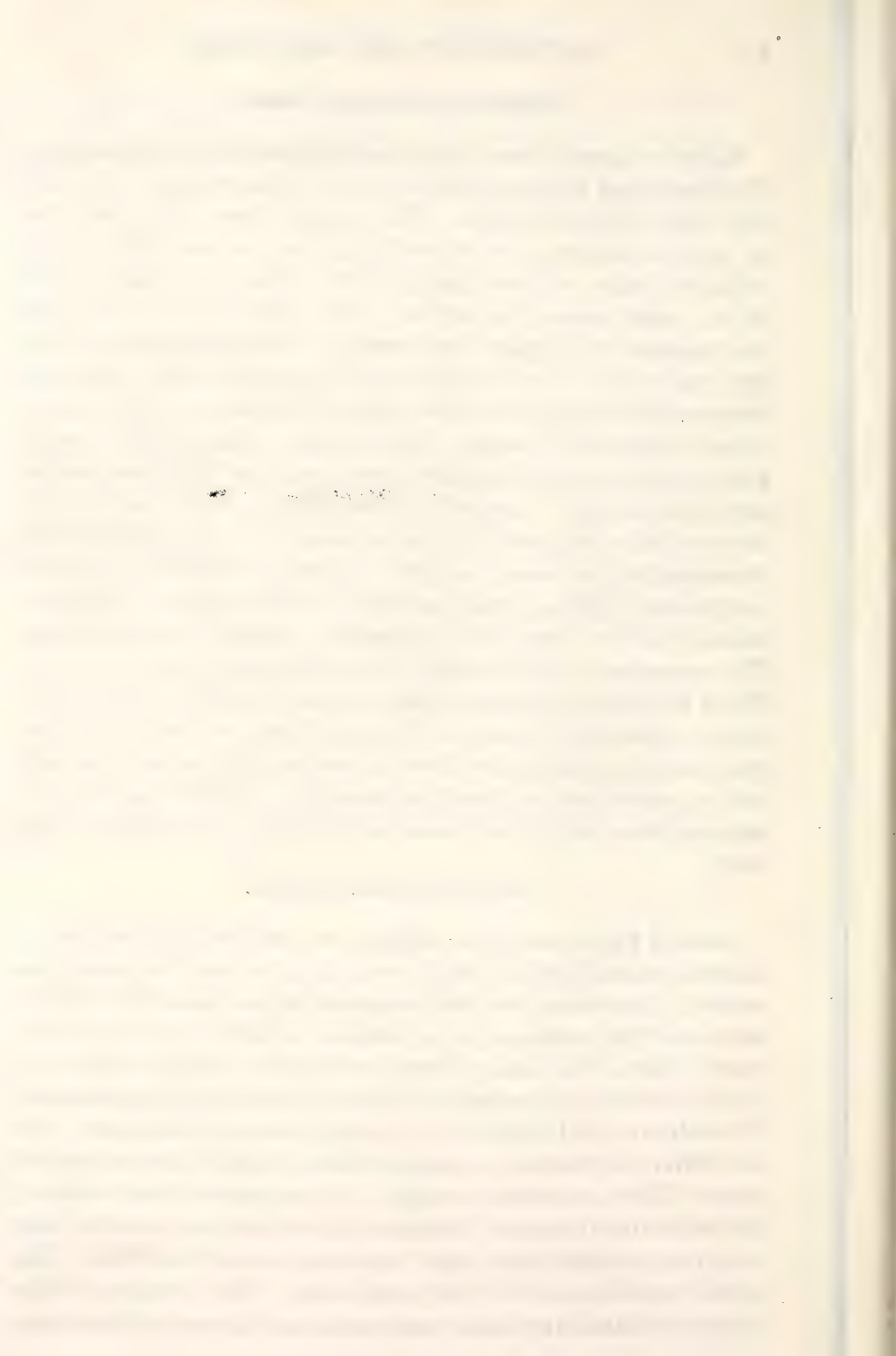
At this period, the Federal forces in Western Virginia were commanded by Gen. Rosecranz, and the Confederate troops by Brigadier Generals Wise and Floyd. Both of these officers had filled the gubernatorial chair of Virginia, and their influence and counsels were considered to be of great weight. The column commanded by Gen. Wise amounted to 4,000, while that of Gen. Floyd did not exceed 3,000 men. It was deemed of the utmost importance to hold the rich and important valley of the Great Kanawha, and thus prevent it from being overrun by the enemy. After the defeat of the column under Gen. Garnett at Rich Mountain and Cheat river, the section of the State of Virginia lying West of the Blue Ridge Mountain, especially the Northwestern counties had been temporarily abandoned to the enemy by the Confederate armies.

ACTION AT CARNIFAX FERRY.

Early in August, Gen. Floyd moved forward in the direction of Charleston and took up position on the Gauley, one of the chief tributaries of the Kanawha. The country here was diversified by lofty mountains, abrupt precipices, deep ravines, with majestic rocks, and better adapted for the work of the sharpshooter, than for any other arm of the service. The troops under Gen. Floyd were anxious to engage the enemy. A strong column of Yankees under the command of Gen. Cox, was in their front, and some spirited skirmishing took place. At this point the two columns of Generals Wise and Floyd united, although they constituted separate and independent commands, and the hope was entertained that by a harmonious co-operation they would be able to overwhelm and crush the forces under Cox. A movement was attempted by the enemy to throw a column of infantry upon the Confederate right and rear, and thus cut their line of communication with their rear, and necessarily compel them to retreat. The movement was discovered in time to defeat its object. Gen. Floyd with his brigade and a few hundred cavalry, by a stealthy march, crossed the Gauley at Carnifax Ferry, on the 26th of August, and at a place called Cross Lanes engaged and after a sharp contest routed and scattered the enemy in all directions, who sustained a loss of about two hundred, in killed, wounded and prisoners.

BATTLE OF THE GAULEY.

General Floyd took up a position on the Gauley river, which he strengthened by such defences as the nature of the ground admitted. Rosecranz, who had won some reputation at Rich Mountain, and who commanded a division of about nine thousand, moved down the Gauley from Buckhannon with the object in view of clearing the country of the two Confederate commanders. The columns of Floyd and Wise were several miles apart. On the 10th of September, he attacked Gen. Floyd in his entrenched camp. The Confederate strength did not exceed two thousand, yet with nine thousand Yankees in front and the river in their rear, they wielded their rifles like true sons of the South. The attack lasted from 3 P. M. until dusk. The situation of the camp precluded any flank movement on the part of Rosecranz,



and the attack was directed upon the front. But the storm of grape, canister, and shell, with the impetuous shower of Minnie balls which rained upon them for hours, failed to dampen the courage of the mountaineers commanded by Floyd. Late in the evening, the enemy massed his troops for a final charge. Moving forward with precision and order, they came within range of the unerring riflemen of Floyd, who poured into their ranks a destructive storm of leaden hail that strewed the ground with their dead and wounded, rent their martialled lines, and caused them to scatter in confusion and disorder to the rear, and thus give up the struggle. The loss of the Yankee command was heavy, yet it was never accurately ascertained. The loss of the Confederates was reported at twenty wounded. Yet these figures seem strange, as there appears generally, in all heavy engagements with small arms, to be one killed to every four or five that are wounded.

During the night, Gen. Floyd succeeded in drawing off all his forces, repassed the river, and reached the position of Gen. Wise in safety. Rosecranz soon followed up the retreating column of Floyd, hoping to bring on an engagement with the united commands of Wise and Floyd, but as the enemy greatly outnumbered them, they declined battle in the wild and rugged region, whilst the roads were so seriously broken up by almost continual rains, and the bridges swept away by high waters. Both commands fell back to the eastern side of Sewell's Mountain, and again took up separate positions.

General Rob't E. Lee, who had been commissioned Major General by the State of Virginia, had, after the transfer of the State forces to the Confederate Government been sent into the upper part of Northwestern Virginia to take charge of the forces operating therein. Collecting together all the troops placed at his disposal, he soon found himself at the head of 16,000 men.

With this column Gen. Lee moved forward against a strong position held by the enemy called "Elk Water." This position was so situated, and had been so strengthened by the exertions of the Federal commander as to be impregnable to any force that might attempt to carry it by storm or surprise. With the lofty precipices, and deep ravines, the enemy had formed extensive and formidable abattis, which seemed to mock the ap-



proach of an armed foe. Gen. Lee prepared to attack the place and carry it by assault, but discovered the impracticability of the plan and drew off his forces. The sufferings of the Confederate troops in Northwestern Virginia, during the months of September and October, from rain and cold, were more severe than any other troops were called to endure during the war. These sufferings told upon their ranks with tenfold more fatality than the weapons of the enemy; yet they bore them with heroic courage.

Authenticated information now reached General Lee that Rosecranz and Cox had formed a junction of their forces and were moving upon Generals Wise and Floyd. He immediately advanced to their support, leaving about 2500 men in his rear under the command of Brigadier General H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, to watch the movements of the enemy in the vicinity of Elk Water. The principal strength of the three commands of Generals Lee, Wise and Floyd was united under the command of the former and an intrenched camp formed at Sewell's Mountain in order to withstand the combined attack of Rosecranz and Cox. The enemy advanced cautiously, and his vanguard took position on the heights in the vicinity of Lee. Spirited skirmishing ensued. But while the enemy showed a disposition to make a general assault, his observations convinced him of the ruinous dangers attending such an attempt. Under cover of darkness of the night of the 6th of October, he fell back unmolested. About the same time the column under the command of General Jackson, which had remained near Elk Water, was vigorously attacked. After a heavy fire of artillery for sometime, the enemy advanced infantry to the assault. The troops of Jackson lying close within their works received the assault with great coolness, and poured into the enemy such a heavy and well-directed fire of musketry, that they broke into confusion and retreated in disorder, leaving about three hundred killed and wounded in the hands of the Confederates.

The severity of the weather in this region of the State, upon the approach of winter, with the bad condition of the roads, rendering it impossible to maintain an army in Northwestern Virginia, the Confederate Government discontinued its military operations in this quarter. Gen. Floyd with his command was sent to reinforce the army under Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson in Kentucky;



Gen. Wise was sent to operate on the coast of North Carolina in the military district commanded by Major General Huger, while General Lee was directed to look after the coast defences of South Carolina and Georgia.

In October of this year the Legislature of Missouri, which had been compelled to fly the capitol of the State, passed an Ordinance of Secession and was received as a member of the Confederacy, which now numbered twelve States that had determined to defy with arms in their hands the power and strength of the Federal Government, which had persistently invaded their constitutional rights for a series of years in defiance of remonstrance, and thus had plunged the nation into revolution and bloodshed. But before the Legislature had taken this step, red war had reached her own soil, and many of the citizens of the State had laid down their lives in defence of their country.

On the morning of the 5th of July, the Missouri State Troops under the Governor, now, Gen. Jackson, were attacked by the Federal troops under Gen. Siegel near a little town called Carthage. At the first charge ordered by Jackson, the Yankees gave way, and retreated upon Carthage where they attempted to make another stand, but were again routed and driven out by the gallantry of the Missourians and sought safety in flight. This attack upon the State Troops by the Yankee commander afforded the Missourians an opportunity to show their mettle, which they did in splendid style. They were but poorly armed and equipped for a passage at arms with the well-drilled, and handsomely armed Yankees; but what they lacked in this respect they made up in nerve. They had carried into battle but little more than three thousand men. Badly equipped as they were, they had defeated a body of well-appointed and well-armed Federal troops, almost their equal in numbers, and pursued them several miles from the field with a loss of only about two hundred in killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was believed to reach at least five hundred men.

The concentration of Federal troops in Missouri, and the flight of the Legislature from the capitol for safety, had induced the Confederate Government to send Gen. McCulloch into the State with a column of about 3000 men in order to prevent it from falling into the power of the Federal Government. This force of

Gen. McCulloch, uniting with Gen. Jackson's and a body of Arkansas State Troops under General Pearce, amounted to nearly twelve thousand. Gen. Price commanded the Missourians, and Gen. McCulloch as an officer of the Confederate Government assumed command of the whole. The enemy had a numerous army at Springfield, and McCulloch moved in that direction to seek his adversary.

BATTLE OF OAK RIDGE.

On the morning of the 10th of August, Gen. Lyon commanding in Springfield, marched out and attacked the Confederate General with impetuosity. For some time the battle raged with great fury. But Gen. Lyon being killed, the Yankees gave way at all points and retreated from the field in confusion. The loss of the army under McCulloch amounted to more than a thousand in killed and wounded, whilst that of the enemy summed up about 2300 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

About this time John C. Fremont, the famous explorer of the country lying west of the Rocky Mountains called the Great Basin, and who had figured in the operatives in California during the war with Mexico, and who had been found guilty by a court martial upon charges of insubordination to his superior, was appointed a Major General and assigned to the chief command of the military district of Missouri. This man had been at a former period of his life an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency of the United States, as the nominee of the Black Republican party, and was fully imbued with all the fanatical principles of that political organization. St. Louis being his headquarters, he took hold of the reins of authority with a bold hand, proclaimed martial law throughout the State, thus setting aside all civil authority, and affording to the lovers of constitutional liberty, regulated by law, an illustration of the condition of the fallen liberties of the country, when the Government should be administered according to the genius of the party into whose hands it had so unfortunately fallen. He likewise proclaimed with pompous authority that all persons who took up arms against the authority of the United States, or who took any part in hostilities waged against the Federal Government, should forfeit the loss of all their property by

confiscation ;—and that their slaves as a consequence should be held as free forever.

While the doctrines of this proclamation were in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, still they were quite acceptable to a strong portion of the political party in power at Washington. Yet under the serious and untried surroundings amidst which Mr. Lincoln was now obliged to play his part, he deemed it impolitic to endorse them. He had declared in his inaugural address, that "he had no power to interfere with slavery where it exists in the States, if he had the will." Consequently, this first step taken by military authority to emancipate slaves was disapproved by the Federal Executive. The arbitrary and despotic administration of affairs by Fremont stirred the feelings of the people of both parties in Missouri. On the part of the Secessionists, it aroused a spirit of the most defiant opposition, and on the part of the Union party a clamor was raised, which reached the authorities at Washington, demanding his dismissal from office. As he had rendered no military service calculated to inspire any confidence on the part of the public, the Government soon relieved him of the command, and placed in his stead one David Hunter, of the same political school, who afterwards won more celebrity with the torch than he did with the sword.

On the 18th of September, Gen. Price at the head of the Missouri troops invested Lexington. The town was held by Colonel Mulligan with a force of about four thousand men. His position was well fortified and defended by redoubts which rendered an assault hazardous. But the enthusiastic boldness of the Missourians defied every danger and surmounted every obstacle. After Col. Mulligan had lost all his outposts, and had suffered severely in loss of men, and seeing no prospect of succor, he surrendered his whole force. This success afforded great relief to the army of Gen. Price, as it was quite destitute of needful supplies in order to prepare it for the field. His captures were five pieces of artillery, about four thousand stand of small arms, with a large amount of provisions and commissary stores, and nearly eight hundred horses. Among the magnanimous acts of Gen. Price mentioned by the newspapers which occurred upon the surrender of Lexington, is one which shines peculiarly brighter by being in contrast with the action of the Yankee commander-in-

chief in the State. By order of Gen. Fremont whose fingers had a proclivity for gold, Col. Mulligan had robbed the bank of Lexington of the good, round sum of \$900,000 in specie. Gen. Price becoming master of the situation became master of the gold also, and commanded promptly that the ill-gotten booty on the part of the Yankees should be restored to its proper owners.

Within a few days after the capture of Lexington, the enemy attempted to draw a cordon around Gen. Price and thus annihilate his entire command. Fremont with a formidable army advanced to attack him in front; smaller divisions threatened him on the right flank. But under serious disadvantages he effected his retreat in safety to the Southwestern corner of the State, where he could find support by the proximity of the division commanded by Gen. McCulloch.

The Federal Congress had met on the 4th of July, in obedience to the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. The disasters of Bull Run and Manassas; the bold and successful resistance offered to the authority of the General Government in Missouri; the awkward and unsuccessful part played by Kentucky, which she pretended to call "an armed neutrality;" with the severe struggle Maryland was making to throw off the chains of bondage imposed upon her by Federal authority, through the management of her Governor, aroused both the Legislative and Executive departments of the Government to the most vigorous exertions, to prepare for the emergency. Mr. Lincoln had violated the Constitution, which he had sworn to defend, by suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in Maryland and elsewhere, and Congress had approved his action. The Legislature of Maryland had resolved to meet at Frederick City instead of Annapolis, the capital, in order that their deliberations might not be overawed by the presence of the Federal soldiers which had been stationed in various places in the State under the specious plea of preserving the peace. By order of Gen. McClellan a large number of the members of that body who were known to hold opinions adverse to the policy of the Federal Government were arrested and placed in confinement, the strictest espionage was established everywhere, houses were searched, the best of citizens arrested and imprisoned, military rule was the order of the day and despotism reigned throughout beautiful Maryland.

The lines of Johnston and Beauregard had been advanced to Munson's Hill, but a few miles from Washington, but McClellan, who had the command of the army, once called the "Grand Army;" refused battle and lay at rest in his entrenchments. The Congress in order to strengthen the hands of the Executive and enable him "to crush out the rebellion," to use the common Yankee phrase in vogue at the time, voted to raise a half million of men to serve for a period of three years, if needed, with the necessary appropriations to equip and keep them in the field. By proclamation Mr. Lincoln had declared all the ports in the Confederacy in a state of blockade, with all their coasts; and in the same bombastic manifesto threatened with the penalties meted out to pirates, all Confederate cruisers, in the character of privateers who should interrupt the commerce of the United States "upon the high seas"—a threat which he never had the nerve to execute.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

About the middle of October, Gen. Johnston withdrew his lines from Munson's Hill and fell back a few miles to a village about six miles in front of Manassas called Centreville. Gen. McClellan whom the Yankees had dubbed "the little Napoleon," possibly felt desirous of knowing what could have been meant by this retrograde movement on the part of the Confederate General. Accordingly on the night of the 19th October, he attempted what was called "a reconnoissance in force," upon the left of the Confederate army. A heavy column was ordered to move upon Leesburg from the vicinity of Dranesville, under the command of Gen. McCall, while a body of troops numbering from four to five thousand men, led by Col. Baker, and afterwards reinforced by Gen. Stone, were sent over from the other side of the Potomac to co-operate with the division under McCall. The troops under Baker effected the passage of the river at a point known as Conrad's Ferry, noted for a steep bank or precipice close by, which hung over the water called Ball's Bluff, while a small detachment pertaining to the command crossed at Edward's Ferry. Leesburg is a pleasant town situated about three miles from the Potomac, and was held by Gen. Evans who had won distinction on the bloody field of Manassas. He had but four regiments un-

der his command ; one from Virginia, and three from Mississippi numbering a little more than two thousand men.

Early on the morning of the 20th, Gen. Evans was apprised of the advance of the two Federal columns and prepared for their reception. Having taken up a defensive position on the road leading from Conrad's Ferry to Leesburg, the advance of the enemy on this road soon came in collision with the front line of the Confederate column. These troops offered a spirited resistance. Relying upon his superiority of numbers, the Yankee commander, Col. Baker, an ex-member of Congress from Oregon, rapidly advanced his forces and swelled the tide of battle. At this juncture it appeared that the heroic band of Confederates would be compelled to succumb to overwhelming numbers, pressing forward to break their ranks. But General Evans knew the men he led, and the men knew the chief whom they followed. Forming his command for the purpose, he ordered a general charge. It was executed with all the heroic dash, for which Confederates were distinguished, accompanied with the true Southern yell, which no Federal line could withstand. The enemy gave way. Confusion ensued. Colonel Baker made every possible effort to rally his broken battalions ; but all in vain. The deadly fire of the regiments of Evans, was strewing the ground with the dead and wounded, and defied every effort to rally. Baker fell a lifeless corpse, and the confusion that ensued challenges description. The whole force became a mass of maddened, and frightened fugitives. In this character, they were driven back upon the river at Ball's Bluff, under a terrible fire which they were unable to return. And as the Confederates pressed with the bayonet, the frightened mass rushed down the Bluffs into the river below, in wild disorder, heaps upon heaps. Multitudes were drowned, and sunk to rise no more ; whilst the unerring aim of the riflemen ended the life struggles of more. Masses rushed into the ferry boats lying at the shore, and pushing off to gain the other side, the crowded boats went down, consigning their cargoes of bleeding, wounded and frightened fugitives to one common grave. The waters of the Potomac were crimsoned with blood. But a small part of the column that had crossed in such high spirits, to assail the hated "rebels," in the morning, was fortunate enough to regain the northern shore in safety. The loss of the Confeder-

ates in this affair, commonly called "the battle of Ball's Bluff," in killed and wounded, was less than one hundred and seventy, while the loss of the Yankees exceeded two thousand, of which not less than five hundred had been killed and drowned.

The results of this day can scarcely find a parallel in military annals. General Evans had fought and defeated a force numbering at least three to his one, and had inflicted upon the Yankees a loss equal to his own numbers, which he had carried into battle, while his loss was less than one-twelfth of that of the enemy.

The news of this disastrous defeat created great excitement at Washington. The roar of the cannon at Ball's Bluff had been heard in the City; that a battle had been fought, and a defeat sustained, was evident to all, but nothing more could be known. The government was reticent. The people were clamorous for the facts. After some days had passed, and the pressure becoming so great, an official explanation was offered to satisfy the public mind, to the effect that "the affair was simply a reconnoissance in force, which had been successfully executed; and that the force had recrossed the Potomac with little loss." The Yankee newspapers desirous of keeping the true history of the affair from their own people, and having so little regard for the sacred principles of truth, declared that they had lost no prisoners; while it was a notorious fact that about seven hundred and fifty had been marched to Richmond, and many were captured who were too badly wounded to be removed so far.

But these efforts to satisfy the public mind proved abortive. Demands for official reports of the disaster were made in the halls of Congress, and the truth was thus most reluctantly forced from the Government, and given to the world, despite the efforts that had been made, on its part, to substitute falsehood and deception in its place.

On the 20th of December, Brig. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in command of the Confederate cavalry, while out on a foraging expedition fell in with a strong force of the enemy near Dranesville. Stuart's force was greatly inferior to that of the enemy, and was encumbered with a large wagon train. Through some unfortunate coincidence he was not apprised of the proximity of the enemy, until he was too close to attempt a retrograde movement without battle. The line was quickly formed, though in a position which

offered but few advantages, whilst the enemy was sheltered in nearly the entire length of his line, and supported by several batteries of artillery. As soon as the immense train of wagons had been gotten in safety to the rear, Gen. Stuart drew off his men, and retired to a new position, but the enemy deemed it imprudent to attempt any pursuit. The loss of the Confederates was reported at about two hundred in killed, wounded and missing.

An affair occurred in the West in November of this year of some importance in itself, though attended with no advantageous results to either of the parties. Gen. Polk had occupied Columbus, Ky., as soon as it was discovered that the "armed neutrality" of that State did not prevent the Federal troops from occupying such points within its limits as they might choose, or in forming military camps within its borders at their pleasure. Immediately opposite to Columbus on the Missouri side of the river, is a small place known by the name of Belmont, at which place Gen. Polk had placed a small force of about 1200 men.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

On the night of the 6th Gen. Grant, who was afterwards destined to figure more conspicuously in the war, conveyed a large body of troops down the river, which he landed, under cover of darkness, above the Confederate camp, and at daylight on the morning of the 7th, attacked the Confederates. Under the pressure of overwhelming numbers, the latter gave way. But being soon reinforced by Gen. Pillow from Columbus, the Yankees were compelled to retreat to their boats for safety, thus yielding every inch of ground they had gained, and leaving many of their wounded, as well as their dead, in the hands of the Confederates. The loss of the Confederates was about 650 killed, wounded and missing, while it was held that the loss of the Yankees was nearly one hundred per cent. more.

With some unimportant movement of troops in the Southern part of Kentucky, the campaign of 1861 closed. The trial at arms thus far had inspired the strongest confidence on the part of the Confederates, in their ability to contend with the enemy successfully in the field, not only against their equal in numbers, but the general opinion was entertained that two Confederates were always equal to three Yankees, upon the field, and under

ordinary circumstances, no one seemed to doubt the result of the issue, unless the enemy had a much larger proportion in numerical strength.

Mr. Davis, as President of the Confederate States, had appointed Messrs. Mason and Slidell as representatives of the Confederate States at the Courts of England and France. These ambassadors found it an easy matter to run the blockade at Charleston, and reached Havana. Here, their movements ceased to be hidden, as they were in the port of a neutral power. But upon their embarking on the British steamer *Trent*, for England, she was overhauled and boarded on the high seas between Havana and the Bahama islands, by the United States steam sloop of war *San Jacinto*. Two shots had been fired at the *Trent* before she hove to, when she was immediately boarded by a United States officer, Messrs. Mason and Slidell seized in the presence of their families, and before the commander of the *Trent*, in defiance of his protest, hurried on board the *San Jacinto*, carried to the United States and placed in confinement in Fort Lafayette, near Boston. This act on the part of Lieut. Wilkes, commander of the *San Jacinto* was hailed by the Yankees with universal approval and he was feasted and lionized wherever he went. The Secretary of the Navy endorsed the high-handed act, and contributed his eulogy to glorify this deed of his subordinate. But the act had created a sensation among the Great Powers of Europe. It was an outrage upon international law. The whole Confederacy felt the deepest interest in the affair, hoping that the Yankee Government would stand by its own acts and declarations, and thereby provoke a war with England. Great Britain acted in the matter with firmness and dignity. Waiving any discussion of principles that might be involved in the arrest, she made a peremptory demand for the delivery of the Ambassadors with their Secretaries. From the bold and defiant tone of the Federal orators and press, it was hoped that the United States Government would certainly refuse to comply with this demand; that no back down from the position taken could, or would be made; that such a step could only be taken at the expense of national dishonor. But when the British Lion growled, all Yankeedom was lulled to silence, and Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, replied to this demand in one of the most remarkable papers that ever emanated from

any Government, in which it would be hard to determine what he meant, further than this, he had not expected to give up the men, under the circumstances, but as the demand had been made for them, they would be readily delivered to Her Majesty's Government. Perhaps no other Government on the face of the earth would have played such a part as this, before the family of nations.

(To be Continued.)

WILLIAM R. GORMAN.

WHEN the alarm of war was sounded in 1861, William R. Gorman, a reserved and unobtrusive young man, was residing in Salisbury, quietly pursuing an humble but respectable calling. When the knell of the Confederacy swept over our conquered fields in 1865, he was quietly sleeping in an humble but honorable grave. As he never fought a battle or held a public trust, he drew attention from but few, while he was living; and as he took not many to his heart in friendship's sacred bonds, there were not many who gave his memory the tribute of a tear when he was dead.

Nature gave him a mind of no inferior mould. With the little learning that the schools impart, he sought the fields of truth and knowledge with delight. There was talent in him that could not rest until he was higher; and that talent was enough to give rich promise that, if he struggled, he would rise. There was a beautiful glow in his imagination, aspiring dignity in his thoughts, and much refinement in his taste. His soul was higher than his fortune—and higher than the souls of many who seemed to live above him. There was more than one mystery of melancholy interest that threw the shades of cypress-wreath and withered bloom upon the garden of his early hopes. His heart was wont to sigh over buried joys, with that despair that grave-sighs echo; and it sometime shuddered with a strange regret, as slighted duty flapped her raven wings and uttered sad reproachful cries over the faded scenes of the irrevocable past. These pages shall not remove the sacred veil of these mysteries; but he who reads

is warned to hearken to the great commands of God, in youth or riper years, whatever bribes the world may offer—whatever fears the heart may feel.

Mr. Gorman went to the field in 1861 as a member of the Band of the 4th N. C. Regiment, Col. G. B. Anderson. He was an accomplished musician. There was something in music congenial to his own heart-life. He knew its power well enough to feel that his position was no vain sinecure in an army. Great Captains have recognized and proven its potency to sustain the spirits and the morale of soldiers. Of this, celebrated illustrations could be cited. In this sketch, I shall quote frequently and at length from the letters written to me by him—giving his language unchanged.

Writing from Manassas, early in 1862, he says: "I think my duty is *here*, and I am resolved to stand the storm, though I find a last resting-place beneath the genial soil of the Old Dominion." Soon after this he visited Salisbury, but rejoined his regiment on its forced march from Manassas to the Peninsula.

In a letter of the 17th of April, written from Yorktown, exposed to the terrible fire of the gunboats on the flank and the artillery and rifles in front, he states that the grand explosions of the 86-pound shells bursting about him—"are the delightful music that lulls us to sleep almost every night. The Band has entirely ceased to play, for every time we have played since we have been here, the yankee batteries have opened upon us, compelling us to acknowledge our music no comparison to theirs in tone or effect.

* * * I myself feel strongly inclined to hang my horn upon a limb and take my station at the batteries. Time alone will decide what course I will pursue. I trust it will be the right one in the end."

After the retreat from Yorktown, he writes again from near Richmond, under date of the 23d of May: "All I can say is, we are here, having passed through terrible times in getting here. We endured hunger, fatigue and cold, rain, mud and hard tramping, quite enough to do me for the rest of my life. I have seen some of the horrors of war, quite sufficient to convince me that it is a curse to any nation. Heaven grant this may speedily end."

A sad and thrilling account of his experience is given in a letter dated the 6th of June. The terrible "Battle of Seven Pines" had poured its floods of blood and agony on the famous Penin-

cula since he last wrote. When the regiment was ordered into the fight, he was left behind on special duty; but he could not remain in full hearing of the horrid din and roar without drawing nearer to witness it. He states: 'After going about three-fourths of a mile I came to an open field beyond which death was playing dreadful havoc with our boys. I remained some time there, shells and grape and minnie balls whistling a lively air around the while, until I saw men—to me seemingly countless—coming back. I concluded the thing was up and we were compelled to give way, and I went back to my charge. But I was mistaken. The tide of battle went Yankeedom-ward. So I went to the hospital and did all I could to alleviate the horrible sufferings of the wounded till late at night. Heavens! what sights I witnessed! Piled in heaps lay arms and legs amputated—an awful scene;—while from the bloody masses of flesh went up such piercing cries that the blood almost chilled around the fountain of life. * * * One hundred, or nearly, of the devoted 4th sleep to-day the sleep that knows no waking, and 260 are *hors de combat*, wounded in every conceivable shape and place. Oh! the misery of this fratricidal war! Would to Heaven it would end and that speedily!"

Who can read the following extract, from his letter of the 13th of the same month, without a sense of horror:

"How calm and still is everything since the grand battle of Seven Pines! Nature smiles so sweetly, the breeze sighs as peacefully, and the birds sing as enchantingly, as though no deeds of blood and carnage had been perpetrated near this now peaceful spot—deeds so dark that angels doubtless wept over the folly of men—for such scenes as I witnessed were enough to make the angels of darkness weep, were such a thing possible. I can't say I was in the battle, but I feel confident that I could have passed through it and not felt half the horror that I did at the hospitals. I remained at the hospital as long as wounded were brought from the field. When I first reached there, several had already been brought in. I noticed quite a number with wounds exposed, and horrible ones too. One I saw—don't know his name—had been hit by a shell on the right leg, just at the knee, taking away half his leg; not cutting it off, but nearly splitting it half and half, from six inches above to six inches below the knee—a horrible

spectacle indeed. He lay, however, seemingly perfectly easy—not a groan escaped his already ghastly lips. Several lay with wounds exposed, pierced through and through the stomach with minnie balls, upon whose features death had already set his seal; and they too died without a groan. Some had both legs torn off by shells, from whom arose heavenward the most piercing cries. God of Mercy! Such cries! Why the very blood chilled around the fountain of life, and I felt as though I would rather myself suffer their pain than stand and listen at their dying groans. I saw arms and legs amputated, and though chloroform was administered, the pain was so intense it had no effect, and the poor wretches broke the stillness of the night with cries so heartrending that it seemed to me the very corpses around them trembled. And such a shocking sight when the surgeon's task was done—arms and legs piled up like cord wood. No matter how strong your imagination you can't for your life picture a scene half so horrible as the terrible reality I witnessed. The regiment lost 375 killed and wounded, and to-day it can't start 400 men for duty."

The following harrowing recital was penned on the 5th of July, 1862, just after the series of tremendous engagements known as the "Seven Days' Battle:—

"The second scene in the great drama before Richmond has just been played, and the curtain drops. I feel wholly at a loss how or where to commence writing about it. I indeed saw none of that tragic play, but I saw what—to keep up the figure—may be called the after-piece. I will give you a peep at the 'post' where my duty called me. The regiment left camp on Thursday the 26th of June, about 2 o'clock in the morning, and after going some distance the Colonel sent back for the Band to follow on. We never got up with the regiment at all, as it went beyond the Chickahominy; and after looking around for it until day-light, we came back to camp and stayed there till next morning. We then started towards where the firing was heard the day before, and after going about six miles, we came to the battlefield of the previous day; and such sights! Not one dead Yankee did we see. I afterwards learned that they had been buried on the night of the battle by the Yankees—the wounded being carried off. The fight took place near a mill, and our brave boys (none of the 4th in the first fight) had to make a charge over the worst

place I ever saw. They had to charge down a very steep hill, across a bottom through which ran two creeks, both with deep banks, and just beyond them the enemy had strong rifle-pits, supported by splendid batteries. The carnage was awful. I counted no less than 30 or 40 men on a half acre. Fourteen lay in one heap at the ford of the first creek, and over the hill they lay thick. Our loss there was heavy but they routed the vandals from their strongholds. We looked around for some time, and then followed on the public road leading towards Yorktown. Every foot of land from that mill, as far as we went, about 12 miles, was one solid Yankee camp. They must have had a vast army encamped there. About noon we came up with Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, and saw the indomitable Jackson, with his fast, invincible 33,000. There we learned that Gen. D. H. Hill's Division was in hot pursuit, and on we followed, passing through the battlefield of Friday evening, where the vandals had made another stand, and had been routed with great slaughter. This time we saw dead Yankees whose name is "legion;" and although the brave Confederates had as much disadvantage as in the previous fight, they routed the enemy and took revenge for the loss of the previous day. I give the Yankees credit for selecting good fighting ground, and had they the grit of our boys they never would have been driven from this strong position.

"About 4 o'clock on Saturday we found the hospital of D. H. Hill's Division. Though I had my feelings wrought up to a high pitch, looking on the mutilated dead, on those bloody fields; yet that feeling was as nothing compared to what I saw and heard, when I saw the wounded, and heard the dying groans of those devoted braves. I shudder while I write about it. I am going to tell you a tale of horror which is true, and may God forbid I should ever have to witness the like again! Every one of the surgeons were ordered away, shortly after we arrived there, and there were scarcely any left to take care of the wounded. Our Band did all men could do, to render the condition of the wounded as good as possible. This was Saturday evening, and there we stayed, neither eating nor sleeping, day nor night, until Monday evening, and yet not one of our regiment had been moved or had any surgical operations performed. Some actually died for want of attention. I suppose that not less than 2000

wounded were there. Amputated limbs were lying all over the yard. The dead, none being there to bury them, lay among the suffering and dying, from which arose the most sickening stench. Their lifeless bodies were almost in motion with the myriad maggots that infested them. O! it was horrible! too awful to think about.

"Nor is this all. I myself did a task there that makes my flesh crawl to think of. A man from Company C, 4th Regiment, told me something hurt him under his arm. He was shot through the right breast, breaking his collar bone. When I looked, horror of horrors! one thousand maggots were working there. I borrowed a pair of scissors and went to work, and it took me half an hour to remove them. Such a grateful look did he give me that I could have done anything. I learned yesterday that he is doing finely in the hospital in Richmond, and says he owes his salvation to me and a Mr. Rickert of Statesville, who assisted me.

"Those three days were days of horror—a "reign of terror" indeed. Our regiment only lost about sixty killed and wounded. The regiment is now detached, as Gen. Hill thinks it has done its duty and needs rest. Company K lost three killed and seven or eight wounded. One of the killed of that company, a fine young man, Paul Barger, gave me his pocket book before we started, stating that possibly he might be killed and he did not want the Yankees to have his money. That was the last I ever of him."

In the following September, Mr. Gorman's vigorous constitution yielded to the effects of chronic disease. Then came fever, bronchitis and chills. He lingered in the army and hospitals till he was greatly reduced and came home in December, the mere shadow of his once stalwart form. On March 28th, 1863, he wrote me the last letter I received from him. Meanwhile I had visited him once, and found fell disease slowly working its fatal result. But just as he wrote he was enjoying one of these delusive hours of exhilaration so common with the victims of chronic disease. Writing from his little chamber where he had suffered so much and so long, he says:

"The coming season, with its green fields, its laughing streams, its smiling meadows, bursting buds, singing birds, opening flowers and bright, cheering sunshine, is quite enough to enkindle a new

and stronger desire to live and enjoy for a season these temporal blessings. All nature invites the sick to leave their beds and ramble through the woods and by the dancing streams and drink in the melody of the merry songsters. But, my friend, I leave my bed with one serious regret—I had hoped to go forth into the world a ‘new creature,’ blessed with the divine assurance of sins forgiven.”

As early as February, 1861, he thus beautifully referred to his spiritual interests: “I have hope, strong hope, a radiant gleaming of a brighter, better, happier day, when the pearl of priceless value—compared to which the diamonds of Golconda and all the wealth of earth besides are glittering trash—shall be mine.”

He soon left Salisbury to return no more. On a subsequent visit, hearing of his illness at Concord, I visited him for the last time one quiet lonely Sabbath evening. He was lying under the chill shadow of the wing of the angel of Death, and I could only utter the words of weeping friendship, and commend him in counsel and prayer to that best of friends whom none can trust too freely or love too well.

His spirit was a pearl, but it was shrouded from the light without which it could not shine. Remembering love indulges the hope that it is now basking in the radiant splendor of that world whose shadows are brighter than the shinings of this.

REPORT OF MAJOR FROBEL OF SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICK, MARYLAND, }
September 9, 1862. }

Captain W. H. SELLERS, Assistant Adjutant General :

Captain :—I have the honor to submit the following report of the participation of the batteries under my command in the battles of Friday and Saturday, August 29th and 30th :

At eleven, A. M., on Friday, I was ordered by General Hood to proceed to the right of the turnpike road and report to General Stuart. This I did, with Captain Bachman's battery, Reilly being already in position on the left, and Garden having no long-

range pieces. General Stuart had selected a position near the Alexander and Orange railroad. The battery was brought up, and immediately opened with marked effect on a column of the enemy moving to the right, which at once changed direction, moving rapidly to the left. Fifteen rounds were fired, when the distance being greatly increased, I ordered Captain Bachman to cease firing. At 1 P. M., Captain Reilly was ordered to the left of the turnpike, and to take position with other batteries on a hill commanding the hills near Groveton house, where the enemy had several batteries strongly posted. Immediately afterwards I proceeded with Captain Bachman's battery to the same position, (Captain Garden's being considered of too short range to be effective there.) The position assigned us was on the extreme left, both batteries passing through a heavy fire in reaching it. After being hotly engaged for two hours and-a-half, and firing about one hundred rounds, the enemy ceased firing and withdrew his guns. We were then ordered to return to the road, for the purpose of replenishing our ammunition. At three, P. M., on Saturday I was ordered by General Longstreet to proceed down the turnpike with all the batteries, and take position on the left of the road, opening fire on the enemy's batteries posted in an orchard near Dogan's house. Immediately after, I was ordered to change position to the right of the road and advance, which was done. Captain Reilly taking position on the hill in front of Groveton house, engaging the batteries immediately in front, under a terrific fire, while Bachman's battery advanced still further, passing through the woods to the right, and assisted by the howitzer section of Reilly's battery, under command of Lieutenant Myers, opened on the flank. In changing position, Captain Bachman had one of his rifle guns disabled. Both batteries were handled with great skill and effect, and the fire of the enemy soon silenced. It being near dark, and ammunition exhausted, Reilly and Bachman were ordered to withdraw. In the meantime, I was ordered by Gen. Longstreet to advance Captain Garden's battery in the field on the left of the road. This was done, and a flanking fire opened on the batteries near Dogan's house. We were soon, however, ordered to cease, as Colonel Law's brigade was advancing in the opposite direction on the same point; the Federals, at the same time, manifesting great energy in the

rapidity of their movement down the turnpike and Sudley ford road. Captain Garden with two other batteries, continued to pursue until the Sudley road was reached, when, not being able to distinguish friend from foe in the darkness, the battery was finally withdrawn.

Of the conduct of officers and men in both engagements I cannot speak in terms too high. Captain Bachman and Garden handled their batteries with great skill, while Reilly sustained his old and well merited reputation. Lieutenant Sirgling, a gallant young officer, attached to Bachman's battery, fell, seriously (supposed to be mortally) wounded, at his guns, setting an example of cool bravery not often equalled. Enclosed you will find a list of the killed and wounded.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. W. FROBEL,

Major and Chief of Artillery, Commanding.

REPORT OF MAJOR FROBEL OF THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

October 1, 1862.

Captain W. H. SELLERS, A. A. G. :

Captain :—In compliance with orders to report the participation of the batteries under my command in the recent engagements before Sharpsburg, I would respectfully submit the following :

After bringing up the rear on the march from Boonsboro', Captains Reilly and Bachman's batteries were placed in position by Colonel Walton about noon on Monday, the 15th September, on a hill to the right of the turnpike road and a short distance in front of Sharpsburg ; Garden's battery being held in reserve, in case the enemy should attempt an advance by a bridge over the Antietam, still further on the right. We held these positions on Monday night.

On Tuesday, a fierce cannonade was kept up between our batteries and those of the enemy, in which Captain Reilly was ordered by Colonel Walton to participate until his rifle ammunition

was exhausted, but without any perceptible result. Bachman's battery was, at the same time, exposed to a heavy fire, but had orders not to reply. Tuesday night we occupied the same position.

On Wednesday morning, the battle was again renewed. Captain Reilly was sent to the rear to replenish, if possible, his exhausted ammunition. At eight o'clock, A. M., Captain Bachman, with a section of Napoleon guns, was ordered to report to the extreme left of our line and report to General Longstreet. Shortly after he was placed in position in a corn-field, and opened on the enemy at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. The position was exposed to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who occupied a wood not more than fifty yards off. In a few minutes, the section was disabled, on account of the loss of men and horses. I ordered him to retire, for the purpose of repairing damages. In the meantime, his rifle section was hotly engaged near the turnpike. This section was in charge of Sergeant Schlemmermeyer, who fought his guns most gallantly, and remained in position until his ammunition was expended.

At two o'clock, P. M., I received orders from Major General Jones to prepare to hold the road leading from the bridge over the Antietam, on our extreme right. A few minutes after, the enemy were reported advancing, the infantry near the bridge at the same time giving way. I immediately placed Garden's battery in position on the left of the road. The enemy had crossed the bridge and were advancing rapidly, under cover of a furious fire from all their batteries, concentrated upon us, when Garden's battery opened a most destructive fire upon them and, assisted by a rifle section under Captain Squiers, soon drove them back. Fearing that they might yet turn us by passing still further to the right, I directed Captain Garden to look well to the road and woods in front of him, while I proceeded to the right in search of General Jones. On arriving at the top of the hill to the right of the road, the enemy were advancing in strong force in that direction. By permission of General Jones, I placed Captain Brown's battery in position at this point. The enemy were distant about four hundred yards, when he opened a hot and well directed fire upon them, breaking their ranks and driving them back to the cover of a hill from which they had just advanced.

At this time, large bodies of the enemy (infantry and artillery) were moving on the opposite side of the river. When near the bridge, they halted some ten or fifteen minutes. I immediately sent to Captain Reilly to come up, as the guns then in position were all short-range and could not reach them on the bridge. Being without ammunition, only his howitzer section was available. I at once placed it in position. The enemy had, in the meantime, advanced some eight or ten guns and placed them in front of us. Under fire of these, assisted by their long-range batteries on the opposite bank, their lines advanced. Their sharpshooters at the same time opened a hot fire on us from a corn-field on our right, a stone fence in front, and a wood and orchard near by. Our batteries immediately replied, and continued their fire until the line was broken and the enemy recoiled.

At this time the enemy were distant less than one hundred yards. Our ammunition was exhausted. One of Captain Garden's guns was dismounted, the carriage being entirely destroyed; another rendered utterly useless by the bursting of a shell, while from one of Captain Reilly's pieces all the horses had been killed. But three guns remained fit for service, and they were without ammunition. Having run the pieces to the rear by hand and secured our disabled guns, the enemy all the time advancing firing upon us, I ordered the battery to retire.

In passing to the turnpike, Lieutenant Ramsay, in command of the rifle section of Captain Reilly's battery, came up to our support. At that time the enemy occupied the position we had just left, and were advancing in line. I ordered Lieut. Ramsay to take position in the field to the right of the road and open, which he did, soon breaking their line and throwing them into great confusion. At this time General A. P. Hill came up, and, charging, drove them from the field.

I regret to report that First Lieutenant Pringle, of Garden's battery, after fighting his guns most gallantly, fell, late in the day, mortally wounded, and has since died.

I cannot too highly applaud the conduct of both officers and men. Captains Bachman and Reilly fought their batteries with their usual determination and devotion to the cause. Captain Garden, Lieutenants Simmons, Myers, Ramsay, and Schlemmermeyer deserve particular notice for their gallant

conduct during the battle, and also Assistant Surgeon Buist for his attention to the sick. Acting Adjutant W. L. Scott rendered me great assistance, and is entitled to my warmest thanks.

Enclosed you will find a list of killed and wounded.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. W. FROBEL,

Major and Chief of Artillery, Commanding.

REPORT OF COLONEL L. S. BAKER.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST NORTH CAROLINA CAVALRY, }
August 9, 1862. }

Captain BARKER, Assistant Adjutant General First Brigade :

Captain :—I have the honor to report that the enemy advanced to the Gatewood field about nine o'clock, P. M., on the 4th instant, and there halted during the night. A courier was despatched to Lieutenant Colonel Young and to me, at that time, saying that the enemy was coming up in large force—artillery, infantry and cavalry. I immediately marched down with my regiment and soon satisfied myself that the report forwarded to me was correct. Another courier was immediately forwarded by me, about half past ten o'clock, to Lieutenant Colonel Young to make the same report as at first, and state that I thought they would go by the Quaker road to Malvern Hill in the morning, and that he must be on the alert and forward the report to General Hampton. I also despatched an officer to General Ripley; informing him, as he had directed me to call on him for assistance whenever necessary. The officer says he reached the General's headquarters at a quarter to four, A. M. The General wrote to me immediately, authorizing me to order up a section of artillery and two regiments of infantry on picket duty about four miles in my rear, and, if this was not enough, to send for the brigade that was out working. I sent an order at six, A. M., for the two regiments of infantry and the section of artillery to come up, but no answer was sent, and they did not come up. I was constantly expecting them until the arrival of General Ripley, about eleven o'clock, A. M. No explanation has been given for the

failure of the artillery and infantry to come to my assistance when ordered to do so. At daylight, the enemy advanced by the Nelson house and down the Quaker road to Malvern Hill. I sent another officer, at once, to General Ripley to announce that intelligence. General Hampton came over to my assistance between seven and eight o'clock, A. M., with the intention of following them, until I reported their force, and also that they were in force in front, and already at Malvern Hill. Captain Cheek made admirable disposition of his squadron on picket to get information, and the men performed the duty with judgment and bravery, keeping their position as videttes as long as it was possible, so as to estimate their force. Lieutenant Iredell, after remaining, with a few men as videttes until the enemy was in a few yards of him, fired and fell slowly back, killing, as I have since learned, two men and wounding several. The enemy endeavored to advance his pickets to cover his march, but I dismounted Captain Siler's company as skirmishers, and, after a few moments of spirited firing, the enemy fell back, and I obtained position to ascertain his force again. Captain Siler's officers and men behaved very gallantly. On the 5th and 6th, thirty-three prisoners were captured by Captains Barringer's and Houston's squadrons. I lost seven men (four of Captain Cheek's and three of Captain Wood's company)—a post near Malvern Hill, who had orders to report any advance of the enemy to Lieutenant Colonel Young's pickets. They remained too long and were unable to make their way to him. One of my men came up to me late in the day stating this fact. I also lost on the 6th, one man prisoner from Captain Ruffin's company, and had one badly wounded from Captain Houston's company.

I am, sir, with much respect,

L. S. BAKER,

Colonel First North Carolina Cavalry.

J. S. R. MILLAR, ADJUTANT 1st REGIMENT N.C. STATE TROOPS.

* If Col. M. S. Stokes had done nothing else to display his good judgment as a military man, he would be entitled to the thanks of his regiment for having selected the subject of this imperfect

sketch as Adjutant of his command. It is a source of regret to the writer that so little of the early history of Capt. Millar is accessible to him, but as a survivor of the regiment, to the efficiency of which he added so greatly, I am not willing that his eminent services and the manner of his death shall be either ignored or entirely forgotten. It is a part of the unwritten history of the great contest for Southern independence, which may at some future day assist our historians in giving to the world a just estimate of the great conflict that was waged so gallantly for our rights, and on this account, if for no other reason, ought to be treasured up. Besides this, I feel, that to the memory of Capt. Millar, I owe an additional tribute, in that while an inexperienced Orderly Sergeant, I received from him many marks of personal kindness, and much valuable instruction.

Capt. Millar was raised in the vicinity of Morganton, N. C., I think, and in early life became a merchant. His mercantile career proving unsuccessful, and feeling a natural restlessness incident to misfortune and youth, he left his quiet home in the mountains, and joined the U. S. Army as a private soldier. To what regiment of infantry he was assigned is not known, nor does it matter; this much is known, that by his soldierly qualities and good conduct as a gentleman, he attracted the attention of his superiors, and was repeatedly promoted until he became Sergeant Major of the regiment. Here I might pause awhile to show how circumstances seemed to be fitting him for the position he was to assume and honor, in the struggle for what is now known as the "lost cause;" for all military men know that the Sergeant-Major's position is the best of schools for the Adjutancy.

With his regiment he bore a part in the expedition against the Mormons under that Chevalier Bayard of the Southern army, General Albert Sydney Johnston, and when the mutterings of war between the States began to be heard, he was on duty in New Mexico. His health being impaired and instinctively longing to be with his native State in the struggle that he knew was rapidly approaching, he obtained leave of absence, and at the same time application was made for a discharge. He reached home after a long and perilous journey through the western wilds just as the storm broke forth, and soon after, thanks to the Southern feelings of Gen. John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, received his dis-

charge from the Army. The imprisoned spirit was free at last, and with filial devotion he buckled on his sword for his State, and was appointed by Col. Stokes his Adjutant. Few men in the Confederate Army had had his opportunities, and I may safely assert that in all the army he had but few equals and no superiors in his position. His was not only theoretical but practical training, and all the minutiae of his office seemed perfectly at his command. Years of drill in the ranks had made him perfect in his bearing as a soldier, and his appointment to the highest non-commissioned rank had given him the style of an officer that added, to his well-proportioned form, dignity and grace.

Col. Stokes, who seemed to recognize merit in a soldier almost instinctively, knew his worth from the beginning, and loved him with a brother's devotion. In the absence of Col. S., Lieutenant Millar, at the request of the other field officers, assumed command on drill, and rendered valuable service in instructing both officers and men in the manœuvres of the line. But it was in his position as Adjutant that his merit was most conspicuously exhibited. After the fall of Newbern, our Brigade was sent to Goldsboro, and went into camp on the railroad that leads from that place to Kinston. Here, I recollect, the General in command instituted brigade guard-mounting, and it was made the duty of the regimental adjutants to officiate in succession. I hope I shall not be accused of underrating the abilities of other adjutants, when it is said that Millar's morning to mount the guard always attracted the brigade *en masse* to witness his performance. The gallant Gen. W. R. Cox told the writer in '64 that he had seen many adjutants perform the duty of mounting guard, but none that he ever witnessed could compare with Millar.

At the battle of Ellison's Mills, on the 26th of June, 1862, a day black with misfortune to the 1st Regiment, he received a painful wound in the heel, and was carried to a hospital in Richmond and placed in a room with his Colonel, whom he loved so well, and who had suffered amputation of one of his legs. He saw him in sufferings and heard him in deliriums, while the sweat of death grew damp upon his brow, talk of his regiment—his pride, his great hope of fame. After his recovery, Adjutant Millar returned a saddened and almost heart-broken man. Stokes was no longer there, and there was a form missing whose place no other could take.

A vacancy having occurred in Company H, by the death of Capt. Rives, from wounds received in battle, the officers in command of the regiment, at the solicitation of that company, recommended Adjutant Millar for the position and he received his commission as Captain from the Governor of North Carolina. He soon endeared himself to his command, and though strict in discipline, the men knew they had an officer who would do his duty and maintain their rights. But I must hasten to the conclusion of his career.

June 15th, 1863, when Milroy was driven out of Winchester, we intercepted his retreat a few miles out of Winchester, and a sharp engagement ensued. Capt. Millar was ordered to assume command of a detachment from the regiment, and deploy to the left of the line of march to prevent the escape of the enemy in that direction. He had not advanced far, before coming up with a strong body of infantry, and as soon as discovered, both sides opened a rapid fire, the enemy in the meantime attempting to pass by, on Millar's left. The gallant Millar led his trusty braves against them, preferring to make the attack bold and decided to prevent their escape. Scarcely had he gotten his men well under fire, before he fell at the head of the column, shot through the head, and expired instantly. His remains were taken to Winchester, where they were put into a suitable coffin, and under the charge of one who knew him well, brought back to his native State for interment.

Thus fell, in the vigor of manhood, a gallant and accomplished soldier, an ornament to the profession of arms, and a devoted son of the Old North State. Our good old State cannot afford to suffer the memory of her gallant dead to grow dim by the lapse of time, and as a survivor of the gallant regiment who were partakers in the glory of his name and accomplishments, I feel a pride in having participated with him in many trying scenes, and would therefore dedicate to his memory this feeble sketch, which is to the writer a labor of love. Upon his tombstone let there be inscribed, "Here lies a gallant and accomplished soldier," and his memory should ever be green in the hearts of the survivors of the 1st Regiment, N. C. Troops.

T. D. B.

HERTFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE LATE COL. JAMES W. HINTON.

In announcing the death of this distinguished son of North Carolina the Norfolk *Virginian* said :

"Not only Norfolk but all of Tidewater Virginia and North Carolina, and indeed the whole of both Commonwealths, and large numbers of people of other States, will unite with us in mourning the loss of one of our most eminent citizens : a loss which will be felt, not only in the home circle, in the profession which he adorned, in the political arena, but wherever his name was known, or his face remembered by those who have listened to the eloquent language of Col. JAMES W. HINTON, whose sad and untimely death we have now to record.

"Yesterday morning, (January 20), Col. Hinton was down town, and in conversation with a friend spoke of feeling unusually well. Between 12 and 1 o'clock he entered the law office of Messrs. Goode & Chaplain, his former partners, on business, and was conversing with Mr. Goode for some time, when, on attempting to leave the room, he was stricken with paralysis. Dr. William Selden, his family physician, was immediately called in, who did all that was possible, and the sufferer was conveyed to his residence on York street as soon as practicable. From this attack Col. Hinton sunk gradually, until about six o'clock, he breathed his last peacefully in the bosom of his family.

"An occasion of this sort is one of those occurrences which demands more than the usual notice. Col. Hinton was a man among men, and although never having held any high public office, his name is a familiar one from one end of the Union to the other, and we therefore compile a short sketch of his life.

"He was born in Pasquotank county, North Carolina, in the year 1827, and in his boyhood received only a common country school education. He was, however, studious and diligent, and at an early age acquired the confidence of those who knew him. In 1855 or '56, he was elected clerk of his native county, having previously taken up his residence in Elizabeth City, the county seat. This office he held to the entire satisfaction of his constituents until the breaking out of the war. During his occupancy of that office, he studied law, and obtained a license to practice in 1858, entering at once upon an active practice. In his profession

he soon exhibited his remarkable talents, and gave promise of that eminence he afterwards attained in the legal forum.

"Early imbued with the political principles of the Old Line Whig stamp, he, in the memorable Presidential campaign of 1860, when the names of Bell and Douglas and Breckenridge, were before the people, was appointed an elector for Bell and Everett, and not only thoroughly canvassed his own district, but also other portions of the State.

Although, as we have said, he was an Old Line Whig, and also a Union man, he was nevertheless opposed to any attempt at coercion, and when the spring of 1861 opened, he espoused cordially the cause of his State and section, and raised a company in his native county, of which he was elected Captain, and which was attached to the 8th North Carolina Regiment. He afterwards was prominent in raising and organizing the 68th North Carolina regiment, of which he was elected the Colonel, continuing in that command until the close of the war. As a soldier, he was brave and generous, winning the devotion of his own men, and the respect of his enemies;—higher praise in that profession cannot be awarded.

With the collapse of the Confederacy, he, with all others, who followed the fortunes of the "Stars and Bars," found himself with shattered fortunes and with a family dependent upon his exertions for a livelihood, and in looking around for an eligible location, settled upon this city as his future residence. He again entered upon the practice of his profession, and at once took that stand to which his attainments and talents entitled him, and has ever since maintained an enviable position in the bar of our city.

In adopting Virginia as his home, he at once allied himself to her fortunes, and being an ardent politician, his voice was soon heard in advocacy of the rights of the white race, and it was not long before the well-deserved appellation of the "war-horse" was conferred upon him by his admirers. He was foremost in every campaign since his residence here, and at one time held the position of Conservative Superintendent, in which he did great service to the cause. In the Greeley campaign of 1872, Col. Hinton was an active canvasser, and made a tour of the State of Ohio, uttering a series of speeches which electrified his hearers wherever he appeared. In the late contest between the Hon. John Goode

and Colonel Platt, his efforts were unceasing and its effects were incalculable. To use the words of a gentleman whose voice was heard in nearly every voting place in the district, "To Col. Hinton, more than any one else, was Mr. Goode indebted for his election." His thunder tones woke our people up, and his researches into the records furnished pabulum for all the speakers in the canvass. The effect we have all seen, and there is no necessity for saying anything further; his record is embalmed in the memory of the whole people.

Col. Hinton at an early age embraced religion, and entered the Methodist Church, in which denomination he continued up to the time of his death. He was a member of the Granby street M. E. Church, and was also President of the Sabbath School Association of Norfolk, Portsmouth and Berkley, and in that peculiar department, he was, as in everything else, enthusiastic and persevering, exerting every effort to bring pupils to the schools under the control of the Association, and making himself almost indispensable to that body.

Our notice has been necessarily brief, but we cannot close it without alluding to the subject of this notice in his family relations. As a husband and father he was devoted in the extreme, and we have never seen any one who was more peculiarly fitted to adorn the home circle, or who was more thoroughly appreciated in all the relations of life."

A JOURNAL OF REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

BY W. A. CURTIS.

Sketches of Company "A" 2nd Regiment of North Carolina Cavalry, from May 1st, 1861 to January 1st, 1862.

NUMBER ONE.

IT WAS about the middle of May, 1861, that a very sudden and determined reaction took place among the people of Western North Carolina, who had previously been opposed to secession, and had voted, by an overwhelming majority, against Convention. The causes which led to this sudden change

on the part of our honest mountain yeomanry, are perhaps very well understood, as having been caused by the course which President Lincoln was disposed to pursue with regard to the seceded States. First, his proclamation of the 15th of April, calling upon North Carolina for troops, to wage war upon her sister States of the South, began to kindle the fires of patriotism in their breasts, and then the intelligence of his attempting to reinforce the garrison at Fort Sumter, after promising the Peace Commissioners at Washington that the Fort should be evacuated in less than ten days, was well calculated to fan the sparks of patriotism, already started, into a violent flame, especially when it was understood that Mr. Lincoln's, who had just been elected President, policy was for war, and in violation of the Constitution of the United States, he assumed the unprecedented prerogative of declaring war upon South Carolina and the other seceded States. As these proceedings on the part of the President became the all-absorbing topic of conversation in Cherokee and Clay counties, it became evident that war was inevitable, and the formation of military companies began seriously to engage the attention of the people. George W. Hayes, who was then the Representative from Cherokee and Clay counties, in the General Assembly, had been appointed and commissioned a Captain, with authority to raise a company of cavalry, and returning home from Raleigh in May, he at once went to work to raise his company, which was completed within a few days by the enrollment of one hundred and eight men. Even before the assembling of the State Convention on the 20th of May, it was a foregone conclusion that the State would secede, and when that event took place, it found the country ready to engage in a war, and to link the destiny of North Carolina with that of the Southern Confederacy. Captain Hayes' company of "Cherokee Rangers," was the first company to march from these counties to the war. It was made up for three years or the war, and first entered the State service and was afterwards transferred to the Confederate States Army. The company was ordered to assemble on the 19th of June, 1861, at Valleytown in Cherokee county, at which time and place the company was organized by the election of officers. Although Captain Hayes had been commissioned for the purpose and had raised the company, he declined to assume the command of it, without

an election, and on submitting himself as a candidate, he was unanimously elected as Captain, which was unmistakable evidence of the popularity and high esteem with which he was regarded by his men. The following is the roll of the company as first organized :

CHEROKEE RANGERS.

OFFICERS :

George W. Hayes, Captain.
 John V. B. Rogers, 1st Lieutenant.
 Wm. P. Moore, 2nd Lieutenant.
 John M. Martin, 2nd Lieutenant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS :

Jacob E. Williams, Orderly Sergeant.
 N. W. Moore, Quartermaster Sergeant.

David L. Whitaker, 1st Sergeant ; Hilliard W. Ledford, 2nd Sergeant ; E. J. Fain, 3rd Sergeant ; Joab L. Moore, 4th Sergeant. J. P. Sanderson, 1st Corporal ; Caswell L. Fain, 2nd Corporal ; Wm. A. Loudermilk, 3rd Corporal ; Jno. B. Standridge, 4th Corporal. *Buglers*—Thos. J. Colvard and McAnelly Cooper.

PRIVATES :

John A. Ammons,	George W. Johnson,
David P. Arrowwood,	Andrew J. Johnson,
Wm. Angel,	Mark C. King,
John O. Brown,	John Kelley,
John S. Brown,	Elisha Kilpatrick,
William H. Brown,	William H. Ledford,
David A. Byers,	Hembree C. Ledford,
Samuel Bryson,	Thomas R. Manchester,
Samuel B. Brady,	William R. McCornell,
F. S. Brockman,	Pinckney A. Moore,
Julius W. Brittain,	Wm. J. Martin,
Ezekiel Birchfield,	Benjamin F. Martin,
W. Birchfield,	Nicholas McGuire,
Homer Barnard,	G. L. D. McClelland,
William P. Berry,	Terrell Newman,
John D. Berry,	David Panther,

Smith W. Coffey,
Wm. H. Carver,
William J. Clark,
A. N. Colvard,
William P. Colvard,
Payton S. Colvard,
William A. Curtis,
Miles Codey,
John F. Crawford,
Green B. Cooper,
John H. Dale,
Jacob Dale,
William D. Dale,
Alberter D. Dale,
Miles H. Davis,
Abram E. Evans,
Allan T. Edwards,
Abram A. Eller,
Francis M. Fisher,
Samuel C. Ferguson,
Thomas M. Ferguson,
Waitzel A. Hagler,
Joseph L. Hicks,
James H. Hicks,
John C. Huskins,
David C. Harvill,
Fidella Harwood,
Solomon Haney,
Joseph Hawkins,
Eli Ingram,

John T. Pullam,
Amaziah M. Price,
Fielding Price,
W. S. P. Roberts,
Eli Roberts,
George W. Rowan,
P. M. G. Rhea,
Bluford Rhea,
John H. Rhea,
B. T. Sherrill,
James M. Shields,
W. M. Sherrill,
L. L. Sherrill,
Ross B. Smith,
John M. Sanders,
George W. Snider,
George W. Sanderson,
John Sanders,
John Swanger,
Isaac J. Slaughter,
Francis M. Taylor,
Wm. B. Tidwell,
Joseph Tucker,
Jonathan Welch,
Jesse M. Walker,
William B. Wilson,
William York,
McDowell York,
D. N. Zimmerman,
H. Zimmerman.

After the organization of the company on the 19th of June, the men were dismissed to find lodging for the night, in the vicinity of Valletown among the kind citizens, and over a hundred were entertained in this manner, and furnished with the best the country afforded, not only for supper and breakfast, but next day two wagons were loaded with the very best provisions and dainties of all descriptions, which the country could afford, and the skill of the ladies could prepare, which were sent with the company on the march.

On the morning of June 30th, 1861, the company and a very large number of the citizens, assembled quite early, and after "falling into ranks," and engaging in one of the most extensive and impressive "farewell exercises," that it has ever been my lot to witness, at 8 o'clock, amid cheers, and an enormous shower of handsome bouquets of flowers, the first command, "Right face! Forward march!" was given by Captain Hayes, and the "Cherokee Rangers" turned their backs upon many a pleasant home, and took up their first march to the front to meet a cruel and oppressive foe, in defence of home, country, honor and right. Asheville, North Carolina, was the point to which they were ordered. In gay spirits, and with many merry songs, we passed the first day's march, and halted near sunset, and went into camp for the night. The first night of our camp life was passed on the west side of the Nantahala Mountain, four miles east of the Jarrett House, near a beautiful, clear, mountain stream,—a spot which it has been my good fortune to visit frequently since the close of the war, and can never refrain from halting and contemplating with deep interest, the little plat of ground, where, for the first time, as a volunteer soldier, I stretched my tent, and reposed for the night by that beautiful stream, whose crystal waters are emblematical of the pure and noble cause in which we were enlisted, and for whose defence we were then leaving our homes among Carolina's green-crested hills, to take upon ourselves the dangers and privations of camp life. Even to-day, nine years after the close of the war, although overpowered, subjugated, and oppressed by the "best government the world ever saw," I can sincerely and proudly acknowledge, that I harbor no regrets within my breast for the part I acted during the four years I served as a Confederate soldier.

Next morning we resumed the march, and as not more than one-third of the company had procured horses, the larger portion was under the necessity of marching on foot, which rendered our progress rather slow for cavalry, but by changing and letting all ride a portion of the time, we moved on quite smoothly, and in good spirits.

After five days marching, we reached Asheville on the morning of the 25th of June, and went into camp at Camp Woodfin, one mile from town. In the evening of the same day, the com-

pany was sworn into the service of the State by Major John W. Woodfin, then commanding at Asheville. On our arrival at Asheville, we found four companies of cavalry already encamped in the vicinity, as follows: Buncombe Rangers, Watauga Rangers, Nantahala Rangers, and Mecklenburg Rangers, from the counties of Buncombe, Watauga, Macon and Mecklenburg.

A few days later, Capt. Rufus Barringer, arrived from Cabarrus county, with the Cabarrus Rangers.

These companies, six in number, were all assigned to the first cavalry regiment, our company being designated as Company B; but soon afterward Capt. Hayes, who was at Raleigh attending the Legislature, preferred going into what was then termed Spruill's Legion, but which was afterwards designated as the 2nd N. C. Cavalry regiment, and ours became Company A.

About a month after our arrival at Asheville, all the other cavalry companies were ordered away to the eastern portion of the State, and we remained during the rest of the Summer, at Camp Woodfin, drilling almost daily. While here Lieut. John M. Martin resigned, and George W. Snider was elected to succeed him.

We remained at Asheville during the Summer, to drill and procure arms and horses. We were to be mounted on horses furnished by the State, and those who owned horses were required to take them before a board of valuation and have them appraised and sell them to the State, and no member was allowed to take a private horse into the service. During the Summer Capt. Hayes went to Raleigh, and obtained money to purchase horses and arms for the State, to mount his company. We were fully mounted and armed with double-barrelled shot-guns, by the middle of October, but not more than half the men had procured saddles.

While here, an inspection of the company was made by Colonel Baker, (subsequently General,) who discharged a number of the men from the company, for various causes. As well as I now remember, the following were the names of those discharged: John S. Brown, E. Birchfield, W. Birchfield, W. H. Carver, W. J. Clark, A. N. Colvard, Miles Codey, A. T. Edwards, Fidella Harwood, Jos. Hawkins, B. T. Sherrill, W. M. Sherrill, Ross B. Smith, John Sanders, making fourteen. After this pruning none were left in the company except sound, healthy and well-formed men, which,

on many occasions called forth compliments from citizens and soldiers, as being an excellent company of good looking, hardy men.

On Sunday night, July 14th, 1861, the mail brought the sad intelligence of the death of Governor Ellis, which occurred a week before. Next day the officers and flags were draped in mourning, and a volley of guns was fired every half hour from sunrise till sunset. The company left Asheville on the 23rd of October, 1861, under orders to march to Newbern, N. C., and after marching five days reached Hickory Station, then near the terminus of the Western North Carolina Railroad, on the morning of the 28th, where it was determined that half the company should proceed by railroad to Raleigh, and there await the arrival of the remainder of the company, which was to bring up the horses and baggage, which necessarily required several days. The portion of the company that proceeded by rail, reached Raleigh on the 30th of October, and went into camp near the depot, where we remained until the 13th of November, the remaining portion of the company having arrived in the meantime.

While here we were equipped with cavalry saddles and sabres, both of which were rather inferior in appearance and workmanship. We still retained our double-barrelled fowling-pieces, which were purchased of the citizens of Western Carolina.

Thus equipped, we felt ourselves ready to meet the foe and try our mettle. We resumed the march on the 12th of November, and after six days reached Newbern on the 19th, and went into camp on the Fair Grounds, on the bank of Neuse River, and near the depot.

On our arrival at Newbern, we found Companies C and H encamped in the Fair Grounds under command of Lieut. Col. Robinson. These were the first companies of the regiment we met.

At this time the second squadron (companies B and G,) were stationed at Washington, N. C., under command of Capt. C. M. Andrews of Co. B, and companies D, E, F, I and K, were at Edenton, N. C., under command of Col. Spruill.

The regiment, as at first organized, consisted of the following officers and companies :

Colonel—Samuel B. Spruill, of Bertie county.

Lieut. Colonel—Wm. G. Robinson, of Wayne county.

Major—John W. Woodfin, of Buncombe county.

Company A—Capt. George W. Hayes, of Cherokee county.

Company B—Capt. Clinton M. Andrews, of Iredell county.

Company C—Capt. John Boothe, of Gates county.

Company D—Capt. James W. Strange, of Cumberland county.

Company E—Capt. Columbus A. Thomas, of Cumberland co.

Company F—Capt. Barzillai L. Cole, of Guilford county.

Company G—Capt. Lewis Satterthwaite, of Beaufort county.

Company H—Capt. John Randolph, of Northampton county.

Company I—Capt. Jesse L. Bryan, of Moore county.

Company K—Josiah Turner, Jr., of Orange.

In December, the five companies which had been stationed at Edenton, came to Newbern, under command of Major Woodfin. Many of the men of these companies were not yet mounted, but succeeded in procuring horses during the months of January and February following. In December, the regiment built winter quarters on the opposite side of the Trent river from Newbern and one mile above the town, which camp was named Camp Fisher.

The maximum number of men in Company A was not reduced on account of the fourteen who had been discharged at Asheville, owing to the fact that others had come into the company, which kept up the number. Up to the time of arriving at Newbern, all the men had enjoyed excellent health, but the close of the year found several of the men in the hospital with measles and fever, but up to this time we had not lost a man from death, or any other cause, except those who had been discharged by the inspecting officer as above stated.

The company was composed of good material and presented quite a striking appearance, for good, hardy and healthy looking men of superior muscular power, and rather above an average in size and weight, and having been reared in the mountains and much accustomed to the skillful use of the horse, they were naturally excellent riders and took great pride in their many exploits of good horsemanship, so that they always commanded the admiration and applause of the people wherever they went. Nor was this the only accomplishment, as was proven subsequently on many battle-fields, where they proved themselves able to wield the sabre and use the rifle with great skill and effect. The close

of the first year of the war found us at Camp Fisher, on the bank of the Trent without an opportunity having been offered for us to become initiated into that part of warfare which tries the mettle of the soldier, an opportunity for which we were impatiently waiting.

For Our Living and Our Dead.

A VISION.

BY S. D. BAGLEY.

I dreamed that, on the steep and rocky bank
Of rushing Shenanhoah, I saw a throng
Of shades of heroes gathered, who had come
To welcome to their midst the noble one,
Who on that soft October night was then
About to leave his people. And the air
Was fanned by rushing pinions, as they came
In quick succession. They had waited till
The clock had tolled the midnight hour, and I
Beheld them separate; and through the throng
Came one, whose portly form and noble brow
Bespoke a hero, standing in their front
As monarch of them all. I looked behind,
And, through the gloom advancing, I beheld
The noble form and princely grace of him
Who owned a nation's adoration, and
At sight of him, the leader of that throng
Advancing spoke, "Thrice welcome, Robert Lee,
We've waited for you long; and God
Has called you home, thou brave and gallant son
Of my Virginia. Look! the heroes throng
To welcome you. I've come from Vernon's tomb
To bid you welcome to the spirit-land."
Another tall shade then of princely form
Come rushing forward, and with open arms,
Enfolded him, and spoke, "My noble boy,
Thy father's shade has left its resting place

To welcome you, and on your noble head
To place the laurel, and with pride to say,
Well done, my son." Another then advanced
And silently he threw his arms around
The hero's form, and pressed him to his breast;
Then spoke aloud, "'Tis Jackson's part to place
Upon your head the amaranth and say,
Thrice welcome, Robert Lee." And all the shades
In harmony cried out, "Welcome, thou brave
And gallant son of old Virginia. Thou hast well
Performed thy part. A nation's tears bedew
The ground where sleeps thy mortal part, and gives
With weeping heart, the tribute that is due.—
And soon the monumental shaft will rise
To show the homage that a people pays
To unassuming virtue."

Then I waked,
And from the far-off town, I heard the voice
Of weeping. As the day-dawn came, I rose
And wandered to the town;—and tearful eyes
Told me that it was no vision I had seen;—
That Robert Lee had gone unto the God,
Who gave him to the world, by noble deeds
To show us how a Christian warrior lives,
And how he dies.

Thou peerless one and true,
Triumphant was thy death; and we will place
The amaranth and laurel on thy tomb
For *thee*, while by their side the willow tree
Shall bend its graceful folds for *us*; For *thine*
Is victory and immortal glory; *Ours*
The chains which tyrants bind, and grief
That thou hast left us, peerless Robert Lee.

EDITORIAL.

—:O:—

DID GEN. LEE OFFER TO LEAD TWO BRIGADES?

It is well known that there have been many discussions in regard to the battle of Waterloo. Not only have the French and English historians differed in their accounts of that decisive victory. but there have been many variant opinions among English writers with reference to it. This antagonism and contradiction are not matters for surprise to any one who has ever attended a court of justice on States' day, when cases of assault and battery were on trial, and has heard the opposing testimony of witnesses of respectability, each giving the fight as he saw it from his own peculiar stand-point. The only way to arrive at the truth is to patiently hear all the evidence, and then reconciling as far as possible discordant statements, to adopt that theory which appears to be most consistent with probability and is sustained by the largest number of intelligent and reputable witnesses.

We are reminded of this by some of the discussions that have grown out of certain events that transpired during the late war. Most of our readers can recall instances in which our commanders were sharply censured by civilians, who, as critics upon the art of war, rubbed their editorial pens and proceeded to demolish the generalship of officers of large experience and established reputations: notably was this the case with reference to Gen. A. S. Johnston in his Kentucky campaign, Gen. Joe Johnston and Gen. Beauregard after the First Battle of Manassas, and Gen. Lee after the battle of Fredericksburg. It has since transpired that much of this criticism was of the usual civilian sort in military matters, and that the censure was alike unjust and unwarranted.

If the subject to which we will presently direct the readers attention, were of a kind to allow criticism, in view of the failure just referred to on the part of certain pretentious and incapable writers, and in our own ignorance of the matters in dispute, we would hesitate long before we would make the attempt. Our sole object in referring to the mooted point is to ascertain, if pos-

ible, the truth, and to make a suggestion that may relieve or remove the antagonism. We may mention that North Carolina is not concerned in the discussion only so far as she is interested always in questions of justice and fairness between sister Southern States. Possibly we may be able to consider the subject more dispassionately than those who are more immediately interested in the question at issue. Now what is that question?

Rev. William Jones, of Virginia, has written a work connected with Gen. Lee.* We have not seen a copy, and cannot say whether it is a biography of the great Confederate, or simply sketches of the war. But we learn from the Virginia papers that Mr. Jones states upon as high authority as Gen. Jubal Early that it was a Virginia Brigade Gen. Lee offered to lead into battle during his campaign in 1864 against Grant, and that it was a Virginia officer who seized the reins of his bridle, and cried out to the noble Chieftain that if he led the charge they would not follow, but if he would go to the rear they would drive the enemy from the field. Upon reading this statement, we confess we felt no little surprise, as we had never before heard it attributed to any other than Hood's old Texas Brigade. Immediately after one of the battles in 1864, the papers contained various accounts of a scene similar to the above, in all of which the Texas Brigade figured, and no other. As we understand the matter, Gen. Early makes the assertion that it was a Virginia Brigade, and we presume of his own knowledge. We recognize his ability as a writer and his high integrity as a man, and any statement he may make is worthy of as much credit as attaches to the unsupported statement of any man. If, therefore, he makes the statement, as we understand he does, as a matter of personal knowledge, then, we take it, that is the end of the matter, and we readily accept it as true.

But a question arises, was the occasion, to which Gen. Early refers, the *only one* in which Gen. Lee deemed it necessary, so great was the crisis of the hour, to peril his own life and to lead some of his devoted troops against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy? We feel pretty certain that there must have been two scenes very similar in character, in one of which a Virginia Brigade were the heroes, and in the other a Texas Brigade were the sole actors. We think so, because so many accounts agreed

in attributing such an act as that first mentioned, to a Texas Brigade, and because we have heard soldiers describe such a scene in which Texans alone figured. Only a few weeks ago, we received a letter from a gentleman of deservedly high character, who was a gallant Captain in the First North Carolina Cavalry, in which, after quoting the language of an officer who seized Gen. Lee's bridle rein,—“If you lead the charge we wont follow you, but if you'll go back we'll drive them to h—ll”—he says :

“The words in quotation are the identical words as well as I can now recall them, that I was told a few days after the occurrence, and before I ever saw any written account of it, were used on that memorable occasion by the Adjutant of a Texas regiment, or by the Adjutant of Gen'l Hood's Texas Brigade. My informant was a wounded Texan, who belonged to Hood's command, and was evidently a man of intelligence. He told me he was wounded within a few feet of the spot, and was an eye witness of the occurrence.”

This agrees with other statement that were made immediately after the battle by correspondents of newspapers. He further adds : “It was certainly the impression in my command, and throughout the army of Northern Virginia, so far as I knew, that it was Hood's Brigade that made the celebrated charge referred to, and a gallant Texan who prevented the brave old General from leading them.” He thinks it very remarkable that the Virginia press, which was so vigilant in watching over Virginia troops, and so prompt to herald their deeds, never set up any such claim, and that ten years is a long time to remain silent about such a striking event. He remarks further :

“You remember that our own poetess, ‘Tenella,’ and the late Jno. R. Thompson, a Virginian, were both authors of vivid descriptions of this famous scene. Surely, Gen. Early must refer to some other charge which Gen. Lee was in the act of leading when a Virginian and a Virginia Brigade did what Hood's Texans had done previously in the Wilderness.”

We believe this to be the true solution of the apparent difficulty.

We need scarcely say, that in thus referring to this matter, we have no sort of purpose to rob Virginia of any laurel to which she is entitled. We greatly honor that noble old Commonwealth, and bear willing testimony to the devotion of her people to the cause they espoused, and to the conspicuous valor of many of her

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and expansion. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a better life. The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for freedom.

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soldiers on many well 'contested and bloody battle-fields. The historians on the Southern side have thus far been natives of that State, and have done full justice to their soldierly qualities. In one or more instances, some of her writers have slandered North Carolina troops. But we are not inclined for a moment to imitate their bad conduct. We will accord justice and fairness to all, and only aim to arrive at the truth.

T. B. K.

*The following extract from "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., a copy of which is before us, will show that *three* incidents of the kind mentioned are noted by this writer. The first on the morning of the 6th of May, 1864; the second on the 10th, and the third on the 12th of the same month. On the 6th, the first of these incidents occurred, and Gregg's Texas Brigade composed the troops which Gen. Lee offered to lead; on the 10th, a Virginia Regiment, and on the 12th, a Mississippi Brigade furnished the material for the second and third of the "incidents."

We copy in full from the work mentioned, to pages 316-318 of which, we refer the reader:

"On the morning of May 6, 1864, in the Wilderness, as Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions, of A. P. Hill's Corps, were preparing to withdraw from the line of their gallant fight of the day before, to give place to Longstreet's Corps, which was rapidly approaching, the enemy suddenly made upon them a furious attack with overwhelming numbers. These brave men were borne back by the advancing wave; General Lindsay Walker, with his artillery, (superbly served under the immediate eye of Lee and Hill,) was gallantly beating back the enemy, but they were gathering for a new attack, and it was a crisis in the battle when the head of Longstreet's corps dashed upon the field. General Lee rode to meet them, and found the old Texas Brigade, led by the gallant Gregg, in front. The men had not seen him since their return from Tennessee, and as he rode up and said, 'Ah! these are my brave Texans—I know you, and I know that you can and will keep these people back'—they greeted him with more than their accustomed enthusiasm, as they hurried to the front. But they were soon horrified to find that their beloved chief was going with them into the thickest of the fight. The men began to shout:

'Go back, General Lee! Do go back! General Lee to the rear—General Lee to the rear!' A ragged veteran stepped from the ranks and seized his reins; and at last the whole brigade halted, and exclaimed, with one voice: 'We will not advance unless Gen. Lee goes back; but if he will not expose himself, we pledge ourselves to drive the enemy back.' Just then General Lee saw Longstreet, and rode off to give him some order, and these gallant Texans rushed eagerly forward, and nobly redeemed their pledge. The rest of Longstreet's corps hurried to the front. Hill's troops rallied, the enemy were driven in confusion, and only the wounding of Longstreet at this unfortunate juncture prevented the utter route, if not the crushing, of that wing of Grant's army.

On the 10th of May, 1864, the Confederate lines were broken near Spottsylvania Court House; the Federal troops poured into the opening, and a terrible disaster seemed imminent. As Early's old division, now commanded by General John B. Gordon, was being rapidly formed to recapture the works, General Lee rode to the front and took his position just in advance of the colors of the forty-ninth Virginia regiment. He uttered not a word—he was not a man for theatrical display—but as he quietly took off his hat, and set his war-horse, the very personification of the genius of battle, it was evident that he meant to lead the charge, and a murmur of disapprobation ran down the line. Just then the gallant Gordon spurred to his side, seized the reins of his horse, and exclaimed with deep anxiety: 'General Lee, this is no place for you! Do go to the rear. These are Virginians and Georgians, sir—men who have never failed—and they will not fail now. Will you boys? Is it necessary for General Lee to lead this charge?'

Loud cries of 'No! no! General Lee to the rear! We always try to do what General Gordon tells us, and we will drive them back if General Lee will only go to the rear,' burst forth from the ranks.

While two soldiers led General Lee's horse to the rear, Gordon put himself in front of his division and his clear voice rang out above the roar of battle, 'Forward! Charge! and remember your promise to General Lee!' Not Napoleon's magic words to his Old Guard—'The eyes of your emperor are upon you!'—produced a happier effect; and these brave fellows swept grandly forward,

stemmed the tide, drove back five times their own numbers, retook the works, re-established the Confederate line, and converted a threatened disaster into a brilliant victory.

A similar scene was enacted on the memorable 12th of May (when Hancock had broken the Confederate lines,) just in front of the "bloody angle," when General Lee was only prevented from leading Harris's Mississippi Brigade into the thickest of that terrible fight by the positive refusal of the men to go forward unless their beloved chieftain would go to the rear.

These *three* incidents are all well authenticated. But Miss Emily Mason, in her biography, gives a correspondence between Hon. John Thomson Mason and Gen. Lee, in which the former details the incident as it occurred with Gregg's Texas Brigade, and asks the General about it. The reply is characteristic, and is as follows:

'LEXINGTON, VA., Dec. 7, 1865.

'*My Dear Sir* :—I regret that my occupations are such as to prevent me from writing at present a narrative of the event which you request in your letter of the 4th inst.

'The account you give is substantially correct. Gen Gordon was the officer. It occurred in the battles around Spottsylvania Court House.

'With great respect, your friend and servant,

'R. E. LEE.

'*Hon. John Thomson Mason.*'

APPOMATTOX.

As long as a true Southern heart beats, a mournful interest will cling to the name we have just written. It was there the last hope of the great Lee and his brave little army expired, and the sun of the young Confederacy went into eternal eclipse. But our purpose is not to chant a requiem over departed glory and extinguished life, but to refer to a matter of some interest. We wish to correct one or two errors into which writers, specially of the North, have fallen. Some four years and a half ago, in the Summer of 1870, the writer spent three or four days at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, and whilst there wrote a letter to the Fay-

etteville *Eagle*, over the signature of "Tuscarora." Possibly we cannot do better than to re-produce a portion of that letter in which the corrections are made which we wish to place in a more permanent form.

Appomattox C. H., is three miles west of a depot of the same name on the Norfolk and Lynchburg railroad. In 1870, we wrote:

"This little village of probably a hundred people has become famous in story and may be hereafter famous in song. It was here that the immortal Lee and his handful of Confederates made their last stand and finally surrendered to Grant's vast army of over ninety thousand men. Just as you enter the village on the road from the depot you pass a burial ground neatly enclosed. Here eighteen brave Southerners repose—some of the last victims of a relentless war. They were killed near where they were buried, in a heavy skirmish between a small body of Confederates and two of Grant's corps. The names of the soldiers are not marked on the head-pieces, but I was told that one of the slain heroes was a North Carolinian. I visited the scene of the last conflict, and stood near where Gen. Lee held his council of war to determine what was best to be done. About a half a mile, perhaps a little farther, from the Court House, is a hole in which once stood an apple tree. It was here the great soldier gathered a few of his Generals, and it was from this point the flag of truce was sent. Some confusion has been thrown upon the incident, for many persons suppose that the two leaders of the opposing forces met under or near this tree. It is a mistake. Grant and Lee did not meet here, but the latter sat under it, holding his horse's bridle as he gazed around. It was at the McLane house the two commanders met. Gen. Lee rode from the famous spot (where the tree stood) through the village to the house of Mr. McLane, a neat two story brick building, situated about a hundred yards from the Court House on the road that leads to Appomattox depot, where he met Grant and his large staff. Gen. Lee was accompanied by two officers only. The room in which they met and where the terms of surrender were signed, I visited, and beg leave to correct a mistake into which some writers have fallen. It was the left-hand room as you enter, and *not* the right-hand room as stated by some publications, in which this important historical meeting took place. The gentleman who

owns it, whose name has escaped me, very kindly took me to his house and explained the matter, pointing out points of interest. Grant's officers were arranged in a semi-circle in the room. Gen. Lee sat facing the door, with his two aids standing in rear of his chair. Gen. Grant sat a few feet on the left of Gen. Lee. All the officers stood save the two leaders.

We must here add, that on the occasion of our visit, the historic room was used as a parlor, and over the mantel was hanging a large crayon drawing representing the scene as we have above described it. The position of the two leaders is as stated, and the likenesses were somewhat life-like. The name of each officer present was written underneath. We regret we did not copy the names at the time.

Our letter continued: "Mr. McLane, who owned the house at the time, was a refugee from Bull Run, and it is a singular fact that the first important engagement of the war was fought on his farm, and the terms of the final surrender were signed in his house, at a distance of probably two hundred and fifty miles from the place of his former abode. This is a striking coincidence. The gentleman who now owns the brick house is a merchant. The field in which the arms of the Confederates were stacked is in the rear of the jail, and the line occupied by our soldiers extended for several hundred yards in the direction of the creek. Whilst the terms of surrender were under consideration, and the great heart of Lee was almost breaking under the agony of the great misfortune, the remnant of his own splendid army was beyond the creek referred to above. There were men in that little force, and many of them were North Carolinians, who would rather fight the immense odds that stood in their front than give up the cause so dear to them, as lost, or surrender their tried and "trusty muskets." Any one who will ride over the surrounding country and see the long line of Grant's forces, in length, some two miles or more, and surrounding three-fourths of the town, and then crosses the creek west of the town, and beholds the little field occupied by the Confederates, will wonder how it was that Gen. Lee ever succeeded in obtaining such terms as were granted. * * * * The difference between the Yankee line of battle and the Confederate, is nearly the difference in the extent of the horse shoe, and the opening between the heels

of it. The apple tree was dug up and cut into pieces by the Yankees, who carried them off as trophies or memorials of the surrender. Grant's forces remained here nearly or quite ten days after the surrender. In May last (1870) the ladies had a memorial celebration, and an address from Col. Fitzhugh, of Lynchburg, Va. The soldiers' graves were handsomely and appropriately decorated. I will mention one fact that I was not aware of, until I visited the scene of the surrender. Sheridan with his large body of cavalry had cut off Gen. Lee's retreat towards Lynchburg. Whilst the Confederates marched by the old stage road that leads from Farmville to Lynchburg, Sheridan's men took up the railroad. There was still another large body of Yankee infantry on the opposite side to Lee, on a road some four or five miles from the Court House. So he had troops on the right and left of him, or rather on both flanks, and over eighty thousand pushing him in the rear. Our brave men were literally worn out with fatigue and hunger, having had nothing to eat for days."

The reader will note the correction made as to the famous "apple-tree"—thus exploding a falsehood that promises to have a permanent existence in Northern books. We have corrected, also, a wrong impression as to the room in which the terms of surrender were entered into. As North Carolina surrendered nearly or quite two-thirds of the less than nine thousand muskets that were forever stacked on that fatal field—thus proving her devotion to the cause she had espoused, after she had considered, with characteristic thoughtfulness, the meaning and consequences of such a bold step—we have thought it not unfitting that these brief extracts should find a place in a Magazine devoted to her real interests, in the past, as in the present, and in the future.

We may add, that it would be interesting to have an exact statement of the number of soldiers from each State that were faithful to the end, and who laid down their arms only when their great Captain in whom, under every misfortune, they trusted, and to whom they yielded a cheerful obedience, bade them do so. We feel sure that when the facts of the last campaign, including the terrible retreat from Petersburg, and the closing scene on the 9th at Appomattox, are fully and truthfully made known, that the name and fame of North Carolina will receive no tarnish, but rather increased lustre. We hope yet, to have written a truthful,

candid and complete account for these pages, of those Brigades from our State, who followed the fortunes of their illustrious leader to the end, and bore themselves as heroes and men, when other troops either deserted by the way, or became thoroughly demoralized and disorganized. We expect too, to show by incontestible evidence that over six thousand North Carolinians surrendered their muskets at Appomattox.

T. B. K.

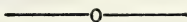
ONE OR TWO MORE WORDS.

In this, the opening number of a new volume, it is appropriate that we again call attention of both officers and soldiers of the late Confederate army to the duty they owe to both the living and the dead. If possessed of any information bearing upon the late struggle, any incident of camp or field, any anecdote illustrating the morale of our soldiers, any official accounts of battles, any well written sketches of men or battles, any poetical contributions of value, they ought to send them at once to us for reproduction in the columns of *OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD*.

Another thing, it would be both right and proper that our readers should do. If they approve our enterprise, and think it worthy the support of the people of North Carolina, they should do all in their power to extend its circulation, and secure it beyond the remotest chance of failure. Many very valuable literary enterprises have, from time to time, been started in the State, which would have proved of great benefit to our people, if they had been properly fostered and cherished, but neglected or cast aside for the productions of other States far inferior to them, they have been abandoned after subjecting their projectors to great pecuniary loss. May no such fate await us!

Every native or adopted citizen of North Carolina is interested in our Magazine. We expect each year to publish more valuable information, regarding North Carolina, than can be found anywhere else in such agreeable or available form. Everything that pertains to the State, historical, statistical, literary or educational, will be sought for, and when secured published. Hence the importance of sustaining the enterprise and of making it capable of attaining the ends we propose to accomplish.

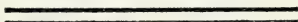
STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT.



NORTH CAROLINA NECROLOGY.

From January 15th, to February 15th, 1875.

Jan. 21. Hon. Jo. W. Holden, Mayor of Raleigh. 22. Major Andrew J. Rodgers, of Warren county, N. C. He was a soldier in the late war. 23. Col. James W. Hinton, in Norfolk, Va., aged 47. Born in Pasquotank county, N. C. He was Colonel of 68th N. C. State Troops. Was an eloquent orator. 27. Jno. N. Caldwell, a prominent citizen of Charlotte. Dr. J. A. Fuqua, at Atlanta, Georgia.



RECORD OF EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

From January 15th to February 15th, 1875.

Jan. 18. Legislature re-assembled. Bank of Windsor, Bertie county, broken open and \$350 taken. Agate, amethyst, and opal stones found in Cabarrus county. In the case of University of North Carolina *vs.* Alex. McIver, the Supreme Court decided in favor of the plaintiff, justifying the election of Trustees by the Legislature. 20. Democratic Conservative Committee met in Raleigh. E. R. Brink, appointed Post Master of Wilmington. Senator Ransom secures an appropriation of \$5000 for the Charlotte Mint. 21. The store of Messrs. Hunt & Wright, three stories high and 40 x 100 feet, at Tally Ho, Granville county, destroyed by fire. Loss \$20,000, no insurance. 22. The liquor sellers of Raleigh indicted for selling liquor to minors. 29. The Eastern Conference of Evangelical Lutheran Synod met in Saint Peter's Church, Rowan county. Feb. 4. Telegraph line between

Wilmington and Charlotte completed. Gov. Graham presides at a Centennial meeting in Charlotte and makes an address which will be published. Five colored prisoners attempted to escape from jail at Charlotte, when Lee Robinson was killed by the jailor, Mr. Orr. Mr. Brice Haralson's store at Yanceyville, destroyed by fire—loss \$15,000. A. S. Jones, of Yadkin county, realized \$380 from one sow in two years. 7. Very cold— $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees above zero at Oxford. Magnetic iron ore discovered near Morganton. 10. Trustees of the University met in Raleigh. Philip Reid, of Stokes county, kills a hog weighing 661 lbs. Jacob Smith, of Stokes, aged 95, has 218 descendants. He chews tobacco and is able to work on his farm.

THE WORLD.

NECROLOGY.—*From January 15th to February 15th, 1875.*

Jan. 16. In Baltimore, Mrs. Mattie L. Poor, wife of Admiral Poor, U. S. Navy, a native of Norfolk, Va. 24. Rev. Charles Kingsley, aged 55, an eminent British author. James H. Roome, in New York, aged 65, and eminent naturalist and taxidermist. Judge Maunsel B. Field, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and author, in New York. 26. Archbishop Patrick (Roman Catholic,) of Ireland. 29. Edward Sugden, Baron St. Leonards, formerly Lord Chancellor of England, aged 94. Daniel S. Berks, aged 81, one of the leading merchants of Baltimore. Feb. 3. Henry D. Weed, an old and prominent merchant of Savannah. Wm. Orr, Sr., Chester county, aged 86. A soldier of war of 1812. 4. Hersey, M. C., elect from Maine. 5. Senator James Buckingham, of Connecticut. 7. Gen. Wm. Hays, U. S. Army, at Boston, a native of Virginia.

IMPORTANT EVENTS.—*From January 15, to February 15.*

January 15. The Dutch captured nine forts belonging to the Atcheenese. The Legislature of New York passed resolutions condemning the President's course in Louisiana. Hon. W. E.

Gladstone resigned his place as leader of the Liberal party in England. 16. Riots among the English colliers. Several hundred thousand persons suffering from famine in Asia Minor. President Grant sends a message to Congress on the Louisiana imbroglio. 17. A rupture between the first and second King of Siam, father and son. 18. King Alfonso signs a decree maintaining religious liberty in Spain as it exists in civilized countries. 19. A Bonapartist elected by 6,000 majority in Hautes Pyrenees, creating much sensation in Paris. The Catholic Seminary at Oulda, Prussia, closed, and head Priest expelled. Federal bayonets drove from office the Sheriff of Vicksburg, Miss., A. J. Flanagan. Gov. John P. Cochrane of Delaware, Democrat, and Gov. Joseph D. Bedle of New Jersey, Democrat, inaugurated. Generals Sheridan and Emory sued for damages for expelling a Conservative member of the Louisiana Legislature—amount \$100,000. Republican Central Committee in Washington approve the President's action in the Louisiana matter. American Geographical Society held its annual meeting in New York. Special Message of the President urging improvements in the armaments of fortifications. 20. Senator Morton introduced a bill in U. S. Senate to so amend Constitution of U. S. as to make elections of President and Vice President by popular vote. 22. Great loss of life in Nevada and Utah by snow-slides. 23. Kansas Legislature adopted resolutions sustaining Grant and Sheridan in the Louisiana outrage. 24. Garibaldi visits Rome, Italy, and has a grand ovation, the people hauling his carriage. 25. A motion of Butler in the U. S. House, to take up the Civil Rights bill, failed. St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Hartford, Conn., burned—loss \$150,000. 26. Andrew Johnson, ex-President of U. S., elected to U. S. Senate from Tennessee. In the U. S. House a proposed amendment to the Constitution, limiting the Presidential term to six years and prohibiting re-election, was lost. 27. Rev. Dr. Dudley consecrated in Baltimore, Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, in place of Bishop Cummins; he was born in Virginia. The Kellogg Legislature, in La., acknowledge they have acted illegally. Gov. Randolph chosen U. S. Senator from New Jersey, over Secretary Robeson. 28. The Legislature of Illinois condemns the President's course in the Louisiana matter. 30. Beauport Female insane Asylum, Canada, burned; frightful scenes—three inmates

perished, 435 saved. Maynard's tobacco barn at Deerfield, Mass., burned; loss \$60,000—incendiary. A motion in the French Assembly for a declaration of a Republic was rejected by a vote of 335 ayes, against 350 nays. Large fire at Sumter, S. C.; loss \$70,000. February 1. Thomas Carlyle declined the Order of Bath. King Alfonzo issues a decree forbidding attacks on royalty and religion, and declaring all newspapers wholly suppressed after being suspended three times. 120,000 miners are idle in Wales. 2. In the U. S. House the two-thirds rule was changed. Three large cotton factories at Fall River, Mass., suspended. 3. The French Assembly grants power to the President to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies with the consent of the Senate. Encke's comet seen in Washington by means of the great telescope. The Marquis of Harrington elected leader of the Liberals. General Acana, Carlist, defeated and captured. Episcopal College, Racine, Wisconsin, burned; loss \$60,000—insurance half. Snow slide at Quebec, killing a large number. 5. Civil Rights bill passed the U. S. House. The Alfonzists capture Puente le Reina at the point of the bayonet. Carlists defeated at Cestono. Country of Darfur annexed to Egypt. Hon. John Young Brown, of Kentucky, utters a terrible phillippic against Butler, of Mass., and is publicly censured by a Republican House. 7. Carlists repulsed near Oteiza. 10. The Alfonzists lost 500 killed and wounded at Estella and were checked. 11. Penobscott Bay, Maine, frozen over—the first time in thirty years. C. W. Jones elected U. S. Senator from Florida.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

BY MRS. SUSAN H. WADDELL OF WILMINGTON, N. C.

"When I read this Book I am convinced, but so soon as I put it down, I relapse again into doubt."—*Cicero's Tusculan Pupil*.

Once we remember that with other children we were standing near a tall, narrow winnowing house adjacent to a rice yard; just below was a large brick barn built upon the very verge of a canal that rolled its dark waters a little way and then disappeared

into the river. This barn to all the children was a mystery, for it possessed a *voice* that mimicked ours. In vain was it that we rallied our courage, holding each other firmly by the hand as we went forth in search of its mysterious arcana. There was nothing to be seen or heard but the delicate blue-bell, or rustling of the wild-rose, or quivering shadows of the vine that had wrapt its green mantle around the walls. As we approached the barn our sense of hearing became morbidly acute, so much so that we trembled at the least stir of these beautiful creations of Nature. The innocent little black-birds appeared to us of evil omen, as they sat looking down from the cornice upon us, their sable dress and shoulders tipped with scarlet and gold, their quick, bright eyes, and the thunder of their wings, so soon as the cry of the hawk was heard, added to our dismay. We were almost afraid to breathe. Jupiter and Juno would never have inflicted a punishment for loquacity upon us, as was by them decreed upon the luckless Echo, and after respectfully and in good order walking to the door, without being able to discover anything, we can truly say no winged Zephyr, floating midst ethereal blue, ever fled more fleetly, or with greater agility, than did we to reach the mansion of our parents that we might learn from them what that invisible, yet perceptible Echo was.

We were not sages in search of physical laws, groping in the darkness of sonorous pulses, investigating the theories of sound, the concavity of surfaces and such matters; no, no, we were wiser, children as we were, and desired to know if we were not in the strict path of philosophical truth when we attributed this phenomenon to an evil spirit like "Jack with a lantern," who desired to entice us into quagmires, or drown us in the river. For this last information we were indebted to an old and valued servant who sometimes enlightened us with these stories, when unexpectedly detained by a wintry storm from returning to her own domicile.

Years have passed away, yet an appearance of an *ignis fatuus* flitting in a damp bay with its lamp sometimes burning brightly, sometimes waning away, and again as suddenly flashing into brilliancy, or the musical voice of an Echo, are sure to produce a Medea's touch, and translate me to childhood again. These are trifles, yet, this is a questionable term, for how often do we find that

events of interest, and sometimes of importance, are derived from *trifles*. Can that be a trifle which in itself produces that which is important? We find this illustrated not only in association of ideas but in the very crisis of life itself.

Mr. Locke has given an example of the remarkable effect of association of ideas. He says "a young gentleman having learned to dance in an apartment where there was an old trunk, found upon the removal of it that his skill in dancing had left him. He danced badly until the trunk was replaced, when his agility returned, and he never danced well unless there was a trunk, or something resembling one in the apartment."

Sir Walter Scott relates a circumstance which occurred when he was at a grammar school in Edinburgh: "There was a boy of remarkable precocity among the pupils. He was always head of the class. Sir Walter remarked that when in recitation he always twisted a particular button upon his jacket; this button he cut off when the boy was not observing him. The class was soon afterwards called, the boy felt for the button, it was gone, he missed his lesson and continued to do so until he was foot of the class. Sir Walter remarks in his Diary, that he had never forgiven himself or ceased to regret this incident deeply. The boy's success in recitation was certainly associated with his button, and he thought his never having risen above mediocrity in after life was attributable to its loss.

"From association of ideas," says Voltaire, "Henry the IV, of France, was always uneasy when riding in a carriage lest it should overturn. The gallant Charles the XII of Sweden, dreaded to cross a bridge from a shock he received when a child, and Peter the Great had always to struggle with himself to conceal a shuddering which possessed him whenever he was near a sheet of falling water. But some ethical writers have gone beyond the 'sphere terrestrial' for association of ideas, and maintain that many of them are derived from a pre-existent state of the soul. Cicero in his "Vision of Scipio," introduces Africanus conversing with his son, he informs him that this life is the true *Hades*, or place of punishment, and that the pre-existence could be proved by individuals being conscious of having been in the same situation, although they had no recollection of having occupied such position previously; as in conversation when some new incident is spoken

ot, perhaps by an entire stranger, we are impressed with the same surroundings. So much are we persuaded of this that we can anticipate what will be said before it is spoken. Cicero recurs also, to the ancient belief that the facility with which children acquire their lessons is but the effect of memory, derivable from a pre-existent state of the soul.

This was a favorite thesis in ancient days, for we find that a belief in a prior existence of the soul was held by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and at one period by the Greeks. The wise Empedocles was a Pythagorean, and believed in his having personally undergone the change from animate to inanimate life; such as from a bird to a fish, from a fish to a bush, &c. This confession, however, was given in *verse* and we all acquiesce in poetical license.

Our minds must ever be lost in speculative conjecture when we attempt an analysis of the soul, or the mysterious nature and union of matter and of mind. Grotius in a dilemma of his bright intellect to account for the perceptive powers of brutes, alleged that man possessed in his soul *an unknown property* similar to intelligence, which created the difference between the human and brute creation. This the metaphysicians soon exploded, as his hypothesis inferred two souls to one being.

Des Cartes denied perception of the brutes and maintained that they have no power of the will and are constituted as a musical instrument, the piano for instance that will give out a tone if struck by the finger, so is it with a hound who mechanically follows the hare from the stimulus of the odor of its track.

These wild vagaries do but furnish new proofs that the finest minds are unable to cope with the difficulties which surround the subject of mental organization—these are indeed “the follies of the wise.”

We find in this world of wonderful creations that there is a *progressive* law prevalent throughout nature. A small winged-seed dropped from the cone, or seed-vessel of the *abies*, or fir-tree, producing, by slow development, the tall, whispering pine, so valuable to commerce and the arts. An acorn contains the germ, or nucleus of the giant oak. The crocodile was once a round, white egg and so was the fleet ostrich of the desert. Man, upon whom it has pleased Omnipotence to bestow superior gifts to all other of His mundane creations, commences life a helpless infant

with none of the perceptive faculties of the soul, and with but one instinct in common with other animals, that of imbibing nourishment ; thus he is but little superior to the young pine as it vegetates upon the chemical properties of the earth. But the great gift of the soul is developed, and he becomes wiser and wiser, greater and greater, and when he passes away into eternity the thread of research, left by him in the labyrinth of learning, wisdom and piety is taken up by his descendants, who now explore, yet more deeply the mazes of its lettered chambers, its endless galleries and halls.

Sleep, another of Nature's mysteries, has been bestowed upon us in common with the inferior animals and vegetable world, for we all know how much Botanists have written upon the "sleep of plants." Sir Thomas Brown in his "Religio Medici" says: "I always pray before closing my eyes in sleep, so much does it appear like death." Asleep and unconscious of all that surrounds us, the soul, or mind, is not only present but is travelling the most distant countries, crossing rivers and oceans, and in the compass of a few minutes lives a lifetime from childhood to age. This soul and body with all of their sympathies and dependencies upon each other, are yet dividual. Let the mind be demented and we will find with it corporeal health, and *vice versa*, the physical paralytic in possession of a sound mind. Thus the demented mind appears to be only a suspended intellect, as it has been known to re-appear and to remain unclouded through life and should it never return, the patient at the period of death, undergoes the same process of dissolution, as though the mind had never been disturbed. Why then should we deny that they are separate creations only for the reason that there is a dependence of one upon another during this life. We can no more understand their temporal union than we can their separation in dissolution.

We know but little of the wonders of the visible world around us, and much less of the immaterial life. Within the sphere of their proper action our reasoning powers are doubtless our safest guides, but beyond and without that sphere they can only mislead us, and this may, with truth be said, not only of our investigation of Nature's laws but of Revelation also.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID,

Author of Valerie Aylmer, Morton House, A Daughter of Bohemia, etc.

CHAPTER V.

"LINGER O GENTLE TIME!"

WHEN Charlton comes to himself again—for he loses all knowledge of things around for a brief space—he is lying on the ground, while a tender hand bathes his face with cold water. He opens his eyes and sees first the blue sky far above, and then something else which is as blue—to-wit, a pair of human orbs regarding him.

"Do you feel better?" Flora asks—and her voice though anxious, has none of that flutter and trepidation which many woman in her place would display—"I fear you are in great pain."

Charlton's first sensation—for which no man will feel inclined to blame him—is one of intense annoyance. What has he done? Can it be possible that he has fainted, like a sick child, from the mere pain of a twisted foot? Flora sees the color spring to his pale face, but she does not understand the cause of it. She takes away her hand, and as he rises to a sitting posture, his first words are significant of his state of feeling.

"I am ashamed of myself!" he says. "What possessed me to make such a scene over such a mere trifle, I cannot tell! Pray forgive me, Miss Tyrrell."

"Forgive you!" repeats Flora. "What have you done that I need to forgive? Are you sure you feel better? You cannot tell how shocked I was when I saw you lean back and turn so white! I thought you were about to faint—I think you must have lost consciousness for a minute."

"I—suppose I did," says Charlton, greatly relieved to find that he had not been unconscious for any length of time. "I wrenched my foot again as I sprang over the bank, and the pain was really very intense. Your application of cold water did me a great deal of good—but where did you get it?"

She points to a tiny stream flowing down to the river through a cleft of the rock. "There," she says. "But I had no cup, so I could only wet my handkerchief and bathe your face."

"Thank you," he says gratefully. "It was all that was necessary. But pray tell me how you chanced to be on the bank just when you were most needed? I am not as a rule inclined to poetical metaphor, but I could have likened you to an angel of rescue when I glanced up and saw you."

"I had been there all the time," she replies quietly. "But I was afraid to speak for fear of startling you."

"All the time!" He looks amazed. "You mean—?"

"I mean ever since you went down. No one could tell me where Nelly was, and I did not know that she had attached herself to you, so I came in search of her. I am always afraid of some accident in this fearful gorge. I was in sight when you sprang down the rock, and I knew from your manner that something was the matter, but I could not make you hear. I hurried on as fast as I could, and reached the top of the bank just when you were releasing Nelly"—instinctively she draws the child to her—"from her perilous position. I would not have spoken for anything—even if you could have heard me. I scarcely dared to breathe in my suspense. O Mr. Charlton, don't think me ungrateful because I do not know how to thank you—"

"Excuse me, Miss Tyrrell," interrupts Charlton, "but you must not mention such a word. Instead of thanking, you ought to blame me. It was all my fault. I was scribbling in my notebook and neglecting the child—else she would not have fallen. Is not that so, Nelly? Remember you are pledged 'naught to extenuate, nor set down naught in malice.' "

But Nelly is a conscientious young person, and she cannot endorse this. She looks up at her sister with tears in her eyes. "It was my fault, Floy," she says, "Mr. Charlton was writing, and I—I thought I could get down by myself. Then my foot slipped, and O! I thought I was gone. All my ferns went, and I fell down the bank till the tree stopped me."

"You would have been gone—gone forever, if it had not been for Mr. Charlton," says Flora, with a quiver in her voice. She is quite incapable of pointing a moral lesson, but perhaps as Nelly looks at Charlton, his condition points the lesson without any words. She steals up to him. "O Mr. Charlton, I am so sorry!" she whispers.

"Never mind," says Charlton cheerily. "It is all right now—at least it ought to be. But what is to be done with this foot of mine is a serious question. Miss Tyrrell, can you suggest anything? I fear I can never climb over these rocks."

"Not even with the alpenstock and my arm?" asks Flora, much concerned. "Or had I better go and send for Mr. Martin and George?"

"If you will allow me, I think I will try the alpenstock and your arm," says Charlton, who is averse to making any more of a commotion than is unavoidable. "Nelly, will you give me the stick? If I can once get on my feet, no doubt it will be easy enough to hobble along."

Flora hands him the stick and then assists him—so quietly, deftly, and with such apparent unconsciousness of everything, save the simple fact that he is a suffering fellow-creature, that he feels none of the hesitation which would oppress him with some women. He gains his feet with various grimaces—or rather, to speak with entire correctness, he gains *one* foot, and stands leaning on that and the stick with an almost ludicrous expression of mingled pain and uncertainty on his face.

"Now take my arm," says Flora. "O you must—it is impossible that you can walk by yourself. And you know there is a great deal of climbing to be done. Nelly, keep close to me. One accident should be enough for you."

It boots not to tell in what slow and toilsome fashion these three make their way back to the neighborhood of the upper fall. The sun's bright lances have long since left the cloistral green-

ness around, but they pause now and then to admire afresh the splendor and tumult of the flashing waters. It is also necessary for Charlton to rest, since every movement of his foot causes him keen suffering. All journeys end after a time, however, and so does this one. Near the mill they are met by Minnie and Oscar, who, struck with astonishment immediately burst into eager questioning. Their curiosity receives meagre satisfaction, for Flora despatches Oscar at once to have the wagon brought as near to the falls as possible. "You must go home in that," she says to Charlton.

He cannot deny that this is necessary—and does not like to acknowledge how much he feels averse to it. "I suppose it will be best," he says, with a shade of reluctance in his tone, "but I have been counting on a very pleasant ride back with you."

"You mean that you prefer riding to driving?" she asks. "I am sorry—but you certainly could not mount a horse with your foot in that state."

"I don't care whether I ride or drive, so far as the mere question of locomotion is concerned," he replies, feeling impelled to unusual candor by the straightforward simplicity of her manner. "What I cared for was your society."

She looks completely and honestly surprised—but she neither blushes nor laughs. Charlton watching her, and knowing well what most women would do under such circumstances, begins to regard her in the light of a positive phenomenon. "If you are in earnest," she says, "such a moderate desire can be easily gratified. I will go in the wagon, too. Minnie will like to ride, I am sure."

"Miss Tyrrell, you are too good! I am really ashamed of myselfishness—" Charlton begins, for he did not anticipate this.

But she stops him. "I like driving very well," she says. "If you want me with you, I shall be very glad to go. Anything that I can do is very little after what you have done."

"What a girl!" thinks Charlton. "One might suppose that she or I, or both of us, were octogenarians! Sunderland was right. There is no material for a coquette here. Some men think that spice necessary to a woman's charm. I am not sure that I do."

Miss Tyrrell is as good as her word. She resigns Bayard to Minnie, who gladly mounts him, with a reckless display of

ankles, owing to her short skirts, George takes Charlton's horse, and so they turn their faces homeward. The party in the wagon find the drive delightful. So admirable is this Mill Hill turnpike—the beauty and excellence of which no one who has ever travelled from Caesar's Head to Brevard can possibly forget—that they go down the mountain at a sweeping trot. Soft fresh winds laden with balm, come to them from remote distance—winds which feel as if they might waft away all care and trouble from human hearts. Summer's enchanted dusk is spread over the land, there are low-lying streaks of light in the golden west, the mountains are wrapped in violet haze, the great bending sky is infinitely pure and tender, trees arch overhead, unseen water rushes by, when they reach the valley the fields spread out far and faint, all the sweet growing things on the banks of the river exhale their perfume on the evening atmosphere.

Charlton feels as if this might go on forever. The closing twilight, the darkening landscape, the melody of flowing water—all seem to him charged with a meaning and a sentiment, which a poet might put into language, but a poet alone. He is inclined to be silent, and Flora—feeling his mood—says little. Mr. Martin, Oscar, and Nelly chatter in front, but these two have the back seat and the lovely quiet of nature to themselves. One, at least, is sorry when they begin to near home, and the lights from the house gleam out with cheerful effect on the twilight. He turns to his companion:

"Will you let me thank you for the pleasure of this afternoon?" he says. "It has been greater than you, I fancy, can even imagine. In a measure, that which is familiar loses its charm to us."

"Not to me," says Flora. "I believe I told you once before that I admire this beautiful country all the more for knowing it so well. It is an old friend—and who loves an old friend less for knowing every line in his face?"

"Every one is not so loyal as yourself," says Charlton, smiling at the soft pathos of her tone. "Some people tire of their old friends. After all it is not well to be too constant."

"Why not?" she asks. "Above all faiths stands faithfulness."

"Ah, I am not sure. The question is more complex than you seem to think. Faithfulness is a grand thing, but nothing is

more essential in this world than to know how to forget. It is a world of change. He who is wise, changes with it."

"Are you in earnest?" she says. "It seems to me that is a very lowering philosophy."

"What would you have?" asks Charlton. "The world is lowering. But this is not the world—this is Arcadia," he goes on laughing. "I forgot for a moment where I was. But I shall never forget the Falls of Coneste!" he adds in another tone.

"I fear your foot will remind you of them for some time," she says, as they drive over the bridge, with the sound of sweeping water in the dimness below.

She proves altogether right. Mr. Charlton's foot has been very badly sprained and makes an invalid of him for several days. Flora prescribes arnica for the injury, but Colonel Tyrrell insists that the best treatment is unlimited use of cold water, and since Charlton yields his foot up for experiments as cheerfully as if he had no permanent interest in it's welfare, the result is a mixture of remedies. Part of the time the suffering member is bandaged with arnica; at other times it is bared and extended over a large tub while Colonel Tyrrell pours a stream of cold water upon it from a height of four or five feet. Nelly is much interested in this operation, and always contrives to witness it, notwithstanding the decided drawback that her father always calls her attention to the fact, that if it had not been for her conduct, Mr. Charlton would not be in this unpleasant position.

There are to Mr. Charlton, however, many compensations for his enforced invalidism and the hydropathic treatment which it involves. He is not a man who is easily pleased by women, but day by day he is more attracted by Flora, and he seizes every opportunity to study her character, to elicit her opinions, to draw out the expression of her tastes. They are pleasant days to him. His work, it must be confessed, is wholly neglected—how can a man give his mind to social essays or dramatic situations while he has a sprained foot? He does not even write any letters, and is absolutely indifferent whether or not he receives any. Minnie, with the acuteness of her years, remarks this.

"Mr. Charlton is the only person who takes no interest in the mail," she says one day while that important budget is being distributed.

Mr. Charlton, who is lying back in a deep chair, with his injured foot extended over an ottoman, looks at her with a smile.

"Allow me to observe, mademoiselle," he says, "that you would find nothing remarkable in that fact if you could only put yourself in the position of a man to whom the mail cannot possibly bring anything save annoyance."

"Minnie's eyes expand. "Can it bring nothing else to you?" she asks point-blank.

"Not anything else at all. You read Tennyson, I know. Do you suppose the lotus-eaters would have cared much for the arrival of letters? I am a lotus-eater just now."

"Mr. Charlton, here are some letters for you!" cries Nelly, quitting her father's side and darting forward.

"Evil fortune has found me out!" says Charlton, with a heart-felt sigh. Still it is impossible to refrain from glancing at the missives placed in his unwilling hand. One bears the printed address of a noted publishing house, another comes from the office of the *Telegraph*, a third from the Editor of a magazine to which he is usually a constant contributor—on the fourth, he recognises with something almost akin to dismay, the writing of Sunderland. Minnie recognises it, too, and impetuously announces the fact.

"Why, that is from Harry!" she says—when catching her sister's eye with reproof in it, she stops and blushes.

"I believe it is," responds Charlton. Then he pockets all four of the letters and quietly unfolds a newspaper which has also come to him.

He does not read these epistles—none of which are particularly agreeable—until he is alone. The business letters make it imperative for him to go to work, and he sighs as he glances over them. Sunderland's letter he opens last and finds that this is what it says:

"MONTREAL, July 16th, 1874.

MY DEAR CHARLTON:—

What in the name of all that is remarkable, has come over you? What spell of silence has taken possession of you? I should be inclined to think that you had failed to reach El Dorado after all, if it were not that a letter from Flora lies before me in which she mentions your arrival, and says with a moderation I am sure you will appreciate, that you 'promise to be a very

agreeable person.' I entertain no doubt but that you have by this time fulfilled that promise to her entire satisfaction, and are therefore able to throw some light on the problem which is puzzling me more than ever just now, and which I trusted you would elucidate.

You know what I mean. Paper and ink are unsafe things to trust, accidents sometimes occur in the best regulated correspondence, and therefore prudence becomes a man though he were a second Damon writing to another Pythias. But do you, or do you not, mean to help me? I am in a position at present which will not be possible for me to maintain much longer. You understand of course how one is carried on by the force of circumstances—sometimes further than one wishes or intends to go. As a man of honor, I must do one of two things—declare myself, or leave the party with which I am travelling. Now, as I told you before, I do not wish to declare myself as much as my feelings are involved—until I am sure that no one else possesses, or imagines herself to possess any claim upon me. I am writing more plainly than I like, but I must make things clear to you. Tell me what you think, and write at once to Quebec. We go there in a few days, and shall probably remain several weeks. My line of conduct depends altogether on what you say, for I trust implicitly to your powers of observation.

How do you like Transylvania? Fine place, isn't it? I have never seen scenery that pleased me as well, anywhere else. Somehow there's a softness and a boldness together, that—well, I am not trained to analyze feelings, so I leave you to define exactly what sentiments are inspired by the combination. Have you brought down a deer yet? Are they as lively as of yore? Flora ought to take you to Coneste—I wonder if she remembers one day when she and I were there. By Jove! when I think of these things, I hardly know what to do. Write, Charlton, for Heaven's sake and tell me *something*. I could sooner blow out my brains than return my uncle's kindness by acting shabbily to Flora.

There is no use in writing of anything else. You know all these places better than I do. Burn this letter, and answer it without delay.

Yours,

H. S."

Charlton proceeds at once to obey the direction contained in the latter part of this missive. He twists it up meditatively, strikes a match, sets it on fire and throws it on the hearth, watching the flames consume it and leave only a little pile of white feathery ashes. "I'll take care that no accidents occur *here*!" he says, speaking aloud. "Consume young puppy!" he adds, after a moment. "And yet there's a strain of chivalry in his character that almost redeems the puppyism. There are not many men

who would trouble themselves so much about a scruple of honor, and the aching of a girl's heart more or less. But then she is no ordinary girl," he goes on, limping to his writing table and sitting down. "Even Sunderland feels that, I suppose. I fear—I greatly fear that she cares for him! What was it she said about never changing, as we came from Coneste? She is like her native hills—steadfast, beautiful, strong and yet tender. And I am appointed to sound the depths of that fine, reticent nature! The thing is absurd and impossible. Yet if I do not at least attempt to do so, what will be the result! Sunderland will marry that girl after whom he is dangling, and this proud gentle creature may suffer as such women only know how to suffer. A malediction on all lovers and love affairs! When one has none on one's own account, it seems that fate malignantly appoints one's neighbors to trouble one! I will do what I can—and now it is a fixed fact that I must go to work. My days of Arcadian idleness are over. That essay for the magazine must be finished by to-morrow evening, if I have to sit up all night to do it."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE MOOD OF WOMAN WHO CAN TELL?"

Notwithstanding the unfinished condition of that essay on social ethics which is already overdue in the pages of the magazine to which Mr. Charlton lends the force of his genius—or rather, of the talents which with him, as with countless others, do duty for that rare flame of the gods—he is to be seen as the afternoon gradually declines into evening, limping down the lawn by Flora's side. Since his accident, all her delicate yet decided reserve has melted, and she could scarcely be more frankly kind to him if they had known each other all their lives. It is a kindness which never degenerates into familiarity, nor has in it the faintest suspicion of that desire to attract which, with many women, is sprinkled like salt over everything they do. As Charlton has thought, if he, or she, or both of them were octogenarians, she could not meet him with more cordial unconsciousness on that

broad field of common sympathies, tastes and appreciations where now and then men and women meet as friends—and friends only. In this companionship he begins to realize, as it never chanced to him to realize before, the grace and subtlety of the feminine brain when it does not belong to the great rank and file of the commonplace.

They are now taking a walk, for which Charlton has carefully watched his opportunity. From his window, he saw Colonel Tyrrell drive off with Minnie and Nelly in the direction of Brevard; he saw George canter away with his sworn comrade Tom Fanshawe; and Mr. Martin, accompanied by Oscar, go out among the hills on thoughts of fishing and botany plainly intent. Finally when the sun slopes low toward the western mountains, the much erased sheets of the MS are pushed aside, and the essayist takes his way down to the lower regions of the house. He finds Flora without difficulty, and suggests a walk.

"I am the good boy who deserves a sugar-plum," he says, as she hesitates. "You don't know how hard I have been working during all this long, warm afternoon. Now it is nearly seven o'clock, and I feel that I have earned a brief holiday-time."

"I am sure that you have," she says. "But do you think you ought to walk? Papa spoke of asking you to drive with him, but he was obliged to go to Brevard on business, and Minnie wanted to do some shopping."

"I should have been obliged to decline going with him if he had asked me. I have work that I must finish at once. But you know the twilight is the 'laborer's brief armistice'—and will you not go with me down to the river to enjoy it?"

"I suppose I cannot refuse," she says smiling. And so it is that they take their way down the hill—Charlton with the stick which serves him as a partial crutch, Flora with her hat hanging basket-fashion on her arm. There is no need for it on her head. The westering light which is spreading the upland ridges with gold, leaves the glades and valleys filled with softly-toned shade. As they cross the lawn, their shadows stretch gigantically long behind them, but when they reach the river bank, the region of sunlight is all above. Here is a green, Undine light, a grassy bank, tangled vines, emerald tinted water sweeping softly by un-

der the drooping boughs of trees that stand as nature planted them.

"What translucent tints!" says Flora, pointing to the river. "I think water is almost the loveliest thing in nature—do not you? If I were an artist, I would make a specialty of painting it."

"You would make a specialty of one of the most difficult things in all the realm of art, then," says Charlton. "But that remark is not meant to discourage you, if you intend to try," he adds smiling.

"Now you are laughing at me—and that is not kind!" she says. "You know it is impossible for me to try—and most likely I should not succeed if I did—but I sometimes fancy that I feel colour more than most people do."

"There can be no doubt of that," replies Charlton. "Almost everything relating to mankind is a question of temperament, when it is not a question of culture. You have the temperament to feel and appreciate keenly all æsthetic sources of enjoyment. Nature, art, music—all would thrill you to the very centre of your being. But you have only known Nature, and hence it follows that you give an undivided love to that."

Her lips stir in the sweet, frank smile which he has learned by this time to know well. "How is it that you read one so thoroughly?" she says. "Does *that* come of temperament or culture?"

"Of observation chiefly—if indeed I succeed. That is, if I succeed with *you*—most people are transparent enough, for the simple reason that their characters lie altogether on the surface."

"And mine does not? Thank you exceedingly. But do you know that you surprise me?—Harry always used to say that I was absurdly transparent."

"He had the advantage of having known you all your life. And then probably he used the term in a different sense to that in which I employ it. I meant to say that people in general are easily read by any observer of character, just as the stones in a brook are easily seen, and for the same reason—both are shallow. But you are transparent like that current yonder, where it lies stillest and deepest."

"Mr. Charlton, you astonish me!" says Flora with a sudden blush on her fair face. "I was not aware before that you knew how to flatter."

Charlton is astonished at himself—but he does not say so. Among his feminine acquaintances he has the reputation of great insensibility, which may or may not be deserved, but it is at least certain that it is long since he has been guilty of such a thing as complimenting a woman to her face. He feels, however, that Flora Tyrrell is not like other women, and that she ought to understand this fact. He therefore responds coolly as ever, "That is not like you. You must know that nothing was farther from my intention than any thought of flattering you. Why should I dream of such a thing?"

"Why indeed?" she answers, thoroughly set at ease by his tone. "Excuse me—and believe that I am much obliged for your good opinion. Now, don't you think we better stop here? I am afraid you ought not to walk any farther."

Charlton assenting, they sat down on the sloping bank. It is a cool, ferny nook, with green boughs arching over, and drooping till they touch the river in front. There are cushions of lovely moss around the great spreading roots of the trees, and Flora begins to fill her hat with them. "They are so pretty for the hanging baskets," she says. There is much grace together with thorough unconsciousness, in her attitude. An artist coming upon the little scene, might throw a flowering spray over her delicate head, and draw her for her fair Roman namesake, the wild, sweet goddess of the woods. So her companion thinks, watching her and wondering how he shall introduce the subject uppermost in his thoughts. Chance befriends him—Flora herself begins to speak of Sunderland.

"Mosses always remind me of Harry," she says. "He knew that I was fond of them, and he always brought me beautiful varieties from the mountains. He never went hunting that he never came back laden with them."

"If you were fond of mosses, he must have been very fond of you," says Charlton, with hypocritical intent to surprise if possible some emotion in her face or voice. "When I first knew him he talked of you continually. You have no idea how well I was acquainted with you before I ever saw you."

"Were you?" she says simply. "It was good of Harry to find time to speak of me in the whirl of his new life. I fancy, however, that must have been when he first entered upon it."

Charlton cannot deny this. "Of course other interests claimed his attention after awhile," he remarks. "But a man may be careless and yet loyal. One cannot always talk even of that which lies next one's heart."

"Of course I know that Harry is always loyal," says Flora, lifting her head with a very charming air of pride. "I do not fear that he will forget us—we formed too close and intimate a part of his life for many years for such a thing as that to be. But we are not necessary to him any longer. He has passed away from us to another life and other interests. I realize that clearly—and I have no doubt it is best so."

The quiet voice utters these words without a single tremour, there is no change of colour on the face, no quiver of the lips, no drooping of the softly fringed lids. The candid eyes meets Charlton's gaze with a composure which he cannot believe to be feigned. He confesses to himself that he is puzzled. If she cares for her cousin as he has imagined her to do, her powers of dissimulation are marvellous for one of her years.

"Why should you think so?" he asks, in reply to her last words. "May not his best happiness lie here? I am not sure that the great maelstrom of the world improves such a nature as his—a nature warm in its affections, true in its instincts, yet easily swayed by outside influences."

"Perhaps you are right," she says dreamily—looking at the broad current sweeping past—"but you see it is too late to think of that now. Harry will never again be content here. I know that. How do I know it? O, by everything—by instinct, by the tone of his letters, by my knowledge of his character. He may be very much attached to us still—I feel no doubt of that—but a gulf of change lies between our life and his. And I think"—here she withdraws her gaze from the river and turns it again to her companion's face—"that such a gulf is harder to span than any other. People who begin by disliking each other may learn to love, natures may alter and characters assimilate; but when a whole world of change lies between, of joys, sorrows, tastes and pursuits—those things divide hopelessly all who are not bound together by close and enduring ties."

"And do you not consider Sunderland bound to you by any such tie?" asks Charlton—almost forgetting how strange the question is in his anxiety to hear it answered.

"Certainly not," she answers calmly. "He is neither my brother nor my lover—therefore how could he be?"

Surely this is frankness that might satisfy any man—but Charlton is not satisfied even yet. More and more is he puzzled by this singular girl; more and more is he anxious to learn what feeling really lies under her gentle dignity, her straightforward simplicity.

"Forgive me if I am presumptuous," he says, "but I have understood—that is, I have fancied—that you were, in a manner, engaged to him."

"What have you seen or heard to make you fancy such a thing?" she asks. "I am sure that Harry did not tell you so."

"No—not exactly," replies Charlton, conscious that he has gone as far as it is possible to venture—and perhaps a little farther than strict veracity warrants—"but I imagined something of the kind."

"You made a great mistake, then," she says, "and I am glad that you have mentioned it, in order that I may set you right—for Harry's sake. Do you think he would stay where he is, if such a thing were so? But it is not so. Pray understand that. We are, and always have been, like brother and sister—no more than that. There is no engagement, nor shadow of engagement, between us."

So far so good, thinks Charlton to himself; Sunderland is evidently not bound in honor—at least not in any tangible manner. But the other and subtler question is yet unanswered. Is the heart of this frank, tender maiden in his possession, or is it not? How to arrive at the solution of this enigma puzzles our acute novelist. While he is considering it, Flora speaks again:

"Now that this point is made clear, Mr. Charlton, I hope you will not hesitate to talk to me of Harry more freely than you have done heretofore. I have felt that there was a reserve and constraint in all that you said of him—but I did not know how to end it. Fortunately it has ended itself. You know that I am only his sister, and that I feel a sister's interest in everything concerning him."

"Why should you think that I have showed any reserve or constraint in speaking of him?" asks Charlton.

She looks at him steadily. "Because," she answers, "Harry is in love and you have said nothing to me about it."

If the river flowing so tranquilly by had suddenly risen in a wave at his feet, Mr. Charlton could not be more absolutely amazed than he is by this simple speech. It is so entirely unexpected, that he has no time to prepare an evasion or keep his countenance from betraying him. With a profound consciousness of being no match for this ingenuous young mountaineer, he feels that his face has told everything.

She utters a laugh expressive of sincere amusement. "Thank you, Mr. Charlton," she says, "you have resolved my suspicion into certainty. Now, who is she?—Miss Preston?"

"You cannot expect me to turn State's evidence at a minute's warning," answers Charlton—more utterly at a loss what to say than he ever remembers to have been in his life before; but with the certainty growing stronger that Sunderland's vanity has misled him, and that this girl indeed thinks of him as a brother, and no more.

"But you will!" she says coaxingly. "Harry's letters to me of late have been singularly unsatisfactory. I do not know what foolish fancy on his part has come between us; but I have lost his confidence. You will tell me all about him, however, will you not? Pray do! And who is the lady? There always was 'a lady in the case' with Harry from early boyhood. He was always one of the most susceptible of human beings. I suppose people of his temperament always are."

"While people of yours are always constant," says Charlton, regarding her curiously.

For the second time, a flush comes to her cheeks. "Never mind what I am," she replies. "No doubt you were right the other day when you said that this is a world of change and he who is wise changes with it. If I am not wise in that manner, I shall probably suffer for my folly, sooner or later. Yet"—she pauses suddenly and her eyes turn to where the beautiful masses of sunset clouds are marshalling in great pageant—"it seems to me that I would rather suffer and be faithful, than win peace by fickleness."

"Don't say that!" exclaims Charlton with an earnestness which surprises himself. "You don't know how necessary it is in this world to forget. Characters change, as you said a moment ago, and feelings change with them. There is nothing, believe me, for which we should be more grateful than that they do."

She does not answer. He cannot tell whether or not she heeds him. The large full eyes, blue as woodland violets, still rest on the rose and aquamarine splendour of the western sky. Who can paint the beauty of sunset in a mountain land?—the hues of the giant hills that change their robe of colour momentarily, the “mystic bloom” that, like the smile of God, purple gorge and green valley, flashing stream and towering height? As Charlton’s gaze follows Flora’s, he catches a familiar gleam shining with faint lustre out the bed of glory which the sun has left.

“Bent like Diana’s bow and silver bright,
Half lost in rosy haze a crescent hangs.”

He smiles slightly. Who is so old or so wise as to have altogether outlived that pleasant superstition of youth which makes the sight of the new moon a good omen? He points it out to Flora, and then for many minutes they are silent, watching the sunset illumination slowly fade—leaving only a delicate flush above the line of distant mountains—and the tender dusk steal softly over the summer land. The river bright with the sunset’s parting gleam, murmurs at their feet, Venus quivers into sight like a great diamond, and the fresh cool air is full of fragrance.

It is a delicious moment, but so long as we live upon this earth of sadness and pain, such moments must be brief. The sound of wheels rolling over the bridge suddenly breaks the charmed stillness. Flora sarts, gathers her mosses and rises. “It is growing late,” she says, “and there is papa—we must go.”

“No doubt you are right,” says Charlton regretfully, “but it seems a pity—everything is so lovely, and we are so comfortable here!”

She smiles—standing slim and straight beside him as he still lies on the grass. “It is very pleasant, but pleasant things must end,” she says. “We will come down here again, if you like, and you can tell me all about Harry’s love affair.”

“Upon my word, Miss Tyrrell, you take too much for granted. It is a fault of your sex—did you know that? Women have a great habit of leaping to conclusions—which are sometimes right, and sometimes very wrong.”

“I have not leaped to my conclusion: I have arrived at it by slow degrees—and I defy you to say that I am wrong.”

"I shall not commit myself," he says rising. "Meanwhile I am going to write to Harry. Have you any message?"

"Yes—my love, and tell him to write me an account of everything. If he does not, I shall be angry with him, and jealous of you—for *I* was formerly his confidant."

"I beg you to believe that I do not fill that honorable but onerous position. It is a matter of mere accident that I know anything whatever of his affairs. I have no doubt, if he has anything to tell, he will gladly unbosom himself to you—secure of the sympathy which he has no possible chance of obtaining from me."

"You are inclined to slander yourself, I think," says Flora.

They mount the hill, cross the lawn, and enter the house. Tea is soon ready, and after this informal meal—at which George informs the company that he is going next week with Tom Fanshaw to Caesar's Head, and invites Charlton to accompany them—the gentlemen, as usual, go out on the piazza to smoke. The windows of the drawing-room are open, and Flora sings by her father's request, some of the sweet old Scotch and Irish ballads which are the only songs she knows. It has been many a long day since Charlton has heard any of these, and—though people in society consider his musical taste critical to a fault—he listens with pleasure. Somehow the pathos of Burns, and the grace of Moore, suit the idyllic life in which he finds himself, better than a ballad of Virginia Gabriel, or an *aria* of Gounod. Then Flora's voice though untrained, is singularly sweet, and she sings with taste and feeling. As the clear notes ring out, "There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet," Charlton feels that he can echo the sentiment from the bottom of his heart.

When he retires to his room, he draws a sheet of paper to him, and answers Sunderland's appeal before proceeding to the manuscript on which he will probably toil until the early summer dawn breaks in the purple east. His letter is brief—containing only these few lines:

"Throw yourself at Miss Preston's feet as soon as you please. Miss Tyrrell does not consider you bound to her in the least. I am inclined to think that she cares for you 'as a cousin, cousinly'—and not a whit more. She suspects that you are engaged in some affair of the heart, and desires me to give you her love and

say that she will be glad to have a full account of it from you. Do not imagine that I betrayed you. She divined the important fact by the pure force of feminine intuition. I owe you many thanks for the pleasant place in which I find myself, and for the kindness with which I am treated—mainly because I am distinguished by your friendship. I will write more at length soon. Am pressed for time now, and only remain, Yours,

GEOFFREY CHARLTON.

(*To be Continued.*)

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

MARGARET ROSSELYN.

BY MRS. CICERO W. HARRIS, of *Wilmington, N. C.*

CHAPTER V.

HARDINGTON, the country seat owned by Edmund Maxwell, is about three miles from Williamsboro. It was built years ago, by the head of a Scotch family who emigrated to America soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. It stands in the midst of a large grove of original oak. It is a huge frame building, with large, airy passages, parlors, library and dining-room on the first floor. The second floor is divided into chambers, with numerous superfluous nooks and closets. The third and last story is one low, long room called "the garret." The rubbish of nearly a century is piled confusedly in the corners of the room and a person could conceal himself for weeks, without fear of detection, behind some of the bulky pieces of lumber. Faded portraits, ancient books, old skin-covered trunks, dainty half-worn slippers, half finished crayon sketches of the Highlands of Scotland, a soiled damask curtain, a strip of velvet carpeting, bespoke the character and position of the first owners of the property. The garret alone now retained the prestige of the old house. The two large apartments, once used as parlors, were the only furnished rooms in the building. They had been

fitted up for the private use of the new owner. The furniture was plain and substantial. The morning after the eventful day of the burial in St. John's churchyard—a bright pine fire blazed in the fire places of both rooms. The folding doors were pushed apart. The solitary occupant of the double rooms, Edmund Maxwell, was pale and haggard. The servants walked lightly about the house, and spoke in whispers as if they were in the very presence of death, or some demon more to be dreaded. The sound of these footfalls startled and excited Maxwell to such a degree that he had several times stepped to the door and, in a manner and tone the trembling menials could not well mistake, had ordered "Silence." They had never before seen any one so convulsed with rage or grief, and in their newly-donned freedom, they forgot that they had the right to resent such imperious treatment from only a "fellow-citizen." They only remembered the command was from a Southern born white man. Therefore they trembled and obeyed. Besides, they had become attached to Maxwell. He had never before scolded them. On the contrary, he had laughed and talked with his groom, his gardener, and his body servant quite familiarly. Maum Hannah, the housekeeper, kept his keys, mended his clothes, waited on him when he was sick, and acted as if she were, indeed, the owner of the property. Maxwell paid the wages of all his employees promptly, and often advanced money to those who needed it. His hired servants were perhaps the only human beings in the neighborhood, who were in any respect attached to him. He had the reputation of being haughty, arrogant and inclined to "make fun" of the people and their manners. The citizens were themselves aristocratic, exclusive, and wealthy, and they seldom made overtures of friendliness to any one who came to live among them unless they showed a disposition to conform to their manners and customs. Edmund Maxwell had never made any concessions. He spent the Summer and Autumn at Hardington, and the Spring and Winter elsewhere. This Winter he had remained at Hardington. Why he did so, no one knew or cared particularly.

This day, the bright morning, the sunny noontide, or the golden twilight, did not change the appearance of the master, or the rooms he had appropriated for his own use. The blinds were

closed, the curtains fastened over the windows, and orders had been given to admit no one. The young man restlessly walked up and down the rooms until fatigue would cause him to fall carelessly upon a chair or sofa, when he would bury his head in his hands and sit motionless for hours. The strong man who had borne the long weary ride with the dead, the weary vigil in the lonely church, and the excitement of the funeral, had broken down completely. Towards the close of the day, he seemed suddenly to remember something. He left his rooms abruptly and ascended the narrow stair-case, leading to the upper story or garret. The high windows of the low, dark room commanded a pleasing view of the surrounding country and for a moment his tired, bloodshot eyes rested upon it. No glance of pleasure lit up the weary face, and he turned from the prospect and seated himself on a low ottoman, beside one of the west windows. Near the ottoman was an old leather trunk, which had been sent into the garret several months before. This trunk he drew towards him and began to examine its contents. Among the promiscuous bundles of letters, scrap-books, torn music and loose notes which he found in it, there was a blank book half filled with the words of familiar ballads. The young man seized the book and read each page carefully. His cold suffering face softened perceptibly, as he continued to turn the pages covered with delicate handwriting. He soon came to a blistered page where tear-drops had rained down upon the closely written surface. The words were indistinct, many of them were blotted. He carried the book to the window and deciphered the stanzas :

"Tell him, that I love him yet
As in that joyous time ;
Tell him I ne'er forget
Though memory now be crime.

Tell him when fades the light,
Upon the earth and sea,
I dream of him by night,
He must not dream of me.

Tell him, that day by day
Life looks to me more dim ;
I falter when I pray,
Although I pray for him.

And bid him, when I die
Come to my favorite tree,
I shall not hear him sigh
Then, let him sigh for me.'

He finished the last line of the simple ballad, closed the book, and, leaning against the window sill, his voice trembled with deep emotion as he said: "Sigh for you? Poor, weak yet beautiful woman! My life will be one long penance for you. Sigh for you? Would to heaven my sighs could bring back your lost honor, your purity! Aye, fair one, if they could, your innocence would put to the blush the white-winged angels. You tempted me! In an unguarded moment both fell. Your coquettish wiles lured me on, else I would have sooner dared to woo the chaste moon from her circling orbit. But I am not blaming *you*. I am a man—I *was* a strong man. You, a woman! and although far removed from my ideal of a high, pure woman—yet you were a woman—and the very knowledge should have made me a stronger, firmer man."

One moment his utterance was checked, but conquering his hoarseness and emotion he continued:

"Sigh for you? Ah! I would weary the Omniscient with sighs and prayers for you! But can *I* approach Him? He knows too well the vileness of our hearts. To Him your fair womanliness, your gentleness, are nothing! The frail heart alone is read by the All-searching Eye. O, Infinite Being, if Mercy has not forever fled Your courts, spare her! For myself I make no petition. I can, I will endure all, until oblivion comes. The tortures of the Beyond can never surpass those of the Present! Will the Creator of the earth and systems, I now behold, crush—damn—a woman, a poor, weak, ruined woman, who, like a mourning Magdalen knew the pangs of remorse before the summons came. Spare her, spare her, even if her own hand poured out, and held to her lips the draught that stilled life's pulses—which could not, dared not, throb under the mantle of disgrace. Pitying One look down in mercy, and—I dare not beg—spare her."

His frame shook as he knelt and bowed his head. His hands were clenched and his eyes were dry, stony, and almost glazed with agony.

The twilight had deepened into night, before the man grew calm enough to descend.

Maum Hannah, afraid to disturb him, had locked up the dining room, dismissed the house servants, and with her son Joe, the colored boy who waited on Maxwell, had taken her station

in his room to keep the fire burning and his supper warm. The tender hearted old colored woman had resolved to brave his anger, and scold him for acting so strangely. He entered looking so badly she half repented her decision and said mildly, "Master, I never allows my white folks to go all day without eatin' one mouthful. You has treated me well, since I has kept this 'stablishment for you, and I feels too much interest in you not to be consarned at the present state of things. I has cooked your supper with my own hands, and made Joe fix it on your table by the fire for you. Marse Maxwell, I is come to see that you eats every mouthful of it. You don't seem to have any control over yourself, and when you is in sich a bad condition, I consider it my duty to take control over you myself."

The man gave her a grateful look and said :

"Thank you, Maum Hannah, I need some one to take control of me. I will drink your tea, and to-morrow I hope to be able to attend to business. I have lost a dear friend, Maum Hannah, and I have been in the garret looking over some of her books and little trinkets."

"You been in the garret ?" exclaimed the old negress in astonishment ; "Massa, neber do sich a thing agin. It will bring bad luck to you. The Hardington family of the last gineration would have sooner put thar heads in that fire. Why chile, the place is haunted to begin with, and the pictures of all the dead Hardingtons is left up thar. When the property was sold the sheriffs and auctioneers was afeard to go in the garret, and that is how you came to own all of them old books, and trunks and other trash that is in that room. If I was not scared to death of the old pictures, I would go up thar with you and tell you who some of the things belonged to. The grey headed gentleman is old Massa Hardington. He was a hard master too. My mammy used to tell how he made the hands work Sundays, when he thought frost would come, or the crops were behind hand. He would beat us and sell us. But his son, Hugh Hardington, was a different man. Ole massa's wife was a native born lady and she taught her children how to treat us. Ole massa had not been raised to own slaves, and he did not know how to treat them. Massa Hugh treated us as kind as if we had been his own family. They is all dead now—all dead and buried in the church-

yard, or in the old burying ground which now belongs to you. But your tea is waiting, massa."

She always said "massa" when she wanted to be affectionate or meant to be obeyed. Maxwell permitted her to prepare his supper, and mechanically ate his warm toast and drank his strong cup of tea. Maum Hannah was very much gratified at her success for she had never before attempted to influence the reserved and haughty new owner. The younger Hardington would have never dreamed of disobeying her. She began to feel much more at home, when she saw Maxwell was not entirely different from the people with whom she had formerly lived, and whom she had faithfully served. Her new charge finished his meal and seemed refreshed.

The old woman was slow in removing the dishes. She perceived what a soothing influence her presence had on the mourning man. When her work was done and Joe had established himself in the corner, she sat down opposite Maxwell, and began to talk to him on the uncertainty of life and the uselessness of grieving for lost friends, with that peculiar unction known only to the old time Southern slave. Her reasoning was a strange mixture of common sense, superstition, and biblical knowledge. As she unexpectedly found a patient and apparently appreciative listener, her discourse continued for more than an hour. Fatigue and drowsiness soon came over the young man, when she left him to the tender mercies of her nodding son Joe, his two nights and two days of suffering and trial were forgotten in the luxury of dreamless sleep.

The golden glow of the fire died out on the hearth, and the red light of coals gleamed on the face—the chiselled, handsome, sleeping face. And the fading light exposed one bared wrist which fell across the snowy linen. Just above the well-shaped hand was the intricate seal of the City of Jerusalem imprinted in the flesh with india ink—and a part of another strange device, seemingly of Eastern origin, could be seen above the magic seal which the wildest Arab of the Desert will respect. But he sleeps: and for a brief period the Past, with its opportunities, its varied experiences, its joys, its woes, is dead to him. Even the Present haunts him not, and the slow-breathing sleeper rests.

If spirits of the dead, or if the spirit-presence of the living had

lingered by that bedside, would they not as they watched him, have reviewed his struggles, his wanderings, his temptations, his wild, restless thoughts, maybe his exalted aspirations, his generous, noble impulses, and pitied, prayed for and pardoned as much as could be pardoned? Man looks at the outside, and judges accordingly. Cannot, do not beings of a purer mould flit about in the living, breathing world, and give even bad men credit for a remaining atom of the power, the goodness, the deified image whose impress he received from the Creator? Does the fore-ordained stamp of the Demon, publish the victims predestined doom to a scoffing, hypocritical world, before the Godhead pronounce the sentence of eternal death?

Ah! as the shadows of the darkening room, where the weary human sleeps, became more grotesque in the lurid light of the fiery coals, a wife's, a mother's, a sister's spirit would grow tender and pity. And not because they did not condemn his sin; but they could look deeper into the mystic past, weigh motives, temptations, and the agonies of remorse. Who knows, if the mantle of charity had been thrown over his first slight sins—if Bible-taught religion had corrected his minor transgressions—the angels as well as men would not have rejoiced to mark and record his life-journey? Does not hypocrisy, Phariseeism and a want of that chief of christian graces, Charity, on the part of fellow-men, hurry human souls onward towards Perdition? If the stars could outshine the sun, and were to group their eternal characters to form the words "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," would man heed the command? Or would he still urge the erring ones downward, *downward*, DOWNWARD, until society could no longer countenance? Until merely a slander perhaps—makes a sensitive heart yield to the promptings of Defiance and Despair, which beckon towards the portals, from beyond whose towering barriers the world can only distinguish the words "lost, lost, LOST." And the awful truth may be, that the Recording Angel catches the refrain, and that Gehenna's uttermost chasms gape open to emit the ghostly breathings, "lost, lost, LOST." May a higher Power shield the tempted!

And when the soothing thought that the spirits of the dead watch over the living—comes with its subtle, unsatisfying doubtfulness, we can accept it or reject it—for we know that a God who

is Love, and whose chief minister is Mercy, guards the children of men forever—and with more than a material or immaterial spirit's care. No device of language or man can substitute this fact. Let the dreamer imagine that spirits fill the breathing space,—aye, let them fancy they throng the illimitable realms where atmosphere is not, and keep their “watch and wait” but even his theory is based on the supposition, “God is over all,”—We know He sees alike the high and the low, the innocent and guilty. His eye pierces through the few feet of earth and the coffin lid—through the fathomless depths of restless water—and notes the slow decaying bodies which bear the signet seal of Death. He knows; He will judge.

As the white ashes frost the smouldering coals and the shadows obscure the suffering face of the pallid, slow-breathing, sleeping man, alone, almost friendless—let us whisper to a critical world the one word “Charity!” It may be he will suffer more than the scorn and contempt of a universe could inflict, when, as tired nature restores herself, and sleep flies before the morning dawn, the vision of a ‘beautiful woman, whom sin make hideous,’ haunts his waking. It may be, the same vision will come, and continue to come, until it drives him to the verge of madness. Ah! well may man have charity—for he knows, as well as he knows the Almighty handed down the decalogue, that few are they who could cast the first stone at the breaker of the commandments!

CHAPTER VI.

Time takes the bloom from the cheek of youth; it bends the form of robust middle age, and paints the flush of opening man and womanhood on the innocent face of adolescence. On man these changes are gradual and are almost unnoticed by those with whom he constantly associates. But a thrill of surprise lights the eye and quivers on the voice when we ask “How do you do?” after an absence of four years. And “How do you do?” though answered literally and explicitly with “Quite well, thank you,” is not always meant to convey a doubt as to the well being of the person addressed.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and its history is therefore a history of growth and development. It is a history of the struggle for independence, of the struggle for the establishment of a new form of government, and of the struggle for the expansion of the nation's territory. It is a history of the struggle for the rights of the individual, and of the struggle for the rights of the nation as a whole. It is a history of the struggle for the establishment of a new order of things, and of the struggle for the establishment of a new way of life.

The second of these is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants. It is a nation of people who have come from many different parts of the world, and who have brought with them many different customs, languages, and religions. It is a nation of people who have been united by a common purpose, and who have been united by a common destiny. It is a nation of people who have been united by a common faith, and who have been united by a common hope. It is a nation of people who have been united by a common love, and who have been united by a common dream.

THE UNITED STATES

The third of these is the fact that the United States is a nation of pioneers. It is a nation of people who have been the first to explore the new world, and who have been the first to settle in the new world. It is a nation of people who have been the first to discover the new world, and who have been the first to conquer the new world. It is a nation of people who have been the first to build the new world, and who have been the first to live in the new world. It is a nation of people who have been the first to plant the flag of the United States, and who have been the first to raise the flag of the United States.

Four years since the eventful winter in Williamsboro! Gilmer Pickett seizes Margaret Rosselyn's hand as they meet after service in St. John's aisle for the first time in four years! As he repeats mechanically "How do you do!" he knows she is looking fairer and more beautiful than she ever did.

Four years spent in another climate had metamorphosed his pale-faced playmate, his girlish sweetheart. He knew she had reached home the day before. He had longed to meet her. The promise to "answer all his letters" had not been kept. The rules of the convent where she had been educated and her father's wishes, had prevented. She received the graduating essay from Gilmer. The simple girl had changed, since she tripped by his side from choir practice in the crimson twilight of the winter evening. Her lip curled when she read the subject: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown." She read the essay, however, two or three times, tied it up with blue ribbon and put it away. Her only comment was, "I wonder what has come over Gil? *My* subject will be 'Ambition,' 'Excelsior,' or something of the kind. Commonplace, I know, but then—they *mean* a great deal. The difficulty will be to do the subject justice." The red lip scornfully repeated, after a moment's pause, "'Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown.' Pshaw! *I'd* wish to wear it any way—regardless of the uneasiness it might cause—and I know Gil used to think so too."

Four years had changed both Gilmer and Margaret, wonderfully. The old town had scarcely altered in its appearance. The congregation looked very much the same. Old faces had been supplied by new ones, but each family pew was occupied. There was a hush upon the assembly as Mr. Rosselyn preceded his regal daughter down the aisle. For the first time in eight years she was going to occupy the family pew with her father. Her usual seat had been at the organ in the gallery. Since her departure no one had attempted to play on it. The pipes were supposed to be out of order, and the chaunt and hymns were sung by the congregation. A singing master had charge of many members of the former choir, and with the aid of an old fashioned tuning fork they managed to make very creditable music. Margaret laughingly remarked to her father the day before, that if her arrival had not been at so late an hour she would have summoned a choir and treated the village to organ music once more.

A fashionably dressed lady is thoroughly criticised, even by the pious villagers of Williamsboro. As the young lady knelt beside her father before commencing the service, the admiring youths and maidens watched the sunshine play among the folds of her silk dress, and the waving motion of the long ostrich plume from her stylish hat. She had scarcely lifted her bowed head when the matrons and several members of the vestry had to shake their heads to worldly lips which murmured, "Beautiful! Pretty! Elegant!" She *was* beautiful. Her eyes were prominent, lustrous, dark, and wore a mingled expression of soft, womanly tenderness and intellectual fire. Her figure was finely developed. The sickly pallor of her face was gone, and though her cheeks were colorless, her complexion was of transparent fairness. Her lips were red as coral. It was a few minutes before service would begin. She looked around and recognised many familiar faces with a bow and smile. At last her eyes wandered to Mrs. Pickett's pew, and the faintest blush came as she nodded to a man whom she had known as her first lover.

The solemn words, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him," broke in upon the reverie which was weaving a pleasant spell around her. Sinful though it may be, her thoughts wandered, if her eye did not, to the pew where her quondam boy-lover sat. She felt, too, his earnest gaze upon her face, and wondered if the youthful lord of the temple of her human heart would ever rule there supreme again?

Gilmer's was the first hand which clasped her own after the benediction had been pronounced. It had been a pleasant service to her. The same quaint tunes filled the church, and her highly cultivated voice soared high above the congregation as they dragged through the familiar melodies. Edmund Maxwell turned and listened as she sang, and after service pressed forward with her old acquaintances to bid her welcome home. He forgot he had never before spoken to her. She did not forget the fact, but the glad reunion and sight of genuine, simple friends, caused her to ignore it. She shook his hand cordially, and scarcely shuddered as she voluntarily recalled the mysterious vigil and burial. Ah, Time, your flight brings healing on its wings as well as woe. The four years had left slight marks of care on Maxwell's face. He had become more popular

in the community. His worldly plans had prospered. He had always spoken affectionately and calmly about the grave beside Mrs. Ravenscroft. With the exception of Mr. Barham, the sturdy merchant, the villagers seldom mentioned the circumstance. It had become like Jaundyce *vs.* Jaundyce. The neighbors could not forget it while the red mound, like the endless proceedings of a Chancery Court, stared them in the face; but many a month would pass between the intervals of time when it was discussed. Dr. Halbert had taken tea with his "little Maggie" as he still called her, the evening before, but he came forward with the rest to press her extended hand. Gilmer Pickett waited in the vestibule and desired to accompany her home. The villagers smiled approvingly, as they saw the couple leave the church yard. They thought what a splendid match it would be, what a magnificent wedding they would be invited to attend, and how delighted they were to have Margaret come back to live among them forever. They imagined Gilmer worthy of any woman. He had graduated with distinction. He owned a neat farm just outside of the village, and showed a disposition to improve it. He was industrious and his moral character was above reproach. Some of the working men, complained that he did not do certain kinds of the hardest work with his own hands, but they forgave him when they saw how well he succeeded in making others do it. He read a great deal, and could influence more votes than any young man in the neighborhood. He was already a member of the vestry, and Superintendent of the Sunday School. Good, gentle Mrs. Pickett idolized him, and his father, the faithful rector, thanked God from his heart for his worthy son. The first fruits of the harvest were always brought to the rectory, and he had often thought of supporting his parents and permitting the church to stop the regular salary. He had mentioned the plan, but older heads had assured him they thought it would establish a bad precedent. They were convinced a congregation should feel bound by the most sacred obligations to support their minister. Gilmer at last saw the truth of their remarks, and took his father's good natured reproof most graciously. Rev. Mr. Pickett thought with his members, that "the laborer was worthy of his hire." So the matter was settled, and the rector's salary was raised.

As he took the familiar path once more with Margaret Rosse-

lyn, the past came vividly before him. Half playfully he said to the stately woman, (he could think of her only as his Maggie,) "Maggie, if it was not Sunday, I should ask you to recall the last time I walked here with you."

She smiled in return and said: "You have recalled, nevertheless. I think I remember the evening when youth and maiden, both helplessly unsophisticated, tripped home from a choir practice."

"And you remember the conversation, the pledges, Maggie?"

"It is Sunday, Mr. Pickett," she replied archly. "I was taught to endeavor to keep my mind occupied with holy thoughts on Sundays, at least; and remember, you are the Sunday School Superintendent."

"Ah, well, Miss Maggie or Miss Rosselyn, whichever you prefer, I will wait till to-morrow afternoon, when I shall claim the honor of taking you to ride. Then prepare to hear me address you, involuntarily, of course, by the old sweet name and on the same dear theme. Miss Rosselyn will you listen to me?"

"Listen? Yes, I will listen to you—Miss Maggie *ad interim*, is sufficiently formal. I would not restrain you, my friend, but I must ask you to imagine how a young lady, aged nineteen, would feel to be addressed by her given name because she used to be a schoolmate."

"I claim to have been more than a school-mate. I was your *friend*—your lover. I am still both, and will be both as long as I live."

"Very well, we will speak more of this to-morrow. I will ride with you with pleasure. Come early. I will not remain in Williamsboro very long, and I must make the most of my time. Bring your father and mother to spend the afternoon with us—but first, will you not come in and take dinner with us?"

"Thank you, not to-day. I have often dined with my friends on Sunday, but I do not approve of it. Besides, my heart is too full to-day. May I ask you one question? Have you kept the 'whiteness of your soul?'"

"No catechism for me yet, Mr. Pickett. I have served my time at Sunday Schools."

"Good-bye then," he said half sadly, as he lifted his hat at the doorstep. "If mother and father call this afternoon I will ac-

company them. And if I come, I will take you in spite of yourself, to the church to play some for me."

"I will see about that when you make the attempt. Good morning."

She entered the house. Mr. Rosselyn waited on the porch and repeated his daughter's invitation. It was declined, and as the young man returned to untie his horse from the horse-rack in front of the church his head was bent thoughtfully downward. A premonition of evil haunted him. He forgot where he was or where he was going. A vague sense of disappointment possessed him. Involuntarily he re-entered the church-yard and soon found himself in the building. The sexton left the door open during Sundays. Gilmer Pickett sat down on a cushioned stool near the chancel. He bowed his head on his hands for a few moments, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder.

CHAPTER VII.

Gilmer started up astonished, for he thought the church was empty when he entered, and he had heard no one come in.

"Pardon me," said Edmund Maxwell as he observed Gilmer Pickett's surprise. "I did not notice how severely I slapped your shoulder. It is a freedom I have not taken with any one for years. You are in trouble and a 'fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.'"

"I can excuse you as the blow was meant in kindness. Of course, sir, I am not in any serious trouble. Do I look so?"

"When one looks long at the apparently unruffled sea and studies restless waters for years, he can tell the faintest echo of the footsteps of the approaching Storm-King. The untutored cannot do this. He hears the waves dash and break themselves upon the sandy beach. To him the eternal monotone repeats a soft soothing idyl that tells of safety and peace. But the experienced ear hears afar the hoarse muttering of danger and unrest. You *are* troubled more than you are willing to confess. I do not ask, or care to know, what disturbs you, but the fact that you can feel deeply draws me towards you," said Maxwell in a low voice.

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the younger man

heartily, rising up and grasping the hand which still rested on his shoulder. "I was sad a moment. Disappointed perhaps would better express my feelings. I wandered in here involuntarily. I must go home—will you accompany me? I would be happy to have you dine at my bachelor's den just out of town."

"A bachelor's den has but few attractions, my friend," replied Maxwell smiling. "I have, during the last few years, been a recluse in one, and when I accept an invitation from you, it will be to call on Miss Rosselyn with you. She is an old, old friend I presume? I noticed you accompanied her home from church."

"Yes, she is an old friend, a former playmate."

"Ah! indeed! She reminds me forcibly of Auld Lang Syne. I would scarcely have recognized her. I have an indistinct recollection of an interesting little girl, who bore her name, a few years ago. I prophesy she is the *prima causa* of your trouble, and without waiting for a reply—for I do not seek your confidence—I intend, because I like you, to read you one, from the many chapters in my book of experience. The head reads in capitals: BEWARE OF WOMEN! I commenced life under the most favorable auspices. I was considered a highly moral youth. My education was the sole thought of a gifted mother, who had sufficient wealth to carry out all her plans. After graduation, I travelled. My body bears many a trace of Oriental tattoos, which were in a measure necessary to a tourist through the Levant. I preferred the romantic old countries of the East to the more popular resorts in Europe. I was fond of literature, I was ambitious, I was happy, until I loved. That love was misplaced. My idol fell—and I became what you now see me, a silent, reserved, misunderstood misanthrope. My life reminds me of an oil painting I have in my room in the Hardington mansion. If you will visit me, I will show it to you, and if you will permit me, I will paint it for you now, in the glowing eloquence of the artist orator who designed and colored the original. His description was so vivid and so appropriate, his very words come back to me as distinctly as the stanzas of a tender old ballad. You will perceive I am an egotist. I have lived for myself so long, I forget the rest of the world. And now," he continued as a rare smile flitted across his face, "shall I conclude my lecture on self with the description, especially as the lecture is for your benefit?"

"If such is the case I do not see how or where the almighty Ego so largely predominates," replied Gilmer, rising. "But proceed with the description. I shall be pleased to hear it."

Resting his arm on the stone font near him, Maxwell repeated in a deep, rich voice :

"There is no living thing in it: nothing but a flat, sandy, lonely beach, the restless waters throwing their foaming crests upon it. In the misty distance, is the long, level horizon, leading the mind thousands of miles beyond, and a radiant sky, with battlements of far-off cloud heads stretched across, the last rays of day casting upon them a golden glow, leaving upon the Deep a tinge of sadness, of coming night, of a history of conflict and a longing for rest—further suggested by a piece of wreck just cast out, and a sealed bottle which contains the last tale of a sinking crew. The mighty waters tell no other. The picture as a whole seems to speak of Life, Eternity, and the Hope above—the struggle, the end, the aspiration—the mighty poem sung in mystic tones along the shores of the grand old sea. Gazing on it, the beholder feels that on the New Earth, there shall be no more sea! In this world of trouble only, with its unfulfilled desires, its wrecks, its unexplained longings and its most mysterious Yonder, that type of Eternity, may roll: but where all is peace and all is completion, and the every hope of man is attained, it is not needed."

His head bent lower as he continued in a deeper tone which emotion made tremulous: "Years ago the life died out of my heart of hearts. The sealed record of the Past—the tragic story of a soul's wreck—is a sacred memory to me alone. The purity, the honesty, the aspirations of my youth are golden radiances which gleam athwart the battlements of endless cloud-heads. The wild ocean catches a stray beam sometime, but it continues to heave, to roll, to dash its shadow-laden waters with its murmuring, moaning roar. You cannot number the wrecks which strew its trackless, fathomless bottom. The winding-sheets of water keep them hidden, and I fancy the sea-shell's pink would deepen into crimson if it dared to chaunt the requiem of the unshriven, but not unwept dead, whose spirits haunt the undiscovered depths. In the Above, it may be different—but pardon me, I have widely digressed, I must be crazed; and a woman caused it all. Young

friend, beware of love. Choose a wife with the aid of judgment—calm, sober judgment. Keep control of your heart. Don't let it speak one solitary word to you. You now fancy you are 'in love' as they call it with 'that fair girl, Margaret Roselynn. You picture to yourself a neat cottage with its 'bower of roses,' its vine covered porch, its well kept rooms, its quiet unbroken peacefulness. You bend low your enamored ear to catch the sweet pastoral, your fevered, excited songs of 'Home, Sweet Home' of wifely love, of fair children, of man's esteem and of earthly happiness. Shrink not because I read your thoughts. I too have listened to the same siren song. Aye, listened, until I was duped, ruined! No Circe ever wove a stronger spell around a weaker or more willing victim. I pity you. And for 'Pity's sweet sake' I tell you how I look back upon the buried love of the past. Heed my warning, or you too, may be destined to feel the same. Like the faint perfume of a withered, shattered rose, long pressed between the leaves of a book, and hidden from sight, seems this story of the by-gone which I have told you and which has never passed my lips before. And the symmetry and beauty of my rose was blighted by the sweeping tempest of passion. It was no pale, blush rose growing in the rarified atmosphere of intellectual friendship, sound judgment and matured thought. It was a glorious, crimson rose that flings its intoxicating odors on the tropical airs of passion, tragedy, and deathless, though hopeless love. But enough of metaphors. You cannot understand them—and I generally dislike them. I would not have indulged in them so extensively, perhaps, if the pathos of 'what might have been' did not sweep over my soul, sometimes and unman me. I tell you the dream of love is fatal, and I warn you, in kindness, to beware."

Gilmer Pickett had gazed admiringly at the man as he spoke. He held out his hand and, clasping Maxwell's with enthusiasm, he said :

"My friend, I had forgotten myself and my slight trouble. I thank you heartily for your good intentions, but I thank you more warmly for letting me know what a neighbor I have neglected to cultivate. I have listened to you attentively. Carry out the meaning of your expressive picture. There is Hope, Aspiration in the future for you yet."

"Stop there, Mr. Pickett" interrupted Maxwell. "Look to yourself, and let me pursue my course without advice from you. I have lived longer than you have, and I have lived through more in one week than you have in one year. I appreciate your motives, but everything you can say will be useless. My duty to you, a fellowman, is done. I must leave you. Good morning." He hastily walked out of the church, mounted his horse and galloped down the road. Gilmer followed him more slowly, and met at the gate irrepressible Mr. Barham, who was constantly on the alert when Maxwell frequented the church or church-yard. As Gilmer untied his horse, Mr. Barham said to him "What in themischief are you up to Gilmer? I would not be caught in St. John's with Ned Maxwell."

"Why sir?" inquired the young man. "I believe he is an honest man, and if he is not he will not make much out of me."

"He is tricky, mylad," said Mr. Barham, "There is something radically wrong about that chap or I'm no judge of human nature. What were you doing in St. John's, Gilmer? I ask for other reasons than my interest in you."

"And I could not tell you, Mr. Barham no matter what your reasons may be, I am inclined to think, sir, that you do not judge that young man with your usual clemency. Excuse me for saying it to you, sir, but he is a better man than you think."

"Pshaw! better fiddlesticks! He is a villain. He is as proud as the devil besides, and the less you have to do with him the better it will be for Gilmer Pickett."

With this the merchant turned on his heel and walked off.

To be Continued.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

By T. B. KINGSBURY.

IV.—*His Critics—Poems of 1842.*

Before we take up for a brief examination the poems published in 1842, we desire to detain the reader with some remarks concerning some of his critics—those who have discussed his varied poems with the greatest fairness, acuteness and ability.

As we have said in a preceding paper, there is no poet more read by poets than TENNYSON. He has found his best interpreters among either professed writers of verse, or among critics in whose intellectual organism the imagination holds a high, if not the controlling, place. One of the first persons to recognize his supreme endowments was a poet of very *unique* genius, whose inspiration was genuine, whose ear for the effects of numbers was almost perfect, whose poetry is often of rarest beauty and sweetness, and is always graceful and melodious even when most sombre or funereal. We refer to one who ranks with the first writers in all our country, our own royally gifted son of the South, the slandered, wayward Edgar Allan Poe—that child of misfortune and sorrow. He said thirty years ago, after he had read and studied the volumes we have noticed, and that of 1842, that he was not sure that TENNYSON was not *the greatest* of all poets. However extravagant this may appear, no one can doubt Poe's great abilities both as a critic and a poet. He was surely as competent to interpret genius as any man of our land now living. We do not think as he does, but note his opinion because of its high source. He was not only in advance of the opinion held by the ablest writers of his times, although many of them accorded a lofty place on Parnassus to our poet after the volume of 1842 was published, but Poe claims more for TENNYSON than is allowed him now by the consentient opinion of foremost living critics. But in Poe's day our poet's finest work was only appreciated by such as he. The great public, then, as now, merely skimmed his works, formed very immature notions and gave very worthless opinions concerning them. He must be *studied*. As poetry in its highest form demands the greatest intellectual exertion, so does such poetry require the most careful attention and patient thought, on the part of the reader, bringing as a reward for such effort the profoundest satisfaction and enjoyment. Within a few days we have met with a brief passage in a capital article in *Blackwood*, which we here re-produce. It confirms what we said in our last paper in regard to the two classes who read our poet—the thoughtful few and the careless many. The writer says :

“All vigorous intellectual pleasure needs to be worked up to with effort. We cannot read fine poetry which opens and revives in us a world of keen sensation without a degree of labour from

which men too often shrink, *preferring lower satisfaction more easily and lazily come by.*"

The man who masters TENNYSON, which requires a great deal of time and study, will reap largely of the most unalloyed delight, and he will not then wonder at such an opinion from so versatile, able and gifted a writer as Edgar Poe. We happen to know that the best poet of our State holds *now* very much the opinion that Poe held then.

Peter Bayne, an able Scotch critic, from whom we have frequently quoted, has written very eloquently, charmingly, lovingly, and even poetically, concerning TENNYSON, but so many years ago as to make an additional *critique* from him necessary, to supplement what he so felicitously said. Since that time, TENNYSON has published his splendid epic, the *Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, a pastoral poem of supreme beauty and tenderness, and a dozen or more minor poems of such exquisite finish and imaginative power, as to reveal at every turn the workmanship of the great technical artist of all times. Bayne interpreted TENNYSON's genius correctly in 1858, and a study of what he has since done, would certainly confirm his former judgment and enlarge his admiration. He pronounces him a poet of commanding genius, the greatest of his times.

Henry Reed, in his fine work, *English Literature*, has criticized *In Memoriam* with admirable judgment and taste. It is to be regretted that so capable a critic did not extend his discussion to other poems by the same author. H. P. Whipple, the leading Boston critic, over twenty-five years since, discussed our poet, but it has been so long since we read his article, we are unable now to characterize it. The author of that eloquent, sparkling and valuable work, *History of English Literature*, the Frenchman, H. A. Taine, devotes an entire chapter to TENNYSON, treating him elaborately, but not with full justice. Indeed, to us, his discussion was alike disappointing and provoking. He leaves unsaid so much that is well worth uttering, and says so much that antagonizes with our own judgment, that we laid down his second volume with some of the repugnance we felt when we read his amusing criticism on *Paradise Lost*, and with something of the disappointment we experienced when we read for the first time his eloquent and ingenious discussion of Shakspeare, a genius

of such manifold and perplexing gifts that no man of the Latin race has thus far understood or properly interpreted. He fails to appreciate the finest and most subtle gifts of TENNYSON. His perfect taste, exquisite art, lofty morality, conscientious workmanship, melodious verse, wonderful diction, opulence of imagery, multiform grace, and abounding variety, are unrecognized for the most part. The devotee of Racine and De Musset sits unappreciative before the shrine of the great English poet, it may be because he is a—Frenchman. And yet Taine, with all of his critical short-comings, explicitly allows that TENNYSON “is a born poet,” has “manifold talent,” has “chosen amongst all forms the most elegant, ornate, exquisite,” and possesses “freshness and simplicity” when he so wills, whilst invariably distinguished by “purity and elevation.”

We do not stop to mention scores of incidental criticisms upon TENNYSON we have met with in books by famous men and women, nor do we note some articles we have now and then read in the British periodicals by, to us, unknown pens. All acknowledge his great genius, but differ as to his true place in literature.*

Ten years is a long time in the life of any man. And yet for ten years our poet was silent. In 1842 he published a third volume, *English Idylls and Other Poems*. It was then, at the age of thirty-three, that by the univocal voice of his people he was placed at the head of all poets of that day. He had won that fame and name to which all masters of song aspire. We purpose to glance briefly at the contents of this volume, although it richly deserves an extended discussion. The student of TENNYSON well knows what a precious treasury is to be found within. This volume contains many of his most beautiful and characteristic productions, and exhibits almost every gift for which the poet is so distinguished. There is scarcely any kind of verse he has not attempted, and with marvellous success. How the eye glistens and the pulse quickens with delight as you turn the familiar leaves

*We had written the above, when a cultivated gentleman of New York, F. M. Deems, M. D., who knew we were engaged on these papers, placed us under obligations by sending us two articles on TENNYSON, by Edmund Clarence Stedman. We have read them twice with deep satisfaction, and take pleasure in here acknowledging their elegance, chastity and ability. They are altogether the best discussion of our poet's works that we have seen. We accept Mr. Stedman's interpretation of the Laureate as more correct than that of any other writer with whom we are familiar. The articles are very beautiful, dainty, artistic and penetrating, and are an ornament to the literature of our country and age.

of this splendid contribution! There you meet with lyrics of liquid sweetness and grace, or full of passionate energy; there you find elegies of deepest pathos and of exalted imaginings; or pastorals of simple beauty and tenderness; or sketches replete with a certain epic fire or dramatic point and vividness; or narratives at once chaste, clear and melodious—the whole marked by those exquisite felicities of language—and that admirable art that belong to his productions.

The idyllic poems of this collection are generally very pleasing, and some of them are as perfect as any compositions of the kind in our language. What can possibly be more graceful, more natural, more agreeable than *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Dora*, *Godiva*, *Audley Court* and *Edwin Morris*? *Dora* has been well compared to a Hebrew pastoral, "the paragon of its kind," and declared to be "faultless as a whole." The same writer asks, "Who can read it without tears?"* *Godiva* and *The Gardener's Daughter* are equally successful, and of rarest beauty and delicacy. There is a freshness about some of these idylls,—a sylvan beauty, an aroma of flowers, that is as delightful as the scent of the honey-suckle or the song of the mocking-bird. "They make you think of sunbeams wandering among roses and lilies, of light streaming silently through delicate foliage, turning all its green to gold, of the prattling of children by sunny rills, of the tears and smiles of whispering lovers."† *Ulysses* belongs to this group, and yet differs in that it is more intense, more sinewy and of loftier sweep. Stedman says admirably of it, that "for virile grandeur and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches" it. He adds, that "conception, imagery and thought, are royally imaginative." We believe this to be just. What can be finer than these stirring lines that move with a music unknown to the blank-verse of any other poet? *Ulysses* is now old, and leaving his son *Telemachus* to wield the sceptre, the grand old monarch determines "to seek a newer world:"

"Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

*E. C. Stedman. †Bayne, 2v. p. 114.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come my friends,
 'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The poems we have mentioned are quite as remarkable for originality of conception and perfection of finish as *Locksley Hall*, a production, however, that is more widely known and admired. It is unquestionably a poem of great passion and vigor, written in trochaic measure, and has elicited hearty praise from all critics, even from Taine. The careless reader who merely dips into TENNYSON, has learned to relish it, and can quote at least this happy couplet:

"Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
 And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

Let us copy some lines from this poem that is all aflame with the fires of pathos and passion. It is the old, old story—love and disappointment. The hero recounts his own sad experience—how his betrothed deceived him and married another altogether unworthy of her. He sees Locksley Hall in the distance, and then from the store-house of memory brings forth the story of his love and his blasted hopes. After telling how she married, he indulges many bitter thoughts, mingled with some just reflections. We cannot follow the story but must content ourself with a few couplets, for the most part disjointed.

"Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?
 No—she never loved me truly : *love is love forevermore.*

"Comfort ? comfort scorn'd of devils ! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

"I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

"But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

* * * * *

"*Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,*
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.
Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

* * * * *

"Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun and clime ?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—
I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than the earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon !
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

* * * * *

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet."

The first poem in the volume is *Morte D'Arthur*. It is one of the most perfect metrical compositions in English literature, and has been rarely equalled by our poet. As it has been incorporated in the stories of the Round Table, we will reserve what we have to say until we come to consider them. Another of the most popular of TENNYSON'S poems is the *Talking Oak*. It is in trochaic heptameter, and well deserves to be popular, for it is one of the most winsome, sparkling, graceful poems of this or any century. Stedman characterizes it as "that marvel of grace and fancy, the nonpareil of sustained lyrics in quatrain verse." How absolutely charming is this picture of a young girl gambolling on the greensward like a young colt :

"A light wind chased her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild,
As close as might be would he cling,
About the darling child :

But light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her."

But the whole poem is fresh and charming—redolent throughout of the joyousness and hopelessness of youth, and of a poet's delicate fancy.

We cannot attempt to even briefly notice all the more striking poems in the volume we are considering. But we must refer more particularly to one in the collection. *The Two Voices* in octosyllabic triplets, is an admirable example of TENNYSON's manner of handling a subtle, metaphysical discussion, at the same time preserving his poetic art. Writers of inferior genius and skill, if successful in presenting an acute and philosophical train of reflection in metrical form, are quite certain to allow whatever of poetic aroma they may have to escape, and to present only a dry, scentless weed, quite stripped of its foliage and flowers, wherewith to regale their readers. But not so TENNYSON. However argumentative or analytical he may be, and he is often so, when in his happiest and clearest mood, the reader will always find him the genuine poet, faithful to his high calling. It is peculiarly so in *The Two Voices*, for although entirely subtle and metaphysical, "no lyrical trill of undiluted melody, no lilt sung by a village maiden, was ever more purely and entirely poetical."* We have not space for analysis. We would like to quote freely, but it is difficult to select without stating the argument of the poem. It is indeed one of the most marvellous poems of its length in our language, and deserves to be read and read again by all to whom poetic taste is not denied. There are many lines that are among the most memorable we have ever met with. Will the sympathetic reader who is unacquainted with the great production allow us to lay before him a few stanzas, torn from the context, but still so transparently beautiful and perfect as to be easily enjoyed? The "two voices" hold a discussion. One is a scientific skeptic: the other is a scientific believer. They discuss God, truth, and humanity. The believing scientist, referring to the aspirations of his heart in the hopeful days of his youth, says:

"When wide in soul and bold of tongue,
Among the tents I paused and sung,
The distant battle flash'd and rung.

"I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
And, sitting, burnished without fear
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

*Bayne.

"Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the Knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

"To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

"In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honor'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown ;

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears ;

"Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is roll'd in smoke."

Speaking of Stephen, the proto-martyr of Christianity, he says:

"He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' curs'd and scorn'd, and bruised with stones :

"*But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place,
God's glory smote him on the face.*"

When was the perfect silence and repose and the utter powerlessness of death ever so well described before as in these terse lines ?

"His palms are folded on his breast:
There is no other thing express'd
But long disquiet merged in rest.

"His lips are very mild and meek :
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

"He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

"High up the vapors fold and swim :
About him broods the twilight dim:
The place he knew forgetteth him."

Now is not that wondrously graphic and forceful? We must quote a few additional stanzas for which, we are sure, the reader will thank us. It is a beautiful Sabbath morning and the church bells are ringing:

"Like soften'd airs that blooming steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal
The sweet church bells began to peal.

"On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

"One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measur'd footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

"The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

"And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure."

But we must hasten to the conclusion of our remarks on the poems of 1842. Space will not allow any special notice of many other exquisite specimens of TENNYSON'S rich, fecund, chaste, and imposing genius. We must pass by the mellifluous and ærial *Day Dream*, those charming lyrics *Lady Clare*, *The Lord of Burleigh* and *Edward Gray*, so sweet, so musical, so tender; the jovial, humorous *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*; those heart-quickening lyrics, *St. Agnes* and *Sir Galahad*, so "full of white light, and each a stainless idealization of its theme,"*—every line of which burns with the true fire of genius; that strange, weird, metaphysical poem, *The Vision of Sin*, and two or three shorter poems of very rare merit. Tempting as it is to say something of their distinguishing excellences, and to quote some of the most noticeable passages, we must forego the pleasure. We conclude this paper with two little poems. The first contains only six lines, and is entitled *The Eagle*. We believe it to be absolutely perfect. It is as clear cut as a cameo.

"He clasped the crag with hooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,

*Stedman.

Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
 The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls."

The other composed of sixteen lines, and although the theme is old, is as fine a lyric as our language contains, and in saying this, we are not unmindful of the best lyrics of the masters—of Shakspeare, Coleridge, Shelly, Keats and a few others. It is called *The Poet*.

"The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

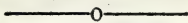
The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
 The snake slipt under the spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the spray.
 And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be
 When the years have died away."

Bayne felicitously says of this noble lyric: "The delineation is as clear as it is condensed. Every touch is laid on as with a pencil of light: and Homer never was more graphic. In the melody there is a blending of buoyancy and stateliness beyond all praise."

Owing to the space we have occupied in discussing the earlier poems, in our next paper we will conclude what we have to say, by a necessarily hurried glance at the later and longer poems of TENNYSON, and by a brief analysis of his genius.

NOTE.—Passing over minor typographical errors in our last paper, there are a few that require correction. On page 616, line 3 from bottom, read *finely* for "finally." On next page, line 3 from top, read *poetically* for "partially." On 618 page, line 2 from top, read *mild* for "wild," and in next line, for "very thigh" read *rosy* thigh. On 620 page, line 2 from top, for "and" read *or*, and in last of the paragraph, for "clearness" read *cleverness*.

THE ROUND TABLE.



THE MODERN CONFLICT.

You cannot open a Review or take up a paper now-a-days, that you do not read of the conflict being waged between Religion and Science. And yet, the antagonism is more seeming than real. We believe the apparent conflict is attributable mainly to the untempered zeal and narrow views of the respective combatants. A few wise adherents of each party have seen that the conflict does not exist, and that a just recognition of what the Bible and Science teach,—will heal the apparent breach, and make allies of those who are now arranged in hostile ranks. Some of the ablest English writers for the leading publications are engaged in a noble work in reconciling differences and showing how much the scientist may acknowledge on purely inductive principles, and how much the defenders of Bible Christianity may concede. By this process it is made plain that the differences may be harmonized, and that men of research, learning and ability may meet on a common platform. We purpose reproducing hereafter a portion of an article bearing upon the subject, that appeared in one of the recent numbers of the *British Quarterly Review*.

For ourself, we are never alarmed when we see men of science attacking the Bible. However formidable in numbers, learning and skill the leaders of the attack in our time may be, we are not dismayed. During the last two hundred years, and even in earlier times, men of power and erudition—Hume, Volney, Bolingbroke, Voltaire and others—have been confident of victory over the followers of Christ, and have assaulted the bulwarks with probably as much vigor and skill and learning as the modern Skeptics and Positivists have been able to do. And yet the bulwarks have remained unbroken, and the Gospel has continued to spread and to accomplish the great end of saving sinners. And so it will continue. Did not the Master say to those consecrated souls unto whom He committed the great work of evangelization,

that wherever they might go, under whatever skies they might live,—“Lo! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.”

We may safely trust in that promise. It is not written that the Banner of the Cross shall be rent in pieces and the flag-staff broken. It is not written that His enemies shall triumph, and the ensign of infidelity and treason shall wave in victory over the dismantled fortresses of Christianity. The tri-color ensign of France has been borne often to victory and to defeat. The British flag has floated in triumph over many fields of conquest, and it has been made too the symbol and memorial of defeat. The Stars and Stripes have known hours of triumph and days of disaster. Men who have marched under its ample folds have been thrilled with the pæans of victory, and have felt too the sharp pangs that defeat brings to the heart of manhood. On all the ensigns of nations there are bright names and many stars that shine with splendor, and these have been trailed in the dust and the feet of conquerors have trodden them. But not so with another banner that was thrown to the breeze among Judea's hills over eighteen centuries ago. At first only a few chosen followers stood under its gleaming folds. As the years have passed away, the small band has grown into a vast army, greater far than any human Captain ever led; greater far than the vast hordes of Xerxes, or any of the armies of Modern Europe, for to-day they number countless millions, and come up to battle for the Lord from every continent, and from many islands of the sea. They march to a music that is far more animating than any music that ever stirred the souls of Roman legion or British Division, for they are ever marching to the sweet music of Redemption, as it floats down the centuries of time from Calvary's Cross. They bear aloft a flag that is far more lustrous and pure than any that ever waved at Austerlitz or Badajos or Marengo or Fredericksburg. Upon its streaming folds are Faith, Hope and Love, and no crimson tide that flowed from the battle-slain discolors or mars its beauty. It is a long, long time, as we earthly pilgrims measure the years, since that little army began its march. During the eighteen hundred years, it has moved through many lands and toiled in many inhospitable climes. It has kept moving on in its career of conquest. Beginning in the far East, it has steadily marched towards the “gates of the West” until it has fairly girdled

the earth with its triumphs. "Westward" it took "its course of Empire," and now it may be said of it with far more of truth than of the vast British Empire, that the sun in its circuit visits no country with its rays where its morning drum-beat may not be heard. That precious flag has been borne through harder fights than any earthly banner ever went. It has been seized from year to year and kept always in front as the color-bearers have fallen in the long march or in the sharp onset. Wherever borne it has been to triumph—its meteor-folds ever gleaming in the front of battle and bearing on high the motto of its Great Leader—"Conquering and to Conquer."

Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander ; Napoleon, Frederick, and Marlboro', Wellington, Von Moltke, and Robert E. Lee, were great soldiers doubtless—but they were either defeated or liable to defeat. At last after life's conflicts then comes death, and worms consume them. But the leader of that other host is invincible. Before Him, death flees in discomfiture. He is the King, Immortal, Eternal and Invisible—the Lord of Hosts. Wherever He leads His banner is borne to victory ; wherever He leads there the soldiers of the Cross are animated with the certainty of triumph. If they fall in such a fight whilst commanded by such a Captain, they know what awaits them—a home in heaven and rest forever. Can this be said of the soldiers who have fought under the banners of earth's mightiest men ?

So we have no fear as to the final victory. When the followers of the Modern materialist have gone to their reward, and their names are forgotten, the Lord's Banner will still float the signal of victory and the sign of hope.

T. B. K.

The taste for emotion may become a dangerous taste ; and we should be very cautious how we attempt to squeeze out of human life, more ecstasy and paroxysm than it can well afford. It throws an air of insipidity over the greater parts of our being, and lavishes on a few favored moments the joy which was given to season our whole existence.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

O:-:-O

INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

BY PROF. T. J. MORGAN, D. D.

An institution of learning, such as a college, university, or theological seminary, when once established on a broad and deep foundation, is among the most permanent things on earth. It is endowed with a *quasi* immortality. While generations come and go, it remains; while empires rise and fall, it, like Mont Blanc, looks down from its serene height upon the ever-shifting panorama of shadow and sunshine, peace and war, birth and death. It possesses a life of its own, a marked individuality, and amidst all the changes of students, teachers, boards of trustees, and benefactors, it keeps its identity.

Like Niagara Falls, over which the waters of the globe, seas, lakes, oceans, rivers, clouds and the melted glacier, pour through continuous centuries, taking the same beautiful form, give forth the same deep, sonorous roar of power, send up the same fleeting mist and dancing rainbow, so a great school gathers into itself the youth of all races, the productions of all minds, the literature of all peoples, history, philosophy, poetry, theology, shapes them to its own use, and draws from them that which conserves its own being. Or, like the giant trees of California, it sends its roots deep down into the soil made for it by a thousand geologic ages, and lifts its branches towards the eternal sky, and drinks into itself the rain wafted to it from every zone, and the sunshine of all seasons. An institution of learning, as its very name imports, has to do with truth. It may be hampered by some narrow mistaken notion on the part of its founder as to what is truth, but its essential spirit is a truthful spirit; it seeks truth and imparts truth. This is the secret of its longevity. Truth is eternal and,

to every school that sincerely sets itself to know and teach the verities of earth, or man, or God, it imparts something of its own immortality.

In a word it may be said that a school of true learning has its origin in God, who has embodied his own thought in the universe of mind and matter, made man in his own image, placed him in the midst of a world teeming with objects of interest, rewards him for every new discovery with an inexpressible delight and an increased longing for fresh discoveries, implanted a yearning for that congenial fellowship, varied, deep, elevated, ecstatic and lasting, which only a great school supplies. God is the source of truth, the ultimate aim of the pursuit of truth. A school of learning investigates truth, aggregates facts, elucidates principles, elaborates systems, inculcates doctrines, and thus seeks to develop mind, unfold nature, exhibit God. The school aids in completing man, disclosing the universe, and revealing God. Having its origin in God, making truth its great agent, it finds its proximate end in completely developed soulhood, its final cause in the glory of God.

There never has been an age of the history of the world in which there has not existed some sort of school, for the double reason that there is in man a two-fold instinct of acquisition and impartation. To study and to teach are essential characteristics of the race, without which man would not be man. Teacher and pupil gravitate toward each other by an irresistible law of being. The school, the lecture-room, library, professors and students are found everywhere and always where men are not savages, and are found in embryo even there.

There are many minor considerations, aside from these fundamental ones, going to show that a great school, when once established has promise of long life. The school is a great charge committed to a board of trustees, who are ennobled by the trust, and feel that a failure in the administration of its affairs would be a dishonor, a stain on their personal reputation that no time could erase. Among the heroes of history, who impelled by the very highest considerations of life, duty to God, faithfulness to confided trusts, devotion to truth, love for their fellow-men, have given days and nights, year after year, of unrequited toil, thought, anxiety, pecuniary sacrifice, mingled with prayers and tears,

should be numbered very many who have served their generation as trustees of institutions of learning.

The teacher who, lifted above all mercenary consideration, impelled by a quenchless spirit of investigation, renewing his youth in each successive generation of youth, his intellectual progeny, feeling the enthusiasm that comes of the high endeavor to grasp truth and use it as the instrument of shaping immortal destiny, sinks his own life, and thereby finds it in the life of the school, receives from it and imparts to it immortality. The students who frequent its halls, experiencing more than the traveller's joy at the ever widening horizon that stretches farther and farther before them until earth blends with heaven, time and eternity, who become conscious under the power of truth, teacher, and experience of unsuspected talent, and go forth into life guided to great destinies, turn ever and anon to the *Alma Mater* as to a cherishing mother indeed, and henceforth find in her growth and development their highest delight.—*Chicago Standard*.

TEACH CHILDREN TO DRAW.

Nearly all children have a propensity to make figures on their slates or on pieces of paper. This practice should be encouraged. It should not be allowed to encroach upon time devoted to other lessons, but it may well employ their leisure.

Their first pictures will doubtless be quite rude. Their houses will be lop-sided, their trees stiff and dead, their men and women all awry, their animals mere skeletons perched on sticks. Smile at these beginnings, if you will, but don't discourage them. One or more of these children may develop into artists of consummate abilities; and if not, they will become men and women of nice perceptions and cultivated taste.

This fondness of drawing should be controlled and guided by a teacher. Instruct them how to make straight lines; then to connect them into squares, triangles, parallelograms; then to make curved lines; then to represent light and shade; then proceed to fences, trees, rocks, flowers, men and animals. A majority of your pupils will not care to go beyond the rudiments of "the

fine arts," though a few will be likely to go farther than parent or schoolmaster can lead them. They will need little further encouragement—nay, you cannot hold them back if you try. Watch their course, and ere long you will hear of the exploits of a Cole, a Church, a Kensett, a Huntington.

Yet these are exceptions, and it is not chiefly for their sakes that we say, teach children to draw. It is for the majority. Instruct them to draw, in order to cultivate their powers of observation, their sense of proportion, harmony, fitness and beauty. The mechanic, and farmer, and indeed every man of business, has frequent occasion to make drawings of objects, and it is of great value to him to be able to do so without employing a professed draughtsman.

Everybody travels now-a-days, and it is no light and worthless accomplishment which enables one to sketch the scenery through which he is passing. By all means, let the children draw, likewise teach them how to do it.—*Hearth and Home.*

GREEK PHILOLOGY.

In former times writers of Greek Grammars contented themselves with exhibiting the principles of inflection and syntax, their object being to enable the student to enter upon the study of the language with as little delay as possible. But in this age of progress, when philology has been raised to the rank of an exact science, the grammarian must not confine himself to a mere exhibition of the phenomena of the language as it exists in the authors that have come down to us. He is expected to describe accurately the forms which ought to have been used before the Greek peninsula was inhabited by any human being, he must descant upon the inherent qualities of fricatives, surds, factitives, and sonants, as also upon the psychological tendencies of the paulo-post future; he must invent new names for old things, and give a satisfactory account of the Greek pronunciation which prevailed in the days of Phoroneus, Inachus, Sinis, Sciron, Procrustes; otherwise he will not be considered as having duly executed his task. Further, he must embellish his pages with long notes

and excursions about Sanskrit and Slavic affinities, and Lithuanian and Chinese analogies, not forgetting the curiously developed dialects of Caffraria, which are probably related to the language of the Cabiri. All which he can accomplish without even knowing the alphabets of those languages. The science of the nineteenth century has established the important truth that all races of men, ancient and modern, put their vocal organs in motion for the purpose of embodying in articulate sounds the operations of their minds, always excepting the Cynocephali and the Sciapodes, who express their sentiments by barking and cackling, respectively. Grammar now has ceased to be a means—it is an end. The numerous references to numerous grammars in all our Greek text-books show that the language is to be studied not for its authors, but for its roots, stems, affixes, prefixes, and numerals; and always with reference to Sanskrit, Welch, and Lithuanian. Those who have a taste for Greek literature should use translations, for who would prefer walking to riding?—*The Nation*.

THE FOOD OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

In the present state of research, the earliest authentic traces of man on earth go no further back than the age of ice, so-called, and the accompanying or subsequent formation of the diluvium or drift. The relics of man dating from an earlier epoch, the upper miocene formation, that is, the middle of the Tertiary group, which are said to have been found in France, are at least very questionable. But there have been preserved for us in caverns remains dating from the Ice Age, which tells us of the food used by man in those times. Man then inhabited Central Europe in company with the reindeer, cave-bear, and the mammoth. He was exclusively a hunter and a fisher, as is shown by the bones of animals found in his cave-dwellings. The miocene epoch, which abounded in arboreal vegetation, had disappeared during the long period of the subsequent pliocene formations, the climate of Central Europe, meanwhile, having gradually become colder. Nature supplied no fruit for the food of man. What food he got by hunting and fishing was precarious, and there were intervals

of famine ; for fortune does not always smile on the hunter, and the beasts of the forest are not always equally numerous. The food, too, was uniform, and not altogether adapted for man, for the flesh of wild animals lacks fat. The man of those times had not enough of the heat producers in his food, and that he felt this want, we learn from his taste for the marrow of bones. All the long bones of animals that are found in cave-dwellings, are cracked open lengthwise, in order to get out the marrow. Now this insufficient, uniform food has its counterpart, in the low grade of culture which then prevailed, as evidenced by the mode of life, the weapons, and the tools. Man then lived isolated, without social organization ; he dwelt in caverns, and his only protection against cold was the skins of animals and the fire on the hearth. His tools were of stone, unpolished, unadorned ; so rudely fashioned that only the eye of the connoisseur can recognize in them man's handiwork.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR AS IT IS.

BY J. H. BECTON.

CASE.

Case, in grammar, are modifications that distinguish the relations of nouns and pronouns to other words.—G. BROWN and T. L. COVELL.

Case is the variations of form which shows the relation of the nouns to other words.—BINGHAM.

Case, in grammar, is the inflection of nouns, or a change of termination, (French cas ; Latin casus).—WEBSTER.

In the Latin language there are six variations in the terminations of nouns, and six cases. In the Greek, there are five variations, and five cases. The German has four, and the Spanish five cases, corresponding with the variations of their articles. "The Celtic philologists, like those of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, define case to be the change which nouns undergo at the beginning or end, to denote their relation to other words."—(Connellan's Gram. p. 27.)

Thus we see that Brown, Bingham, Webster and others are sus-

tained by the use and definition of case in both ancient and modern languages. But according to this fact the *English* language can have but *one* case, the so-called possessive being the only case that has any *variation* or *change* in termination. The other two cases, nominative and objective, *not having* any variation in their termination *cannot come* under the definition of either of the authors above quoted,—which is sufficient to show that their definitions are wrong, or they have erred in placing these two cases in their catalogue.

Other grammarians seeing this difficulty have attempted to improve upon the dilemma by defining case to mean, “state, condition or position;” prominent among whom are Clark, Bullions, Smith and others.

As Smith’s Grammar is “on the productive system,” a quotation from it will be as good as can be *produced* from any others that define case to mean state or condition. “We say of an animal, for instance, a horse, when he is fat, that ‘He is in a good case;’ and, when he is lean, that he is in a bad case!” what, therefore, does the word case mean?” (Ans.) *Case means condition, state, &c.*—Smith’s Gram. p. 10.

Then, if Mr. Smith’s horse is fat, he is in a *good* case; if poor, he is in a *bad* case, and when he is neither fat nor lean, but between the two, in what farmers call “good working order,” then according to Mr. Smith’s logic, one would naturally conclude that the horse is then in the *between* case. But it avails nothing to the scholar whether the grammarian’s horse is in a good or bad case, unless it is explained to him what the case of the horse has to do with the relation of one word to another. When Mr. Smith illustrates the comparison between the horse and the relation words bear to each other in a grammatical construction, then scholars may decide whether they will ride his horse, *even when “he is fat and in good case.”*

Again: If “case means *condition, state or position,*” it is contracting the use of words to a very narrow limit to assign them but *three* conditions or positions. Can words be placed in but *three* positions? Mr. Smith’s favorite animal, the noble horse, can be in a *good* case or position, a *bad* case or position, in a *standing* position, in a *falling* position, in a *walking* condition, a *trotting* or *running* condition, in an *ugly* condition, or a *beautiful* position, in a *fretful* state, a *sleepy* or *wakeful* state, &c., &c.

THE NOMINATIVE CASE.

The nominative case commonly expresses that of which something is said.—BULLIONS, p. 16.

The nominative case is usually the agent or doer, and always the subject of the verb.—R. C. SMITH, p. 47.

Does case or the *verb* express declarations? Man *lives* and *sins*. The word man is said to be in the nominative, but does it express the declaration, or do the verbs *lives* and *sins* express it? Suppose I ask, Is Dr. Bullions correct in his definition of case? In this example *Bullions* is in the so-called *nominative case*, but does the word *Bullions* declare or express anything? I make *no* declaration, but simply *ask* for a declaration. Then it is plain, as *no declaration is expressed* in the sentence there is *no nominative case* in it.

Mr. Smith says, p. 47, the “nominative case is always the subject of the verb.” Let us see how true this is. *Smith's Grammar* is a book that contains many errors. Here *book* is said to be the nominative case after *is*, but instead of being the subject it is the predicate. Again: *Mr. Smith's definition* is an erroneous one. Here *one* is in the so-called nominative case, yet it is *not* the subject of the verb. Thousands of similar examples might be produced, but even *one* that it contradicts, is sufficient to show that the nominative case is *not* “always the subject of the verb.”

But Smith's definition is also opposed to the passive voice, as in the example, “The boy was beaten by his father.” Here *boy* is nominative to the verb *was beaten*, but instead of being actor, doer or subject, he is the *object* of *was beaten*; that is, the father was the actor or subject, and the boy was the object that received the action. This fact is plain to all, Smith to the contrary notwithstanding.

The word nominative is from the Latin *nomino*, to name, and must, therefore, mean *naming* or the *named case*, as “*sin produces misery*.” Here *sin* is said to be in the nominative, *naming* or *named case*, while *misery* is called objective case. Does not objective *name* the case, too?

THE POSSESSIVE CASE.

The possessive case denotes possession, origin, or design: as “John's

pen," We use "Gillott's pens;" i. e. *He originated the pens.*—COVELL'S Digest of Eng. Gram. p. 38.

The possessive case denotes possession, ownership, property, &c.; as, "William's book."—R. C. SMITH'S Gram. p. 47,

The Possessive Case denotes the relation of possession, origin, or fitness, which a modifying noun or pronoun bears to the noun that it modifies: as, "David's father;" "an eagle's flight;" "Children's shoes."—QUACKENBOS' Gram. p. 52.

Suppose there were such a case as the so-called Possessive, grammar-authors would have to search for its definition under entirely different language; for the definitions now adopted *include verbs*. For example: The book *belongs* to me, i. e. I *possess* the book—the book is *my* book.

The bill *originated* in the lower House, and became a law in the Senate. Machinery is *designed* to save manual labor, and its fitness no one denies. As these several verbs denote "*possession, origin, or design,*" they should according to the rule of explanation, be called possessive cases. What right grammarians have to include verbs, or any other part of speech, in the explanation of case, which is a mere "*accident*" as they term it, I leave for *thinking* men to decide.

"The possessive case denotes possession, property, &c. When I say 'Peter's knife,' who owns or possesses the knife?" (*Peter*, of course, you would say). "In what case, then, is Peter's, and why? In the possessive case, because Peter possesses the knife." This is all true, provided Peter *does own* the knife. But when I say this quotation is from page 11 of *Smith's Grammar*, what do you understand me to mean? that Smith owns or possesses the book from which the quotation is taken? Certainly not; for the grammar now lies before me paid for, and I *own* it—it is *my* book,—and Smith has no more right of possession in it than the far off "man in the moon."

Again: Our merchant *has* *Ayer's Pills*, *Walker's Vinegar Bitters*, *Lawrence's Koskoo*, and other medicines; and a supply of *Gillott's pens*, *Stimpson's pens*. and the various styles of *gold*, *copper*, *steel*, and *metallic pens*. Now in accordance with the teaching of Mr. Smith, any student of his grammar has a right to tell the good merchant that the medicine and pens offered for sale by him are not his, but belong to their respective makers, because they

are in the *possessive case*, and must, therefore, *own* or *possess* them. But does any one suppose the merchant, though he had been taught "grammar as it is" by Smith & Co., would agree that the makers of the said articles are the rightful owners of them? No; he would say that he had *paid* for them, and no one could take them—they *belonged* to him. Yes, and these articles may have been *owned* by a dozen merchants since they left the hands of their makers. The fact is, these so-called possessives are not what grammarians say they are. The merchant has Ayer's pills, quinine pills, podophylin pills for sale; he has Gillott's pens, Washington's pens, Medallion pens, National pens, Gold pens, &c., &c. Now do not *quinine* and *podophylin* tell us *what* pills are spoken of. Does the so-called possessive *Ayer's* do more than this? Do not the other specifying words before pens, tell us *more* than the word *Gillott's*? Who would know whether "Gillott's pens" were gold, copper or steel? How many know what compose Ayer's pills? While it may be asked, how *few* are there that do not know what quinine and podophylin are?

Some grammarians, like oases in the sandy wastes, have asserted that the "possessive case" is not a noun, but a *specifying* or *defining adjective*, (see *Frazee's* gram. p. 106; *Fowle's* p. 17; *Barnard's*, p. 71; *Morris's*, p. 48). "A system of grammar, having its foundations in the doctrine that Words and other Elements of Sentences are to be classified *according to their offices*—and that is the proper criterion—must class Possessive Nouns and Pronouns as *Adjectives*." So says Mr. Clark in his *Practical Grammar*, p. 84, obs. 6. "*And that is the proper criterion.*" Yet, throughout his works, Clark uses the so-called possessive case. He emphatically acknowledges that there is no such a case, but still uses it: he says it is wrong, but elsewhere in his grammars he teaches it is right. And this is the Grammar, which, the Boards of Instruction of North Carolina and Alabama have adopted as the "*proper criterion*" for their children to follow. What would be thought of a minister that condemned sin in the pulpit, but justified it in his daily conduct! Or a physician who says arsenic, strychnine and opium are deadly poisons, and at the same time uses them as his healing remedies on all his patients? These men would be as justifiable, so far as consistency saith, as the grammarian is in violating his duty. To say a thing is erroneous and then

teach it to the rising generation, is—I leave it to the liberal reader to say what.

THE OBJECTIVE CASE.

This case, we are told, “denotes the object of an action or relation.” “In the sentence ‘John struck him,’ *him* is the object of the action denoted by *strike*,” (Smith, p. 47) But suppose we change the sentence thus: *John is struck by him*. In this case the object *struck* is *John*, for John was struck, *i. e.*, John received the action, and is, therefore, the *object* denoted: Yet, according to the definition of the nominative case, *viz.*, that “the nominative case is *always* the subject of a verb,” we are compelled to parse *John* as nominative to *is struck*. So upon the principle that “the nominative is agent, actor or doer,” we must conclude that John is the striker—John strikes himself; and he that is the *real striker* or *doer*, is the object! What a fountain of wisdom a scholar may find in the abstruse paths of “grammarians!”

One more example. The money was stolen by the thief. In what case is money? *Nominative* to *was stolen*, say grammarians. Why? Was money actor or doer? Did money steal itself? What did the thief do? Did he act or do anything? If he stole money without acting or doing, he is the possessor of an art unknown to the wisest philosopher of the nineteenth century. That a thief *plans* his mode by which he may obtain money, that he *executes* his schemes, that he *acts* earnestly, energetically to obtain the great object of his perverted Acquisitiveness, as the Phrenologists would say, no sane man will deny. And these examples are sufficient to prove that there are no such cases as nominative and objective or, that if existing they have not been defined, I shall believe and assert until some grammarian of the “*productive system*” produces the evidence to the contrary. Until the above objections are explained away, and after which a true definition shall be given of case, I shall contend that *Subject* and *Object* are preferable and more in accordance with the structure of the English language; and that the so-called *possessive case* properly belongs to that class of words to which Mr. Clark says it should be assigned.

To be Continued.

EDITORIAL.

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OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

It is of the highest importance that the State of North Carolina should have an University in name and in fact. It will not be creditable to either the intelligence or liberality of our people if a strong and well directed effort is not made to resuscitate our State Institution and to place it on a basis of usefulness and permanency. Whilst other States maintain their leading educational centres, it will not do for us to remain indifferent to the claims of the youth of our State and the cause of learning. The Trustees of the University have recently held an important meeting in Raleigh. We have seen it stated that what they did will probably result in its revival at an early day. It is given out that it rests with the legislature, however, now in session, whether the University will be opened during the next Summer, or will remain inhabited by only the bats and owls. We can but hope that our legislators are sufficiently awake to the great importance of re-opening the University at an early day, to prompt them to such action as will guarantee the compassing of that so much desired end. What we write will not be seen by any of them, we suppose, before they have disposed of the matter in some way, but if we could reach them we would like to add one voice to other appeals, that they will adopt such measures as shall open those ancient halls to the light of day once more, and offer every inducement for an advanced culture that can be given by any similar institution in the whole land.

A recent article in the *Biblical Recorder*, from the pen of Rev. J. D. Hufham, its able and scholarly editor, is so timely, so cordial, so catholic, so wise, that we gladly avail ourself of a few paragraphs. Referring to the University he says:

"Its suspension was a sad thing for North Carolina. Its continued suspension is a reproach to her. Standing at the head of the educational enterprises and institutions of the State they cannot have the highest degree of prosperity while it languishes or is in a state of suspension. Especially is the spirit of education

among the people dependent in large measure on the existence and prosperity of the University.

"In most of the other States similar institutions are rising above the wreck and ruin of the war and seem likely to regain their old prosperity and usefulness. It is high time for North Carolina to commence the good work of providing for her sons the means of the highest and best culture. It will be necessary, we suppose, for the Trustees, in the event of re-opening to ask an appropriation from the Legislature. This request, we think, could hardly be denied. Poor and heavily taxed as our people are they cannot afford to refuse such an application.

"We shall be glad if the Institution can be re-opened as a University. This it has never been. It has been a simple college, heretofore, and has been the rival of the smaller denominational Institutions. We hope to see it raised above this. It will be at some time, though it may not be expedient to attempt it in the present condition of the State finances."

The time was when next to her great men the chiefest ornament of the State was her University—an institution in the success of which all intelligent and public-spirited North Carolinians gloried. It was not all that was desired. It was not in any just sense an University at all. But it was our best, and from its precincts had gone forth hundreds of young men who in after years were to win the highest civic fame and some of them to achieve renown on many battle-fields. Let us all work for its speedy re-opening, and let it be made as soon as possible second to none and in all respects what its name imports. Let wisdom, fairness and justice characterize at all times the action of those who have it in charge. Let no invidious and injudicious distinctions be made. Let no cause of complaint be given that it is controlled by politicians or by any one religious denomination. Let a broad catholicism prevail, and we believe it will go on prospering and to prosper.

But we are in advance of the music. The work of revival is yet to be done. North Carolina cannot afford to be without its University. Our necessities demand it. Our pride, our interest, our self-respect, our love of learning, all unite with one voice and cry aloud, "Give us back again the honored old University, enlarged; adorned, strengthened and improved."

North Carolinians think of it: there are now between one and two hundred of our young men attending the colleges of other States. It is a standing reproach to our intelligence, public spir-

it and State pride that we force our boys abroad. It will not do to say that we have good colleges. We grant it gladly, but then they are under the patronage of religious denominations and are regarded as sectarian. There are some of the religious bodies who are without male colleges, and there are scores of young men who prefer to attend institutions that are not controlled by religious bodies. It is useless to say that this is prejudice or bigotry or what not. We must look at things as they exist. The fact is patent that scores of young men leave the State to attend the colleges that are not open to the charge of being in any sense denominational. We have good colleges, but we have no University. *We must have one in its broadest and truest sense.* If our colleges were better than all others, there are many young men who would not matriculate in them, but would seek instruction beyond our borders. Prior to the war this was not the case. Where one went out of the State to seek educational advantages, fifty came into the State from other sections, and our University was indeed one of the grand rallying intellectual centres of the South. When the writer was at Chapel Hill, he thinks there were some twenty-five students in attendance from Virginia alone. The tide has since turned, and *now* our boys go to the University of Va., to Washington and Lee, to Hampden Sydney, to Randolph Macon, to William and Mary, to Princeton, &c. Why this? Alas! we have no University now, and no longer do Virginians and Georgians and Mississippians, and youths from other Southern States, seek instruction at our hands by hundreds, but we send *our* boys from home to pursue their studies amid the cloisters and stately groves of the colleges of other States. How long, how long shall this continue? We pretend not to that prophetic ken that can penetrate the veil of the future, but a blind man can see far enough to tell you, that it will surely continue as long as narrow and illiberal views prevail—as long as there is not enough of genuine North Carolina spirit to unite our people in one common purpose to resuscitate our ancient and once-honored seat of learning, and re-open those fountains of knowledge whose waters were so healthful and invigorating to the mind and that flowed full and fresh across our lines into the regions beyond.

No State can maintain its character for intelligence and public spirit that does not foster education. No nation can long pre-

serve its liberties that does not cherish and protect its seats of learning. In a former article we discussed this phase of the subject. We showed that ignorance is the parent of vice, of crime, of superstition, of credulity and of brutalizing passions. As Horace Mann, that able educator and thinker, truly said, "Education is our political safety. Outside of this ark, all is deluge." Even so bad a man as Napoleon was far too sagacious not to be impressed with the great truth that the security and destiny of every free people chiefly and inevitably rest upon education and intelligence. He felt this when referring to France more particularly; he said: "Public instruction should be the first object of government." Surely, then, our legislators will not be faithless and recreant to the great blessings of "public instruction," when according to the philosophy of despotism itself, it "should be" their "*first object*."

Let, then, the University of North Carolina be revived. Let all of the friends of liberal education come up to its support. Let prejudices, and complaints, and antagonisms and creeds be forgotten, and let all rally to the help of those who would lift from the dust the broken column, and place it upon its firm and enduring pedestal again. We are a true and hearty advocate of the revival of learning at Chapel Hill. Let hopeful hearts and expansive minds gather about the venerated and ruined old University. Let a new life be placed within; let a strong faculty be chosen—men of large and varied learning—men who love to teach, who are enthusiasts, who are full of energy and devotion and hope; let some eloquent and popular man be placed at its head—some son of the State who can, with voice and pen, stir the peoples' heart and unite their energies in the great work of rebuilding the *Alma Mater* of so many of the children of North Carolina, and then shall old men rejoice and mothers be glad, and the maidens of our land from Currituck to Cherokee, from the seaboard and the centre, from the plains and the mountains, with songs and shoutings shall bring fresh garlands with which to adorn the brow of the dear Old Mother,—who was dead but is alive again.

T. B. K.

CO-EDUCATION.

Is the co-education of the sexes a failure? In the South we have heard of but few attempts, if any, to mix the sexes in the same classes, except in primary schools. In the North, we believe

the experiment has been made for the last fifteen or twenty years, and the result is seen in the variant opinions and conclusions of educators. We confess to some preferences, and it may be, prejudices in the matter. Without much observation and with no experience of our own, we are unable to speak *ex-cathedra*, nor have we been able to derive any satisfactory information from Northern teachers. They so differ amongst themselves, we cannot determine whether the experiment in the North has been successful or not. For instance : President Eliot says that co-education has proved an unqualified failure in the Western colleges that have tried it. *Per contra*, President White, of Cornell, is delighted with it and pronounces it a great success. His sixteen girls have been among the foremost in scholarship, and have proved thoroughly conscientious. President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, thinks the experiment highly satisfactory. Referring to his college, he says :

"Our ladies' course was established at the outset as the course which young ladies would more generally pursue, and it was some years before there was any application on the part of young ladies to enter the full college course. Since that time nearly a hundred young ladies have completed this course ; but the large majority have always chosen the ladies' course. But in pursuing the ladies' course they are not organized in classes by themselves, except in a few of the studies. * * * The young ladies recite in the same classes with the young men, without any difficulty—*i. e.*, in the same college classes ; and this has been our arrangement for nearly forty years. The number of ladies pursuing the same full classical course has varied during the time from ten to more than thirty, passing from the minimum to the maximum and back again several times within thirty years. * * * There is no prevalent conviction among us that it is inexpedient for young ladies to take the college course. * * * Several of the daughters of the professors have taken the college course, and others are preparing for it."

We plead guilty to some old fashioned notions about education. Reared in the South, we hold the views that have prevailed here from immemorial time. We have not thought it best, where it can be avoided, to have the sexes mixed in the same schools. We have never for a moment believed that either the cause of education or morality could be promoted by the co-education of the sexes in colleges. We do not doubt the capability of girls, their devotion to study, their conscientiousness, or their self-respect.

We are satisfied they can learn well the books that are taught in colleges, and that many of them can attain to eminence in scholarship, like Mary Somerville, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sara Coleridge, Marian Evans ("George Eliot") and others. But we do not believe that it will either conduce to woman's physical health, and add to her real glory as a woman to be mixed up at a formative period with young men, many of whom are rude, immoral, susceptible, and unprincipled. She may shine the brighter by the contrast, as a precious jewel may appear the more lustrous in a coarse setting, and she may even secure higher honors by the competition with males, but she will do this at the risk of impairing those exquisite charms, that perfect grace, that delicate refinement, that engaging modesty, that chaste reserve, those sweet manners which so adorn and beautify woman's character. The German poet, Richter, says, that "the purer the golden vessel the more readily it is bent; the higher worth of women is sooner lost than that of men." And did not the great English master say, that "it is beauty, that doth often make women proud; it is virtue, that doth make them most admired; it is modesty, that makes them seem divine." It may be that intimate association of the sort referred to with men of diverse characters and principles, might be deleterious to manners; might to some extent discrown her of the highest attraction—her pure womanhood; and might really interfere with her pursuit of knowledge—specially if she were to fall in love with some handsome young fellow who was learning to conjugate *amo*. We think that all a young lady might gain in knowledge of books and of men, would not compensate her for the loss sustained by robbing herself of that lofty courtesy, that perfect respect, that profound reverence, those delicate attentions which at least the men of the South have ever cherished in their hearts and extended to their fair country-women—the ladies of our land. No woman ever truly gained by aspiring to those things that belong more properly to man. As long as she remains content with her ancient dominion she will be loved, honored, revered, worshipped, and even—obeyed. But she must not disrobe or unsex herself. The old Salic law ought not to be repealed, and will not be repealed, to meet the demands of the restive and ambitious part of the gentler sex who would undertake those duties and responsibilities which belong to man only, and who has been fashioned by the All Wise to that end. The old dynasty will surely continue, and only the good and pure women, who know that their

true power lies over the affections, will remain regnant, whilst the unadulterated "brain women," as Dr. Holmes calls them, will have neither crown nor kingdom.

That great writer, Thackeray, says, that "a good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty." Let us then preserve this lovely flower. Let no rude or unfriendly minds tear its tender leaves or despoil it of its fragrance. Let no coarse associations, or sharp contests spoil or taint it.

We are not then favorable to the experiment that has been made elsewhere. Educate the daughters most thoroughly; give them every advantage possible, say we, but let the old system continue:—the boys at their high-schools and colleges, undergoing the discipline and training that suit them, and passing through that curriculum that will fit them for the duties and conflicts of after life; the girls at their seminaries and colleges, where they can be taught every branch of human learning that can possibly bring happiness and usefulness to life and pleasure to the mind; where they can be treated as a member of a household, living under the watchful eyes of those who will be as father and mother, and having the influence and associations of home-life; where they can be trained for those spheres in which their destiny will inevitably lead them, and which they can so irradiate, and make happy. "The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron are more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens," was the opinion of Oliver Goldsmith. But then, he was an old bachelor. Women have the "bridal dower of love," and we protest against any system that will in the least compromise their true position, cause one unnecessary pang to the heart, or tend to their slightest injury.

There is one view of the subject to which we barely referred, that deserves special mention. It will be found in the following extract from an article that appeared in *The Liberal Christian*:

"We are alarmed at the decline of health and sanity among American women of the favored class. And we think it due to the strain under which they are put by ambitious teachers and parents at the critical period of their lives. What they lose nothing can repay. All they give society, intellectually or morally, is nothing compared with the physical deterioration they may entail upon their offspring and the unhappiness they may bring upon their homes. We trust there will be a long pause before co-education of the sexes in more advanced colleges gives a fresh impulse to the stilted intellectuality which is becoming the bane of American women; for what spoils them ruins the hopes of humanity!"

T. B. K.

CAROLINA HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

The February number of this monthly is on our table. It is full of good things and is an excellent exhibit of the skill and taste of its proprietor and manager, Mr. Bonitz. It ought to prove a success, and if our people are honest in the expression of a desire to build up home enterprises, the *Household Magazine* will be successful.

The number before us contains an excellent likeness of our esteemed townsman, Seaton Gales, Esq., with a brief sketch of his life.

We will furnish a copy of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD and the *Household Magazine* for \$4—and a copy of the JOURNAL OF EDUCATION and the Magazine for \$3.

TO THE PUBLIC--A CARD.

A friend in handing me a copy of the *Norfolk Landmark*, with the annexed notice of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD remarked it was a "merited compliment from one fully competent to judge." That James Barron Hope, the accomplished editor of the *Landmark*, is "fully competent to judge" the merits of any magazine, or other literary production submitted to him, and that a favorable criticism from his pen is worth much, no one who knows that gentlemen, or the high reputation, as a man of letters and critical taste, which he has enjoyed for years, will doubt; and, therefore, I re-produce the article, that the people of North Carolina may see the estimate put upon *their* magazine by a Virginia gentleman of acknowledged ability; and that I may in this prefatory card correct an error into which, I fear, too many of my friends have fallen, and which doubtless has caused many to relax their efforts in behalf of a magazine which all seem to admire and approve.

Hard as I have worked to increase my list, and marked as has been the improvement in every number which I have issued, *the magazine has not yet reached the paying point.* If those who have received every number since September, and whose subscriptions

are due from that time ; and if those whose renewals date from January would remit promptly, my receipts would meet all expenses ; prevent the accumulation of any debt ; enable me to carry, without serious trouble, the extra edition printed ; and, at the same time, from month to month, still greater improvements could be added, till North Carolina's Magazine should be *second to none*. I ask my friends all over the State, and North Carolinians everywhere, to place their one State enterprise, *which stands in the way of none other*, and which had its origin in the sincere and heartfelt desire of a native son of North Carolina to add his mite to perpetuate the glory and renown of his noble mother and of her gallant sons and fair daughters, beyond even the most remote danger of a failure till its mission shall have been fully accomplished.

S. D. POOL.

"OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.—We have received the February number of this magazine, edited by Col. S. D. Pool, assisted by Messrs. T. B. Kingsbury and J. H. Pool, of Raleigh, N. C., and after a critical examination of its pages we are prepared to say that it is not only a credit to our sister State, but to the entire South. The main object of this valuable publication is expressed in its felicitous title, and we trust that the day is not distant when the Virginia Branch of the Southern Historical Association will be able to boast an organ similar to this. It embraces about 130 pages of text, and is devoted primarily to the pious object of preserving in enduring form the heroic services of troops contributed by North Carolina to the armies of the Confederacy. In the historical Department we have a number of papers of special value, containing authentic facts illustrating the achievements of men, officers, regiments and brigades from the Old North State. In the literary contributions we find a noble poem from Mrs. Downing, "A Summer Idyl" by Christian Reid, "Margaret Rosselyn" by Mrs. C. W. Harris, both serial stories from the pens of two very gifted and accomplished women, and several very fine critical papers by Mr. Kingsbury. For a mention of the papers devoted to education and statistics we have no space, but, it is safe to say that with such a magazine to speak for her, North Carolina will not be long in commanding some part of the respect and admiration to which she is entitled. There is no extravagance in this praise. We have examined the volume before us with entire candor, and it would be a shame if it should languish for lack of support. But of this we have no fear. It shows evidence of robust vitality and good management on every page, and we repeat with deliberate emphasis, it is a credit to the South.—*Norfolk Landmark*.

Our Living and Our Dead ;

DEVOTED TO

North Carolina—Her Past, Her Present and Her Future.

Official Organ North Carolina Branch Southern Historical Society

VOL. II.]

APRIL, 1875.

[No. 2.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

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THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR ;

CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF

EVENTS, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES,

WHICH OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Bloody War, Which took Place in the United States in 1861.

By REV. JOHN PARIS, Late Chaplain 54th Regiment, N. C. Troops.

CHAPTER V.

Stonewall Jackson sent to the Valley of Virginia—Plan of the Enemy for the Campaign of 1862—Operations in the West—Fall of Fort Henry—Battles by Land and Water at Fort Donelson—Withdrawal of Generals Floyd and Pillow, and Surrender of the Post—General Albert Sydney Johnston retreats upon Murfreesborough—Fall of Island No. 10—Battle of Shiloh. and fall of General A. S. Johnston—General Price retires from Missouri into Arkansas—Battle of Elkhorn and fall of Generals McCulloch and McIntosh—Fall of Roanoke Island in North Carolina—The Virginia—Naval Victory in Hampton Roads.

IN the month of October of the preceding year "Stonewall Jackson" had been promoted to the rank of Major General, and sent into the Valley of Virginia to watch the motions of the enemy. Winchester became his headquarters. The first affront he offered to Federal power from this quarter, was the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for some dis-

Entered according to act of Congress, by S. D. Pool, in office of Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

tance along the line of the Potomac, in the vicinity of Martinsburg; and the breaking of an important dam connected with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which effectually broke up the enemy's line of communications with the West for the season. This was effected in the presence of the enemy. On the first day of this year he found himself at the head of eleven thousand men; about three thousand being militia and used only for emergencies or temporary purposes. On the first of January, Gen. Jackson moved upon the positions of the enemy at Bath and Romney, the seats of justice of Morgan and Hampshire counties. It was now the dead of winter, snow and ice covered the ground, and the mountain roads were almost impassible, but the spirit of Jackson scorned such difficulties, and he triumphed over all. The enemy became panic stricken at his approach, although they had superior forces at hand, and fled without fighting, leaving immense stores of army supplies which fell into his hands. Having left Gen. Loring with two brigades at Romney, he returned to Winchester.

The innate character of man is developed in no other situation or circumstances of life, as it is in the service of the army, or camp life. Here it is, that the unobserved principles of the heart are often brought to light, and present the man as he is, rather than as he was supposed to be; and he stands forth before observers, in his true development. The army always contains a great diversity of characters, and the troops under Gen. Jackson formed no exception to the rule. While his services had been eminent, and always successful, still there were multitudes who were disposed to measure those services by their own imperfect and diminutive standards, and test his merits by the ill-conceived opinions which floated in their own brains, the offspring of beclouded fancy. Officers void of military experience, with little training, and comparatively strangers to the service, now ventured to criticise the talents of Jackson, find fault with his plans and movements; and the most verdant tyros in camp life, united with them in an effort to destroy the reputation, and mar the fair fame of this distinguished General. A general clamor was raised against him by such as were too selfish to appreciate his services, or too ignorant to comprehend his merits. There are always drones to be found in the army, as well as in other departments

of the public service ; especially in the season which promises but few privations and little danger ; these insects are distinguished for noise rather than labor or service. This species of soldiers took care to fill the ears of Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, with their complaints and criticisms, with regard to Jackson's operations in the Valley ; and as Mr. Benjamin seemed neither to comprehend the duties of the Secretary of War, or of a General in the field, he so far overreached the bounds of propriety, as to instruct Gen. Jackson, who was a subordinate of Gen. Johnston, to recall Gen. Loring from Romney, where the latter had been stationed by Gen. Jackson, as a protection to that part of the country against the inroads of the enemy. It was not only a violation of military etiquette, but a rude invasion of the authority belonging to Gen. Johnston, as the immediate superior of Gen. Jackson, but it was likewise an improper intermeddling with the plans and policy of the General in the field, and might furnish a precedent mischievous in its tendency to the public service.

The order of the Secretary of War was promptly obeyed ; and at the same time, Gen. Jackson tendered his resignation to the department, from a sense, not of wounded pride, but from a sense of duty, believing that it would be in his power to do his country but little good, when his plans and authority were thus intermeddled with ; and, that in so doing, he would offer at least a rebuke to such an unwarranted stretch of authority on the part of the Secretary of War. But his friends interposed in time to prevent its acceptance by the War Department, and prevailed upon the General to continue in the field.

The conduct of Mr. Benjamin was highly censured by every officer of a high sense of honor in the service ;—and justly so, for all men can perceive how little he missed of destroying, in the beginning of his career, an officer who was destined soon to astonish the world with the brilliancy of his actions.

The enemy had made preparations on a grand scale for the opening of the campaign of 1862. His plan was to draw a military cordon around the entire Confederacy, by attacking at many and distant points, thus to divide the strength of defence, and consequently render it weaker, and thereby "crush the rebellion." To accomplish this object in the execution of the plan, it was intended that movements from different and distant points should take place about the same time.

BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

General Albert S. Johnston commanding the Army of the West, confronted the enemy at Bowling Green, Kentucky. About the 15th of January, the enemy began to make his advance movements to interrupt his communications. Major Gen. Crittenden commanded a column at some distance from Gen. Johnston, on the right, at a place called Mill Spring. The Yankee General, Thomas, with a heavy division and a large train of artillery, advanced upon him and offered battle, which the Confederate General did not decline. In the beginning of the action Brigadier General Zollicoffer's Brigade carried everything before it, but the General himself was unfortunately killed, which produced a panic among his men that affected a large part of the army. Gen. Crittenden consequently fell back to his entrenchments, and being without provisions, under cover of night he recrossed the Cumberland river in a small steamer, and thus eluded the pursuit of a foe vastly superior in numbers. But he lost his artillery, baggage and camp. The loss in the action and retreat did not exceed four hundred and fifty men.

On the first of February Gen. Grant with a very strong force, began to move up the Tennessee river to interrupt the left and rear of Gen. Johnston. In conjunction with these troops, a strong fleet of gunboats co-operated. The first defence upon his line of march which offered any opposition was Fort Henry which mounted eleven guns; and was commanded by Gen. Tilghman. The Fort was assailed on land and water, by overpowering odds. At least fifteen thousand land troops, besides several gunboats appeared before it. Seeing the fate that inevitably awaited it, General Tilghman sent off the main body of his force, to Fort Donelson; while with the remainder he stood by his guns to make the best defence possible. After a hot and well-contested action, Gen. Tilghman surrendered the little garrison of about forty-five men, having sustained a loss of twenty-five or thirty in killed and wounded, whilst he had inflicted a loss of more than double that on the enemy.

General Grant now moved against Fort Donelson, situated on the left bank of the Cumberland, the reduction of which would open his way to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, and thus

place him in the rear of General Albert Sidney Johnston. An extensive line of breastworks defended the land side of the encampment at this place, and on the river side were some strong batteries mounting a number of guns of heavy calibre. On the 13th of February, the enemy began the investment of the place with a force of about 20,000 men. A general assault was made by the land troops on the works at different points, but they were repulsed and driven back with heavy loss, having failed in every effort.

In the afternoon of the following day the fleet of ironclad gun-boats, commanded by Commodore Foote, numbering six vessels and carrying forty-six guns, assailed the river batteries. The fight was terrific. After sustaining the combat for nearly two hours, the fleet was compelled to withdraw severely disabled, having effected almost nothing.

Through the efforts of Gen. Johnston about 13,000 troops had been thrown into this place, the command of which devolved upon Brigadier General John B. Floyd. This officer convened a council of war, in which it was determined that inasmuch as the enemy were being largely reinforced, and the place already invested on every side, by land ; that the garrison were in no condition to endure a seige ; and that the only way to deliver it from its present position was to fight its way out, and thus open a line of retreat in the direction of Nashville. This line of policy was suggested by the information that within less than twenty-four hours the strength of the enemy would be increased by reinforcements to more than fifty thousand. On the morning of the fifteenth, in the coldest weather of the season, amidst snow and ice, the Confederates boldly marched out and addressed themselves to the work before them.

The battle was long and obstinate. The enemy was driven back, at several points with immense slaughter. His right wing was severely handled, and such was the Confederate success in this quarter, in the afternoon, that Gen. Buckner, who led the attack in that quarter, gave the opinion that the way was open for the army to escape in the direction of Nashville. But the arrival of heavy reinforcements upon the field at another point, had changed the aspect of affairs in that quarter ; and after a severe struggle against vastly superior numbers, until late in the eve-

ning the Confederate General withdrew his forces into their entrenchments. A council of war was now held, in which it was agreed that Generals Pillow and Floyd should embark on board a couple of steamers lying in the river, and take with them as many troops as the vessels would carry, and escape to Nashville. Much criticism was furnished for the public mind in the newspapers, subsequently, upon the conduct of these two Generals. It appears that General Floyd, turning over his command, it fell upon Gen. Pillow, as the next in seniority. He following the example thus set, turned it over to Gen. Buckner, who resolved to abide the fate of his command, which he surrendered as prisoners of war on the following morning; while the two former Generals, with between two and three thousand men effected their escape to Nashville, and united with the main army under Gen. Johnston.

This was the most severe disaster that had befallen the Confederacy since the beginning of the war. The loss on the battlefield was estimated at about fifteen hundred, and about ten thousand were surrendered prisoners of war. Still this success was dearly purchased by the enemy, as his loss was generally set down at 5000 men. The way to Nashville was now open to the enemy, both by land and water. Gen. Johnston had fallen back from Bowling Green to that place, and circumstances necessitated his retreat still further south. Accordingly, destroying what stores he could not carry off, he retired with the army under his command to Murfreesborough. The Governor of Tennessee, removed the archives of the State to a place of safety beyond the reach of the enemy and followed the movements of the army, as the best line of policy by which to sustain the interests of the State, and within a few days the enemy occupied the Capital, and thus Nashville fell into his hands; all the Confederate forces having been drawn from Kentucky and united under the command of Gen. Johnston.

Whilst General Grant advanced into Tennessee, in order to disperse the army under Johnston, another Federal army under General Pope moved down the Mississippi river to clear it of any opposition or obstructions the Confederate authorities might place on that great commercial highway. When the Confederates abandoned Columbus, Kentucky, they fell down the river to a

place called Island No. 10. General McCown, with a force of about 5000 men erected some strong works at this point, and also at a small village opposite to the island, on the Missouri side of the river, called New Madrid. To hold both these positions, with a force so much inferior to that of the enemy, proved a difficult undertaking, but the chivalrous courage of Gen. McCown shrunk from no effort that promised any support to the cause of his country, in which he had embarked. The Mississippi river in its tortuous course, makes a bend in the shape of a horse-shoe, at New Madrid, with a width of four miles from point to point across the land on the Southern side. A formidable fleet of gunboats, attended with the army of Gen. Pope, to co-operate in the attack upon these positions. The naval force co-operating with Gen. McCown, consisted only of two gunboats and a floating battery carrying sixteen guns. Pope invested New Madrid on the first of March, and erected several batteries, on which he mounted siege guns of a heavy calibre, from which a severe cannonade was kept up at intervals daily, until the enemy succeeded in getting a position on the river below the Confederate batteries. On the 13th of March General Pope opened a terrible cannonade from all his batteries and gunboats, upon the defences of New Madrid, which continued until night. The smallness of the numbers at this point, and their exposed and isolated condition, determined Gen. McCown to withdraw the troops from the place and concentrate his whole force at Island No. 10. Accordingly under cover of night the movement took place and was conducted with skill and success. The guns were spiked, and such material of war as could not be brought off, was destroyed, and the position abandoned to the enemy. The country had a right to expect that the Government would make strenuous exertions to hold this island; and thereby control the navigation of the Mississippi; and thus hold in check the well-understood intention of the Federal Government to seize it, in its entire length, and so exclude the Confederate authorities from its use, as to cut off the trans-Mississippi Department from all communication with the Eastern. Therefore, it was ardently hoped that Island No. 10, would be defended with great obstinacy. But such hopes were doomed to disappointment. General McCown was ordered to report at another point with a considerable part of his command. The command

was thus devolved upon Gen. McCall. The enemy had succeeded in cutting a canal across the point of land, on the Missouri side, to Bayou St. John, by which his transports passed down and took up position below, thus isolating it completely, except in its immediate rear; his gunboats also succeeded in running by under cover of darkness.

On the 6th. of April, Gen. McCall made the discovery that it had become a military necessity to evacuate the place. The retreat was undertaken in the night, but it was conducted without plan, or directed by misguided judgment, and attended with great loss. General McCall, with nearly all his officers, and about two thousand men fell into the hands of the enemy, as prisoners of war; with all the artillery, magazines and stores, and all the gunboats which had been collected at the island. The fall of this place was a sad disappointment to many of the ardent and hopeful friends of the Confederacy. They had hoped to see the efforts of the enemy foiled at this place, and an important part of his plan of the campaign frustrated, or defeated. But this disappointment produced nothing like despondency. Every friend of Southern independence seemed only aroused by the gathering dangers to a proper sense of the emergency, and appeared willing to stake all upon the final issue, rather than admit the word "fail." But the defences of this island had been understood by General Beauregard, and he had in view the more important work of strengthening Gen. A. S. Johnston by withdrawing troops from Island No. 10, to enable that General to offer battle successfully against Grant, on the Tennessee river, and thus check his advance into the interior.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Accordingly, the army under Gen. Johnston had been concentrated around, and near Corinth, which is the point of intersection of the Mobile and Ohio and Memphis and Charleston Railroads, in the Northwestern corner of the State of Mississippi. It consisted of about 40,000 men, divided into three corps, which were commanded respectively by Major Generals Polk, Bragg, and Hardee. The enemy lay encamped between, Corinth and Pittsburg, a small village on the Tennessee river, and near a country church called Shiloh. At daylight on the morning of the 6th of April, a lovely Sabbath, General Johnston advanced to



the attack of the enemy in his position. The battle soon became general. The Federal troops at first gave way, but Grant soon brought up his whole support to oppose the impetuous assaults of the enthusiastic lines of Johnston. These supports soon yielded ground. The enthusiasm of the Confederates defied every danger and overthrew all opposition. Camp after camp of the enemy was taken. Battery after battery was captured. The slaughter was appalling among the ranks of the enemy. The loss on the part of the Confederates was also large, but still victory cheered them onward. In the midst of this success, Gen. Johnston received a wound, while leading a charge, which unfortunately terminated his life. A minnie ball had severed an artery in his leg. In the flush of victory he paid but little attention to it, but moved on, until growing faint, he exclaimed, "I fear I am mortally wounded." He was lifted from his saddle by his aids, and laid down, but no surgical aid was now of any avail; life was fast ebbing to a close, and in a few moments this distinguished chieftain died, with the shouts of victory ringing in his ears as they swelled up from his advancing battalions, which were now carrying everything before them. The command devolved upon Gen. Beauregard. The enemy had lost every position, and every camp. From point to point he had been driven, and late in the evening he had been thrown into a huddled mass of routed fugitives, down the cliffs that overlook the Tennessee river, upon the banks around Pittsburg landing. Here his condition was such as to inspire but little hope—as the artillery of the Confederates could rake every point around the landing, and but little defence could be made. A couple of gunboats lying in the river opened upon the encircling lines of Beauregard, with but little effect, as the roar of their heavy guns seemed to threaten much more mischief than their shells inflicted.

But at this critical moment, when the enemy was driven to the last extremity, and no other alternative but ruin or surrender seemed to be left him, Gen. Beauregard gave orders to halt, and drew back his lines beyond the reach of the enemy's artillery. During the night Grant was strongly reinforced by Gen. Buell, who had arrived on the opposite bank, and before the rising of the sun on the following morning, his troops had been safely transported across the river and placed in line of battle, so as to

enable General Grant, with superior numbers of fresh troops, to renew the conflict. The opportune moment for Beauregard to reap the well-merited fruits of a brilliant victory had passed; that moment had come—he failed to improve it, and it had passed away forever—and all the sacrifice, loss and suffering of that well fought day, were destined to produce but few advantages to the struggling Confederacy.* Only those who had been with a victorious army upon the field of their success, after the struggle is over, and when the men are permitted to retire from activity, and give themselves a respite from toil, can form anything like a correct estimate of the demoralization, which a captured camp, with its spoils, will produce in the ranks of the victors. During Sunday night, the allurements of spoils in the captured camps led multitudes of soldiers to forsake the lines of Beauregard, and rove without restraint through the camps taken from the enemy. Elated with success, they revelled with all the excess of intoxicated joy, during the night; and, when morning came, bringing with it its dangers and duties, many were away from the lines, and numbers more were unfitted by excess for the demands of the hour. Early in the day on Monday, Gen. Grant assumed the offensive, and advanced upon the position held by General Beauregard. With greatly diminished numbers, Beauregard withstood the attack, and drove back the advancing lines of the enemy; but the strong reserves the enemy were able to bring up, and thus restore the order of battle convinced him that he would not be able to hold out all day, with men worn down by the toils of battle on the preceding day. A little past noon Gen. Beauregard withdrew and took up position at Corinth in the rear of the field of battle, undisturbed in his retreat by the enemy who had been too severely cut up to follow him. On the first day's battle the strength of the opposing armies may be set down at 40,000 on the part of the Confederates, to 45,000 on the part of the enemy. The losses on each side had been heavy. Gen. Beauregard reported his loss at 10,699 in killed, wounded and missing, while he estimated that of the enemy at 20,000—a large amount of prisoners having been taken. By the arrival of the army under Gen. Buell during the night, the force of Gen. Grant had been swelled up to the supposed number, according to

*We think no blame can attach to Gen. Beauregard for this delay.—Ed.

the best calculation, of 53,000, while Gen. Beauregard could only confront him, on the morning of the second battle with about 25,000 men.

The country lost many noble men on the bloody field of Shiloh, but over the loss of none did it mourn, with more sincere regret, than over the death of General Albert Sydney Johnston. His talents, his education, his military services and experience, with his moral integrity and purity of character, all pointed him out as one fit to command; and by his military genius, and energy of character, the country expected much to be accomplished. He had served with distinction in the war with Mexico, and had filled some important positions in the service of the United States and was generally regarded as an officer having but few equals, and no superiors.

The only fruits of the two great battles of Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, was the arrest, for some time, of the army of Gen. Grant in its attempt to advance further into the interior of the country. Notwithstanding its splendid outfit, with all the materiel of war, and its support by gunboats on the Tennessee river, and having that fine navigable stream for its line of communication, by which to receive its supplies, yet it had been so effectually cut up and crippled, that, with all its superiority in point of numbers, for weeks it made but feeble indications of a design to advance.

BATTLE OF ELKHORN.

On the 7th of March, a severe battle was fought at Elkhorn, in Arkansas. The Yankees, under Generals Siegel and Curtis, by overwhelming forces, had pressed upon General Price and compelled him to retire from Missouri into Arkansas, where he had united his forces with those of Gen. McCulloch. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, had appointed General Vandorn to the command of all the forces in the field in this department. He soon determined to try the gage of battle, although he was greatly outnumbered by the enemy. On the 7th of March, a sanguinary battle took place. The Confederates attacked and drove the enemy before them for some miles, capturing several pieces of artillery, with a large number of prisoners; but the loss of Generals McCulloch and McIntosh, who were killed on the field, damped the ardor of their followers. During the

night the enemy was largely reinforced, and on the following day VanDorn retired at leisure, without interruption, to a position some miles to the rear. The loss of the Confederates in this battle has been generally estimated at about six hundred, while that of the enemy is set down, as amounting to at least three thousand.

While these events were transpiring in the West, others of no small importance had been taking place in North Carolina and Virginia. Sometime in August 1861, a fleet of gunboats and transports, carrying a strong force of infantry destined to operate on land, under the command of Picayune Butler, had reached the coast of North Carolina from Hampton Roads.

On the 28th of August, the gunboats attacked the defences of Fort Hatteras, commanded by Commodore Barron with a force of about seven hundred men. On the 29th the whole naval strength of the fleet was brought to bear upon the fort, and the action continued for some hours. The superiority of the enemy's guns gave him a decided advantage. The range of his guns being much greater than that of the guns of the Fort, he was enabled to lie nearly out of their reach. For want of transports or boats, Commodore Barron found it impossible to retreat, and finding that the defence of the place would be useless if protracted, he resolved to surrender, and hauled down his colors, having sustained a small loss in killed and wounded. Hatteras was occupied by the enemy, and gave him an opportunity to enter the waters of North Carolina at leisure, and direct his attack as his judgment or interest might dictate, as this fortification gave him complete command of the inlet which constituted the principal entrance into Pamlico Sound, and which was the only passage, through which vessels of any size, coming from the ocean, could enter or pass out. But Fort Hatteras was not a place in which a large body of troops could be assembled and held together in garrison. The low sand bank on which it stands is liable to be overflowed to a considerable extent, by the heavy rise of tides, produced by the gales, that often beat upon this dangerous coast. Consequently, in a military point of view, Roanoke Island, which lies near the confluence of the waters of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, would offer the most desirable site, for a rendezvous of Federal forces, to the Federal Government. As soon as Fort Hatteras had fallen the Confederate Government stationed a regiment

on the Island, some works were thrown up, and a few guns were mounted. The Island lay within the military district assigned to Major General Huger, whose headquarters were at Norfolk—but this officer never visited the post, and knew nothing of its condition and wants, only by reports. The Island was of vast importance to the Confederacy, because it commanded, and controlled completely, the waters of Albemarle Sound, and Roanoke river, with the two canals that connect the upper and lower waters of Albemarle with Elizabeth river at Norfolk—and also a large part of the waters of Pamlico Sound. The country around these waters constitute the great grain growing region of North Carolina, and is the quarter from whence Norfolk derives its principal trade, and was a source from whence the Confederate Government could draw immense supplies for the army in the field. But at the same time it was a position which, if held by the enemy, would not only wrest these supplies and apply them to their own purposes, control the navigation of the waters of both Sounds, with the rivers tributary to the same; but it would likewise afford the enemy a strong position in the rear of Norfolk from which they could operate, and thus compel the army under Huger to evacuate that city. But neither Gen. Huger nor Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, paid much attention to the subject.

On the 7th of January, 1862, Brigadier General Henry A. Wise, ex-Governor of Virginia, took command on the Island. It was well known that a large armament was fitting out at this time in the Northern ports, to operate upon the coast of North Carolina, and public expectation designated Roanoke Island as the point at which it would first attempt to establish itself. Under these circumstances, Gen. Wise discovered, at once, the impropriety of attempting a defence of the place with such an inadequate force, as he had at command.

In his zeal for the public service, he visited Richmond and presented every aspect of the case, in person, to the Secretary of War, and urged the importance of being reinforced from the army of Gen. Huger, which was lying, inactive, around Norfolk, with no expectation of any interruption from the enemy. But it was of no avail. The common argument, "there were no troops to spare," was the reason urged against the application for support, at this

threatening crisis. Gen. Wise returned to his post to do the best he could under the circumstances. His infantry numbered less than three thousand, and the naval force in the Sound co-operating in the defence of the place, consisted of some half dozen small wooden gunboats of light draught, mounting from two to three guns each. The land force of the enemy which was expected to enter the sound, amounted to fifteen thousand, and his fleet consisted of twenty-two steamers, well armed with heavy rifled guns. Gen. Wise having an attack of sickness had been removed to Nag's Head in order to recruit his wasted strength, and the command devolved upon Colonel Shaw of the 8th regiment of North Carolina Troops.

Early in February the long expected armament reached Fort Hatteras, and entered Pamlico Sound, and every indication pointed to an early attack on Roanoke Island. On the morning of the 7th of February, the enemy's whole fleet of gunboats and transports made its appearance off the Island. At an early hour the gunboats advanced in line to the attack. The works that had been thrown up to defend the place, were principally in ill-chosen positions, and so situated that one battery afforded but little support to another, and thus they were exposed to be attacked and silenced in detail, by the combined assault of the enemy's whole force. Fort Bartow, the most Southern of the six batteries erected upon the Island, was the point upon which the enemy directed his chief attack. Nearly in a line with this battery, the little Confederate gunboats arranged themselves in order of battle, under Commodore W. F. Lynch, to contribute their assistance to the defence of the place. The fire from the enemy's vessels was severe, and was replied to from the fort and gunboats, in a manner worthy of men fighting for their country and their homes. The great superiority of the enemy in guns and vessels furnished no check to the ardor of the Confederates, either on land or water—and though greatly outnumbered in every respect, they fought as heroes throughout the day. At dusk the firing ceased. The Confederate gunboats had suffered considerably. One had been sunk, and some slight damage had been sustained by others, but the greatest drawback was, the ammunition of the fleet had all been expended, and it was an utter impossibility for the boats to renew the action on the coming day. Un-

der these circumstances Commodore Lynch drew off his vessels, under cover of night, and retired to Elizabeth City, at which place he was compelled to burn them to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. General Burnside, who commanded the expedition, effected a landing of his infantry on the morning of the 8th, beyond the reach of the Confederate batteries, and, under protection of his fleet of gunboats, moved forward the main body under the command of General Reno. Near the centre of the Island, boggy and marshy fens extended in from the right and left, so as to constitute a narrow, and apparently defensible, pass between these marshes. In this pass a line of slight breast-works had been thrown up, along which Col. Shaw drew up his line of defence, but was able to bring forward only one battery of field artillery, commanded by Capt. O. Jennings Wise, an officer whose bravery fitted him for the defence of any post. Along this line Col. Shaw was enabled to rally not more than one thousand men—the other portion of his command serving in, and supporting the batteries. Gen. Reno advanced to the assault with a force amounting to from ten to fifteen thousand. The opinion held by Col. Shaw that the morass on his right and left was impassible had been embraced without due examination. On both flanks, heavy columns of the enemy succeeded in making their way through; and the Confederate line being severely assailed in front by overwhelming odds, its right wing turned, and its rear endangered, was compelled to retreat. Col. Shaw after spiking his guns drew off his forces to the northern end of the Island, from which point a small portion of the command escaped in boats to the main land, as the enemy followed him but slowly. The remainder were surrendered prisoners of war, amounting to the number of two thousand. The loss in killed amounted to twenty-five, including the gallant Capt. O. J. Wise, and about seventy in wounded. The loss of the enemy was much greater.

When the news of this disaster spread through the country, and the culpable neglect on the part of Government officials which had produced it became known, it called forth severe criticism upon the administration at Richmond. Mr. Davis had been elected to the Presidency for a term of six years with great unanimity, but little more than two months before, and had not yet taken the oath of office according to the requirement of the

Constitution, yet this affair surely damaged his reputation for administrative ability. Twenty-five hundred men had been required to hold a position on an isolated Island, and defend themselves against an army of fifteen thousand land troops, and a fleet of well-equipped gunboats, and in case of disaster no possibility of escape could be entertained. If no more troops could have been spared for the defence of Roanoke Island, common prudence would have dictated the propriety of withdrawing the forces already there, and thus save them from the certain fate that awaited them, rather than require them to fight against the fearful odds that assailed them, and then submit to the severe necessity and consequent loss, in which the command became involved. Public dissatisfaction assumed such a tone about this unfortunate affair that an enquiry into the causes of the disaster was instituted in Congress at Richmond. A committee of enquiry reported substantially, that from all the lights before them, the blame for this shameful affair was to be attributed to the neglect of Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War. Here the matter rested, although public confidence in his ability for such an official station, was entirely lost, yet it was some months before he vacated the office, and then he was immediately appointed Secretary of State, and G. W. Randolph of Virginia, was made Secretary of War.

The disasters of Roanoke Island and Fort Donnellson, following each other in such quick succession, had a depressing effect upon the hopes and confidence of the public mind of the South. But a new gleam of hope remained to cheer. The Provisional Congress was now about to expire and a new one, elected by the people, was to take its place, which would contain a number of statesmen whose talents and experience would contribute to change the face of public affairs. The Provisional Congress had been composed of men deputed by State Conventions, and consequently were not the immediate representatives of the people. The new Congress was composed of delegates, elected by the people, and consequently would more directly reflect the sentiments of the country, and that sentiment demanded a vigorous prosecution of the war, with all the resources of the Confederacy.

On the 22d of February, Jeff. Davis and A. H. Stephens, took the oath of office as President and Vice President of the Confederate States, according to the requirements of the Constitution.

Mr. Davis, in his inaugural address, announced no new programme, to attract public attention, and made no developments calculated to cheer the desponding, further than a pious appeal to the God of Nations in support of our country's cause.

Perhaps no department of the public was so feebly and injudiciously managed as that of the Navy. Of this department, Mr. Mallory, of Florida, had been made Secretary by Mr. Davis. His want of ability and talent for the duties of the office soon became apparent, according to public opinion, and he eventually became an object of derision throughout the country. While this fact was well known to Mr. Davis, and the consequent inability of Mr. Mallory to prosecute, with efficiency and success, such plans and enterprises as pertained to his office, on account of the loss of confidence in him on the part of the country, yet he still retained him in the position, to the detriment of the public service.

The Navy Yard at Norfolk, with its splendid dry dock, a large amount of machinery, timber, shops, and naval stores, had fallen into the hands of the Confederacy. The Yard at Pensacola had also fallen into our possession. Ship yards existed also at Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans and Memphis, which could have been used, if becoming energy had been put forth. Nearly all the naval officers of Southern birth, with only a few exceptions, had resigned their commissions in the service of the United States, and offered their swords to the Confederacy. But of all these appliances of naval warfare only a feeble use was made.

Privateering was carried on from Newbern, Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans with small results. The principal of which was the recognition of the Confederacy as a belligerent power on the part of the governments of England and France, by the issuing of orders, which defined the rights of Confederate cruisers in their ports, and thereby recognizing the Confederacy in that character.

The ships of war which had been burned at Norfolk in April, 1861, had not been entirely destroyed, owing to the attempt which had been previously made to sink them by scuttling. The vessels had sunk several feet, and when the torch was applied to them to hasten their destruction, only a few feet of the hulls, with the upper decks, had been burnt, when they sunk. The Confederate government raised some of these hulls, which were still of

important use. In June it was determined by the Navy Department to convert the hull of the steam frigate *Merrimac* into an iron-clad floating battery, which should be impervious to the heaviest cannon shot. A naval architect had prepared a plan for the purpose which was adopted. The work progressed slowly, and the vessel was not ready until late in February, 1862. The hull of the frigate had been cut down and made to conform to the projected model. She was clad above water with three coats of iron, and mounted ten heavy guns, having attached to her beak a heavy piece of cast iron called her "battle axe," and was propelled by the same machinery which had constituted the original outfit of the *Merrimac*.

Capt. Buchanan was assigned to the command of this strange and untried ship, the appearance of which impressed the beholder more with the idea of a sea monster, than of a ship of war. About noon on Saturday, the 8th of March, Capt. Buchanan moved down the river from the Navy Yard with the ironclad, which had been named the "*Virginia*," with five other wooden gunboats, which had been, prior to the war, used as commercial and tow boats, but were now armed for the emergency which had arisen. The *Jamestown* carried two guns; the *Patrick Henry* six, the *Raleigh*, the *Beaufort* and *Teazer*, one each—the whole fleet carrying but twenty-one. Opposite the batteries of Newport News, above the mouth of James river, the United States frigate *Cumberland* was lying, and near to her the *Congress*, the former mounting 24 and the latter fifty guns; while at Fortress Monroe, within a distance of less than ten miles, the steam frigate *Minnesota*, and the *St. Louis*, a sail ship, were lying at anchor.

NAVAL BATTLE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

As Captain Buchanan bore down upon the *Cumberland* with his battle flag peering above the iron crest of the *Virginia*, her grotesque appearance was greeted with taunting jeers of ridicule by the Yankee sailors and marines. They expected to send her to the bottom by the first broadside. The heavy guns of the *Congress* opened furiously upon the *Virginia* at the distance of a few hundred yards, as she passed, making for her devoted victim, the *Cumberland*. The latter opened a furious fire upon her advancing

foe, but, to the ears of the officers and men aboard the *Virginia*, the heavy shot that struck and rebounded from her sides, "resembled the beating of hail, in a storm, against the sides of a house." The *Virginia* reserved her fire until close upon the *Cumberland*, when she fired her pivot gun, and as the latter vessel was lying with her broadside to her antagonist, the battle-axe attached to her prow struck the *Cumberland* below water with a tremendous crash, which almost threw her upon her side. The *Virginia* now backed from the collision, and in so doing broke her battle-axe, which had pierced the *Cumberland* beneath the water line, and made an opening in her side through which the water rushed in a fearful volume. The *Virginia* now presented her broadside and poured volley after volley into the *Cumberland*, raking her decks with fearful slaughter; but the fate of the *Cumberland* was already settled. She was fast sinking. Still her officers and men stood to their guns, reckless of the carnage around them; and as she careened to make her descent to the bottom, they fired the last gun, while the ship went down with her colors flying, carrying to one common watery grave, more than one hundred officers and men. The *Virginia* now addressed herself to the *Congress*, whose guns had been rapidly worked upon her while engaged with the *Cumberland*. But the *Congress* had witnessed the fate of her consort, and she now shrank from the conflict. Hoisting sail, she ran in towards the shore, and struck in water too shallow for the *Virginia* to approach her. The latter opened with her broadsides, and the gunboats contributing their fire to the same object, she soon hauled down her colors and surrendered, having sustained terrible loss in killed and wounded, and being riddled from stem to stern. One of the gunboats was run along side of her to receive the officers and crew as prisoners, and to fire the ship. The *Congress* had not only pulled down her battle flag, but she had run up a white flag in its place. Lying within two hundred yards of the shore, the enemy from Newport News advanced with a body of riflemen and opened upon the gunboat lying alongside the *Congress* by which a number of men were injured, and at the same time brought a piece of field artillery to bear upon her at short range. Commodore Pendergrast and his officers had surrendered themselves prisoners of war, but as the gunboat was driven off from the *Congress* by the fire from the

shore, they escaped to land. The *Congress* was soon set on fire by shells from the *Virginia*, and, at 11 o'clock at night, blew up. The land batteries at Newport News had all the while kept up a heavy fire from their guns upon the *Virginia*, and she had taken occasion to return the compliment with good interest.

The *St. Louis*, with the steam frigate *Minnesota*, bore down from Fortress Monroe to take part in the action, but the *Minnesota* ran aground about four miles from the scene of conflict, and the *St. Louis*, fearing a greater disaster, chose to return to her anchorage rather than encounter the perils before her. Owing to the heavy draught of the *Virginia*, she was not able to approach within a less distance than two miles of the *Minnesota*, but at this distance, aided by the gunboats, she raked that vessel severely. Her timbers were riddled, her sides were shattered, and her losses heavy; yet still she kept her colors flying. Darkness closed the conflict. The firing had been the most terrible that had ever been heard in Hampton Roads. It seemed to shake the surrounding land. Two of the enemy's heavy ships of war had been destroyed, and another one had been badly cut to pieces, and it was supposed would offer but little resistance on the coming morning. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded amounted to about two hundred and seventy, in officers and men, while the loss of the Confederates was comparatively small. The iron-clad had but two killed—and the total loss in the little fleet amounted only to six killed and about fifteen wounded. But among the wounded was Commodore Buchanan, who was struck by a minnie ball from the shore. The command devolved upon Lieut. Jones, who retired with the little fleet, at nightfall, to Norfolk, intending to renew the action early next morning.

About eight o'clock on the next day, a calm and delightful Sabbath, which seemed to invite the hearts of men to adore and worship the Prince of Peace, the little fleet, led by the *Virginia*, bore down the river to complete the unfinished work of the previous day. The *Minnesota* was still aground. But near her was lying a strange, black looking craft, which had arrived during the night, different in form from anything of the kind ever used in naval warfare before. The crew of the *Virginia* beheld with astonishment her rounded cupola-like form, which rose up perpendicularly from a deck without bulwarks hardly three feet

above water. In this castellated turret were two heavy rifled thirty-two pounders. She was a new and untried specimen of naval architecture, and named the "*Monitor*." The *Virginia*, disdaining to attack first the stranded *Minnesota* bore down upon the new craft, in order to make her acquaintance. The action began at short range, and continued for the space of three hours. The *Monitor* manœuvred to obtain advantageous positions in the contest, and avoid, if possible, the broadsides of the *Virginia*. At one moment she made a dash, in order to run over the rudder of the *Virginia*, and thus disable her, but without success. At another time the *Virginia* made a push at the *Monitor* in order to run her down by striking her with her iron prow, but the latter avoiding the contact, the collision was only slight. The range between the combatants during the action was generally from fifty to eight hundred yards. The *Virginia* at one time ran aground, but soon got off. Owing to the shallowness of the water, and the light draught of the *Monitor* she had an advantage over her antagonist. Their heavy guns tried the iron coating of each other during the engagement at short range. The *Monitor* finally brought the contest to a close by retiring into shallow water where her foe could not follow her.

During this engagement the wooden gunboats had been employed in shelling the *Minnesota* at long range. At the conclusion the little fleet returned up the river, with all their battle-flags flying in token of victory, and at one o'clock, passed between the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth to the Navy Yard at Gosport, cheered by the thousands of spectators who lined the shores.

The *Virginia* claimed the victory as the *Monitor* had retired from the contest. But neither vessel had sustained much damage. The former had two small pieces of iron knocked off her outer coating near her stern, and the muzzle of one of her guns had been broken off. The latter had received some damage which rendered the turning of her turret difficult. The *Minnesota* had been left still aground in the Roads, in her shattered condition, but after midnight on Sunday night, she was gotten off and conveyed to Fortress Monroe.

The result of this naval engagement inspired joyful enthusiasm throughout the country, and the name of Capt. Buchanan became famous at once, from one end of the Confederacy to the

other. The feat of the *Virginia* struck terror into the minds of the Yankee marine. The ships of war that ploughed the waters of Hampton Roads with impunity, now kept themselves lying in quiet security between Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, as if the guns of these two formidable fortifications alone could insure their safety. But this naval engagement produced other, and important results, not only in America, but throughout the world. The inability of wooden vessels, to contend with iron-clads, was so fairly demonstrated that it completely revolutionized the system of naval architecture among all the powers of Europe, and America, who found it necessary to maintain a navy. The ironclad system at once attracted the attention of architects, and naval officers of Imperial France, soon solicited the privilege of walking the decks of the *Virginia*, and examining her strange proportions and equipments;—and in a few months, amidst the quietitude of profound peace in the old world, the Navy Yards of England and France produced splendid specimens of the “iron-clad,” to take the place of the “wooden-hulls,” now no longer deemed proper and safe, for the purposes for which they had been used since the art of naval warfare had been introduced; and to the same line of policy did the governments of the United States and the Confederacy apply themselves, but on the part of the latter, a most culpable want of energy, under the circumstances, was manifested.

(To be Continued.)

REPORT OF COLONEL CRUTCHFIELD OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY SECOND CORPS, }
March 14, 1863. }

Col. CHARLES J. FAULKNER, *Assistant Adjutant General*:

Colonel: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the artillery of this army corps in the engagements known as the second battle of Manassas:

On the afternoon of Thursday our forces were so disposed that,

Sudley Mills being to their left and front, the arc they formed presented a convex front towards the pike from Groveton to Centreville, along which the enemy advanced from Warrenton. About half past 4 p. m., I think, I received orders from General Jackson to move up the whole artillery force, which was then lying around Sudley Mills. This I proceeded to do, leaving five pieces of Captains Caskie's and Cutshaw's Batteries on the opposite side of the Catharpin run, in position to command the ford there, for the security of the wagon train. The batteries of Captains Wooding and Garber (each of four guns) got up first, and went into action, firing upon the columns of the enemy advancing along the Warrenton and Centreville road. The head of this column had already reached, if not passed, Groveton, and wheeling off there to its left, formed line of battle perpendicular to the pike and facing to the rear of their still marching column. This line then moving down, these two batteries were withdrawn, one by order of Gen. Jackson, and the other by order of Brigadier General Taliaferro. The other batteries did not get up in time to participate in the action before it became an engagement of infantry, just near the edge of the woods, under which circumstances it was not possible to get the guns into position before dark.

Early on Friday, the 29th, the enemy renewed the attack over nearly the same ground, while our troops occupied pretty generally the same position. His infantry being repulsed by ours, artillery was thrown out in front of our right to complete it. The batteries of Captains Poague, Carpenter, Dement, Brockenbrough and Latimer, under Major Shumaker, was so engaged, facing obliquely towards Groveton, while the battery of Captain Braxton was placed further to our right, bearing on the road from Groveton to Warrenton, in case the enemy should advance from that direction, rather in rear of the other batteries. This did not however, happen, and so Captain Braxton's Battery was not engaged then. The other batteries did not all come into action at once.

The enemy endeavored to cover his repulse by batteries thrown into position to play on the first of ours that opened on his retreating infantry. These were answered by fresh batteries of ours, and thus began a very fierce artillery duel, which lasted until about 10 o'clock, a. m., our batteries being gradually withdrawn,

and the enemy moving around more to our left, to select another point of attack.

His next effort, later in the day, was directed against Brigadier General Gregg's Brigade, which, forming the right of Major General A. P. Hill's Division, joined the second Virginia Brigade; which formed the left of Jackson's Division. This being in the woods, no artillery was placed there, but, as the enemy were repulsed, a section of Captain Pegram's Battery was brought up and fired a few shots.

The enemy's next attack was still further to the left. At this time, General A. P. Hill's Brigades were posted from right to left, in this order: Gregg's, Field's, Thomas', Branch's, Pender's and Archer's. On the left (of the line) was Captain Braxton's Battery of six guns; to the right of General Archer's Brigade was Captain Crenshaw's Battery of four guns; and to its right, to the left and rear of General Branch's Brigade, was Captain Latham's Battery of four guns, commanded by Lieutenant Potts. About 2 o'clock, p. m., the enemy made an assault upon the front of Generals Thomas, Branch and Field, which, of course, (as was the case with his former and subsequent attacks,) was preceded and accompanied by a heavy shelling of the adjacent woods. He also brought up two rifle guns on his right, which opened on the position occupied by General Branch's Brigade, in a clump of woods, while his infantry attempted to charge across the field in front. Their guns were speedily driven off by Captain Braxton's Battery, which was moved still further to our left for the purpose, and their infantry was easily repelled. In a short time the attack was renewed, over the same ground and in the same way. By this time, the batteries of Captains Crenshaw and Latham had been moved out so as to get an oblique fire on their infantry, and also bear on the battery on their right. The latter was quickly forced to retire by the fire of the batteries of Captains Braxton and Crenshaw, while the latter, with that of Captain Latham, poured a heavy fire on their infantry at about four hundred and fifty yards distance. The attack was of short duration, and they were again repulsed, and this time followed up by General Branch's Brigade. In a short time, after entering the woods, the latter was driven out and followed by the enemy, who were checked at the edge of the woods by these batteries, and again quickly re-

pulsed by fresh infantry, (General Lawton's Division, I believe,) and General Branch's Brigade was reformed. The fight then shifted more to the right, as General Hill ordered an advance of his line, (the enemy having fallen back obliquely towards our right.) As Brigadier General Pender's Brigade advanced directly to the front, Captain Crenshaw's battery was moved forward and shelled the woods in front, while Captain Braxton's Battery was moved around to the right of General Hill's line and opened fire on the retiring enemy there, until General Hood's Brigade drove the enemy from their position on the heights opposite Groveton.

On Saturday, the 30th instant, this army corps occupied still the same position. About 3 p. m., the enemy attacked along our front, having advanced from the direction of Centreville. In this attack his line exposed its left flank to batteries on the rising ground from our right across to the Groveton and Warrenton pike. Accordingly, the batteries of Captains Johnson, D'Aquin, Rice, Wooding, Poague, Carpenter, Brockenbrough and Latimer were so placed, in all eighteen guns, their right joining the left of General Longstreet's batteries. Their fire was directed upon the last line of the enemy's forces, which was broken under it, just as it nearly reached the edge of the woods, and never reformed within their range. As soon as it was observed to be giving away, I moved forward Captain Garber's Battery of four guns at a gallop, to move down into the plain below, so as to get an enfilading position on their other lines when they should be repulsed from the woods in which they were engaged with our infantry, and so endeavor to convert the repulse into a rout. Just as the battery was getting into position and the enemy began to fall back from the woods, Brigadier General Early's Brigade charged from the woods, and, effecting a change of front perpendicularly forward to the left, formed a line between the battery and the enemy, so that the former could not fire. The same movement checked also the fire of all the short-ranged guns from the hill, and so they were withdrawn, and the others, viz: those of Captains Brockenbrough, Latimer and D'Aquin, were at once moved round to the range of hills to the right of the Groveton and Centreville road, where the enemy were concentrating a very heavy fire of artillery on General Longstreet's line. Here they en-

gaged the enemies batteries for the remainder of the fight. Captain Wooding's Battery and Carpenter's were retained in their first position, engaging the enemy's batteries so soon as his infantry fell back, while that of Captain Poague was moved down the road along our former front, so soon as we advanced, and opened on the opposing troops of the enemy as the movement continued. The five guns at Sudley's ford, under Lieutenant David Barton of Cutshaw's battery, were also engaged in repelling an attack of the enemy at that point, which they did, supported by a body of cavalry under Major Patrick. In this battle we lost no guns. Captain Brockenbrough had two disabled, one having burst, while the vent-piece of the other was burnt out. One caisson was also exploded. It is impossible to state how many guns were captured; I could never find out; three we got, I know; I saw four or five others on the field, but I do not know whether they belonged to the enemy or whether they were guns that had been exchanged for them.

On Monday, 1st of September, in the battle of Ox Hill, we had no artillery engaged. The character of the ground was such that it could not be brought into action. Several batteries were posted so as to check any success of the enemy, but none became engaged. The enemy had engaged only four guns, two Napoleons and two howitzers.

On the same day, two guns of Rice's Battery took position between Chantilly and Centreville, with the second Virginia Brigade, under Colonel Bradley T. Johnson. They had a slight engagement with the enemy, I know; but I was not there, and do not know the particulars. I presume Colonel Johnson's report will show.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. CRUTCHFIELD,

Colonel and Chief of Artillery, Second Corps.

CAMP LIFE,

WITH A FEW REFLECTIONS INCIDENT THERETO.

BY CAPT. EVERARD HALL, 47TH N. C. T.

It cannot be supposed that camp-life is a school, of all others, the best adapted to the cultivation of "good morals" or indeed, any of the finer feelings of our nature. Yet it is well known to have been a great "developer," as well as a very correct "indicator" of character. Indeed, it is the opinion of the writer that there never was invented a surer method of ascertaining the precise "material," out of which a man was "gotten up," than, to be with him awhile in camp! And *he* might be regarded as an "unlucky wight," who, after having been weighed in these balances, "happened to be *found wanting*."

In ordinary "citizen-life" a man may so wrap himself up in "conventional proprieties" as to pass himself off for a much better man than he is. But it was not so in camp. There, this gauzy paraphernalia was soon plucked off as he became cognizant of the fact that every "tub had to stand upon its own bottom," and, that "*false bottoms*" were *altogether inadmissible*! If he happened to be at heart, mean, selfish, and cowardly, it would not be long—depend upon it—before these "idiosyncrasies" would be seen breaking out on him as thick as measles! And his associates would be very apt to mete out to him such treatment as his shortcomings seemed to invite, and he would find himself rapidly shifted from one "mess" to another until he at last found his *proper level*, or perhaps he would petition to be sent to some other regiment, where he might stand a better chance to retrieve his character. It is hardly necessary to add that this was the class of men who generally showed the white feather, and who contributed largely to our defeat in the late struggle. And it is well known that from this source the "grand army of deserters" was always recruited!

But, on the other hand, if a man was *true-hearted, generous, and brave*, these soldierly qualities would quickly be discovered by his comrades—for they would shine out from his (sometimes rough) exterior, like grains of fine gold that are seen cropping

out from a rich specimen of the native ore! *These* were the men who constituted the "flower" of the Confederate army—and I may add, that *such men* would adorn, also, the *private walks* of life anywhere, in times of peace. When their native South uttered her cry of distress they, like true sons, flew to her rescue! Cold, calculating men, with "frugal minds" and torpid souls, will tell us now, "*They* ought to have counted the cost" before they took such a rash step. Perhaps it would have been better for *them* had they done so. But the man is not much else than an idiot who cannot correctly prophesy after the thing has happened. Besides! is there a man living "with soul so dead" who could stand quietly by and see his own dear mother—(the mother who gave him birth, and nourished him at her breast in infancy)—insulted and *abused* by some worthless despoiler, and *not lift an arm in her defence?* If there is *such an one*, "let him speak, for him have I offended," when I say that *his* particular "*genus*" is not worth perpetuating, and it is high time that some precautionary measure should be promptly taken to prevent its further propagation. But I was referring to an altogether different class of *men*—men who were the flower of the Southern army—intending to say, though in a rambling way, something about their "camp habits," noting the generous spirit that ever animates them in their daily intercourse with one another. *These men* were generally actuated by the highest principle, and so deeply were they sensible of the fact that the path of duty was the only *safe* one to their cause. There was no such word as "skulking" to be found in their vocabulary!

They were always ready and willing to participate in the hardships of the camp as well as the dangers of the field—and whenever the "*tug*" came they were found shoulder to shoulder. They were ready too, when "in luck" to share the contents of their haversacks, canteens, and purses even, with those of their comrades who had been less fortunate than themselves in "making a raise." And who does not recall with pleasure the innumerable acts of kindness, constantly dispensed one to another?—sometimes, too, at the sacrifice of the comfort and convenience of the one who tendered the kindness.

It has always been said with some truth, that in camp there was always a "feast or a famine"—though it is well known that

the latter preponderated. To be "long-winded" is a good quality for a soldier, and "atmospheric" air is a most excellent sustenance in its way, but it is generally considered by those who have tried it, to be a *rather thin article of diet* when there is any marching or fighting to be done! Yet there were many days during the war, in which provisions could not be obtained either for love or for money. The men would sometimes succeed (by scouring the surrounding country) in picking up a little something to eat, but it would often be so generously divided among *so many*, as to do but little good to any.

At such a time as this, if a well-packed box, sent as a "love-offering" from the "old folks at home," should escape the "casualties" and perils of "transportation," and find its way in camp it would be hailed by the boys almost as a visit from an "angel" not merely on account of their being "*few and far between*," but because it appeared to be a veritable "*God send*." It was rarely the case that a man was ever seen hiding his "box" away for his "own tooth," but, it was generally freely dedicated to the use of his "mess."

It was really amusing to see the appetizing contents of these redolent boxes—so suggestive of "home comforts"—*emptied out* upon a camp chest, or, on a log, in the presence of a hungry group, with the usual hearty invitation: "*Fellows! pitch in!*" And it was refreshing too to see how they did "*pitch in!*" and the very quick work that was generally made of such "periodical repasts."

The scarceness of those times was not confined, however,—as we all know—to articles of food, and the boys sometimes found themselves in the same category with "Miss Flora McFlimsy,"—having "nothing to wear!" But they often found it much easier to borrow a pair of boots than a dinner; for in camp it was frequently the case, articles of wearing apparel, such as boots, shoes, shirts and pants, were required to do a *considerable amount of extra duty*,—so much so in fact, that said "articles" were not always prepared to recognize their true owners when they met. At least it would be safe to say that their owners would often be puzzled to recognize their property, owing to the *awful amount of shrinkage* in their market value!

The following "bits" of dialogue that would occur sometimes

on Sunday morning, when there was nothing special in camp, will convey some idea of the "style" in which such negotiations were usually conducted :

A.—I say B—old fellow ! where are those nice boots of yours ? I am going to take a stroll to-day, and it is possible I may call on some of the "fair sex," so I thought I would like to "shine out" in them, if agreeable.

B.—Those "nice boots," I am sorry to say, have just *stepped out*. They are gone.

A.—Gone where ?

B.—To "call upon some of the *fair sex*" I reckon, as I lent them to C an hour ago.

A.—Lent them to C ? Why, I would not have thought he could get his toes in them !

B.—Well, he managed "somehow" to push his "toes," and "tar heels" too, in them, but I don't know how he did it ! Is there anything else I can do for you ?

A.—Well, no ; unless you have a better pair of "pants" than these, (pointing to his own).

B.—Yes, I have a "spanking new pair," but, just at this time, they are on a "*bust*."

A.—How, are they torn ?

B.—No laughing ! but I expect they will be ! For, you see, D has got them to-day, upon his "*winding blades*," (meaning legs) and I understand he is on a "*spree* !"

A.—Why your "pants" must be a great deal *too large* for D in the *waist*, are they not ?

B.—Well, yes, *rather* ; but you see they will be apt to get sufficiently *tight*, as they progress ; and the first thing you know them pants will find themselves in the guard-house !—*mark* what I tell you !—*then* I fear they will get *awfully demoralized*.

Perhaps, at this very moment, a similar colloquy is going on, not far off, between two Sergeants :

E.—Heigh-ho ! Sergeant F ; whose shirts are these lying around here *loose* ?

F.—They are mine. Why do you ask ?

E.—What ! both of them ?

F.—Yes ; both of them.

E. (putting on an air of surprise).—Why, didn't you know that

it is *positively* against the Confederate "army regulations" for a non-commissioned officer to *have but one clean shirt at a time?*

F.—I beg pardon; I didn't know it. When was that fine order read out?

E.—Why, this very morning; I issued it myself, as I had *an eye to that other shirt of yours!*

F. (laughing).—Well; here take it! But "blame you!" *if you tear that shirt*, I'll have you up before a "drum head court-martial," and you'll be shot!

It was quite a common thing, for the strong to assist the weak—helping them to bear their burdens, during difficult, and trying marches. Even officers would be seen carrying the muskets of those of their men, who happened to be a little "under the weather," and could not well keep up.

Perhaps, such incidents as I have recorded may appear to some readers as too insignificant to find a place in a high-toned magazine, dedicated to "Our Living and Our Dead," but they must be regarded as "straws" that were seen drifting upon the current of the "times that tried men's souls"—"straws" that indicated the generous flow of feeling from *true and warm hearts, that beat together in union*. I recollect a little incident that impressed me deeply at the time:

I was standing on the street, "interviewing" a sick Confederate soldier, who had just been released from a Yankee prison. He seemed much emaciated, and was thinly dressed for the season. At this moment a robust looking private, dressed in "faded Gray" was passing—on his way to the depot. As soon as he saw the "sick man," he halted and gazed a moment upon his shadowy form. And I shall never forget the expression of tender sympathy that came over his manly features, as he quickly ran his hand into his pocket and drew out *three ten dollar bills*, which he handed to the sufferer, saying, "Take this, my friend, it will do you more good than it will me. I have *good health* and will *make out without it*." He then hurried away, not allowing sufficient time to be thanked for his generosity. Now this, too, perhaps may be considered a trifling circumstance, but the writer is not ashamed to confess that, trifling as it was, it caused a "swelling sensation" temporarily to be felt somewhere under his "neck-tie," and which enlargement had to be promptly *coughed down!* And

he said at that time, with what little knowledge of human nature he then possessed—and he says now, with the additional experience of ten years of “reconstruction,”—that if the Confederate armies had been composed entirely of *just such materials as that soldier was*, the South could *never* have been subjugated. For it is well known that “great-heartedness” is generally combined with great courage, great fortitude, and other *high qualities*.

These were the men who were *true* to one another, and *true* to the cause for which they battled, and they will also prove *true* to any sacred *trust* that may be confided to them *in future*. It is such men as these, whom the Nation at large should delight to honor, and perhaps will honor, whenever the “Nation-at-large” returns to its sober senses. For it is reduced to a mathematical certainty *that the men who possess these high qualities constitute the only material out of which a great State, or a great Nation, can ever be constructed with any reasonable hope of its being perpetuated*. All other sorts may be truly regarded as mere “leather or prunella!”

And what was the political crime (I had liked to have said the “unpardonable sin”) that *these men* were guilty of? They had rights under the constitution and had the manliness to attempt to defend them. “This was the head and front of their offending”—*this* and nothing more, except that when these rights were denied them they asked only *to be let alone*. And after four long years of hard fighting against troops recruited from the four corners of the earth, they were compelled to yield *only to overwhelming numbers*. Yes, they stacked their arms, and took the oath of allegiance to the United States, which oath *they intend to keep inviolate strictly to the letter*. But all those who expect them to stultify themselves by repudiating the *justness* of their cause, and thereby dishonor the graves of their dead comrades, will be sadly disappointed. Having already “*lost all; save honor*,” they will try to preserve *that* as a heritage for their children—such an one as was bequeathed to them by their revolutionary ancestors. Now where is the difference? The old Revolutionary Patriots fought for Constitutional Liberty, and were *successful*. They made for themselves a *constitution*. The patriots of the South fought *only for their right under that identical Constitution*, but failed to obtain them, and were compelled to abandon them altogether; and it is asking too much of them, that they should now *deny that they ever had any rights!*

The very IDEA is preposterous! When Galileo, the great astronomer attempted to promulgate his great discovery, "the diurnal motion of the earth, we are told that the Jesuits procured his arraignment before the Inquisition and had him convicted of heresy. But, while he was under sentence of death, he was offered his life if he would make a public recantation of his heresy. This he agreed to do for the sake of his family; but immediately after he had done it, he turned to one of his friends, who stood by, and whispering in his ear said: "I have accepted the situation, *but the earth will continue to move for all that!*"

Now, the South finds herself pretty much in the same category with the "old Philosopher," as she attempted to promulgate the "heresy" "that a State has rights;" and she, it appears, was also convinced of the absurdity of that "theory," by the same *irresistible logic*.

Though there is a striking difference as to the fate of the two "heresies," Galileo's Earth (notwithstanding the Jesuits) is graciously permitted to take its diurnal excursions around the Sun, and bask in his life giving rays, while our little Southern "orb," so to speak, has been arrested in its amiable career through space, and so "reconstructed" that it has not been able to move a step for the last ten years!—(unless it has been *backwards!*)

Now, that which was "sauce for the goose," we cannot help thinking ought to have been also "sauce for the gander." But *such is sometimes the "fate of war,"* and, like the famous old astronomer, we have "accepted the situation."

A few words more, concerning the *gallant soldiers of the South*, and I have done. *Those of them* who have survived the fiery ordeal through which they had to pass—scattered though they are, like leaves after a storm,—wherever they are, or whatever position they may to-day occupy in society, I hazard nothing in saying, they constitute the *most valuable element of that society*.

Very many of them, it is gratifying to know, are now successfully engaged in repairing their fallen fortunes, while, I am sorry to say, there are some others, who, owing to circumstances often impossible to control, are having rather a *hard time*. Some with maimed limbs, *others* with shattered constitutions, can occasionally be seen bending under burdens which Poverty—that hard taskmaster—has placed upon their shoulders. Premature old

age has already begun to cast its gloomy shadow upon their weather beaten features. Still they struggle on manfully and uncomplainingly—having learned some useful lessons in the late “conflict of arms,” *one* of them being the “science” of living upon very reduced rations, and *another* a “feeling knowledge” of the *wonderful powers of human endurance.*

Let those of us who have been more fortunate, *especially those* who occupy positions of influence in the “business world,” have an eye to these “worthies.” Let us not only speak to them words of comfort, and encouragement, but, if needs be, reach out to them a “helping hand.” There is an old saying, perhaps more truthful, than elegant, that even “the Devil takes care of his own:” and, if there is *any truth in it*, then *surely a people like ours*—who have always been *a people like ours*—who have always been distinguished for those graces which adorn a christian age, will *see to it*, that none of these “veterans” shall be permitted to come to grief! Let them find that there is left some little heart in the “old land” yet, and that although, we have *lost our cause*, we have not lost either our sense of duty or our memories of “Auld Lang Syne!”

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR “OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.”]

THE ALABAMA.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Far away in foreign waters
 There was vengeance in the name,
 And terror to the trader
 In the ALABAMA's fame:
 Far beneath the Southern heavens,
 And beneath the Northern stars,
 Did she bear unblenched the honors
 Of the Banner of the Bars!

Where the bright sea of the Tropics
 Lay a sheen of burning gold,
 Where the icebergs of the Arctics
 Gleamed amid the frigid cold,

Where the coral islands clustered
In the purple Indian calm,
Where the Mexic mountains bore aloft
Their coronals of palm :

Where the Afric headlands towered
O'er the Ocean's broad expanse,
Where the laughing southern waters kissed
The sunny plains of France,
Where'er a Yankee vessel
Spread her canvas to the breeze,
She did well to watch the coming
Of the Ranger of the seas!

She did well to read the warning
Of the wrecks upon her path,
Of the burning glow that lit the sky
In sudden sign of wrath :
She did well to reef her outspread sails
And yield the hopeless fight,
When the staunchest rover of the sea
Came bearing into sight!

Long as the Southern heart shall thrill
To deeds of deathless fame,
So long shall live, in tale and song
The ALABAMA's name :
Long shall the story still be told
Of how she swept the seas,
And flung the starlight of our flag
To every ocean breeze!

And honored long the Lion Heart
That o'er her held command,
All honour to the dauntless breast,
And ever fearless hand!
Thrice honoured, too, the sword that rests
A thousand fathoms deep,*
Where surges foam and waters dash,
And winds above it sweep!

Like a hero clad in armour,
True to the very last,
The ALABAMA died no death
That could disgrace her past !
The free child of the waters,
She sank beneath the wave,
And, with her flag still flying, found
An unpolluted grave.

*Every one who has ever read "Service Afloat"—and every Southerner should read it—will remember how Admiral Semmes cast his sword into the sea.

**NIGHT ATTACK OF THE 1st AND 2d NORTH CAROLINA
CAVALRY UPON KILPATRICK'S DIVISION.**

BALTIMORE, March 6th, 1875.

COL. S. D. POOL, Raleigh, N. C. :

Dear Sir :—I send you, herewith, Gen. Hampton's report (taken from his journal, now in my hands,) of a night attack made by 306 men from the 1st and 2d North Carolina Cavalry regiments upon Kilpatrick's Division.

Believing it to have been not only one of the most daring feats of the war, but in its results one of the most important, as preventing the junction between Kilpatrick and Dahlgren, which had for its object the capture by surprise, and destruction of the Confederate Capitol; the assassination of Government officials and release of Federal prisoners, I deem it due to the brave men who composed the attacking force, that it should appear in your pages in full.

If desired, will send you other extracts from the same source.

I am, yours truly,

W. J. GREEN.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, March 8th, 1864.

Major :—At 11 o'clock, A. M., on the 29th ult., I received a dispatch from one of my scouts carrying information which I embodied in the following dispatch to Maj. Gen. Stuart dated "Milford, 11:30, A. M. Sergeant Shadbourne reports the enemy moving. Gregg moved to front Thursday. Tuesday whole army paid off and prepared to march. Last night Kilpatrick received marching orders and three day's rations, passed Sheppard's, near Madden's, supposed to be coming to Eley's ford. Part of second corps on same road. Whole army seems in motion. Sutlers and women ordered to rear. Acknowledge receipt of this." At 12:30 I sent the following message to Gen. Stuart: "Citizens report to Gen. Young a Yankee cavalry brigade at Mt. Pleasant moving towards Central road. No report from pickets." Not hearing from Gen. Stuart, at 10:30, P. M., the following message was sent to him: "Enemy were at Beaver Dam at 7 o'clock. North Carolina Brigade has moved down with artillery. Have

ordered Maryland Cavalry to join me. Young at Spottsylvania C. H. Have received nothing from you." These dispatches gave all the information I had received of the movements of the enemy. As soon as I could learn what direction he had taken, I sent all the mounted men of the N. C. Cavalry Brigade who were present, 253 from the 1st regiment and 53 from the 2d, with Hart's battery to Mount Carmel Church. On the morning of the 1st March, I joined the command and moved to Hanover Junction. Not hearing of the enemy here, proceeded to Hughes' X Roads, deeming that an important point and one at which he would be likely to cross. When the column arrived here, the camp fires of the enemy could be seen in the direction of Atlee's station, as well as to the right on the Telegraph or the Brooke road. I determined to strike at the party near Atlee's and with that view moved down to the station, where we met the pickets of the enemy. I would not allow their fire to be returned, but quietly dismounted 100 men and supporting them with the cavalry, ordered Col. Cheek to move steadily on the camp of the enemy, whilst two guns were opened on them at very short range. The attack was made with great gallantry; the men proving by their conduct that they were fully equal to the most difficult duty of soldiers—a night attack in which officers and men behaved in a manner that not only met, but surpassed my highest expectations. The enemy—a brigade strong here—with two other brigades immediately in their rear, made a stout resistance for a short time, but the advance of my men was never checked, and they were soon in possession of the entire camp, in which horses, arms, rations and clothing were scattered about in confusion. Kilpatrick immediately moved his command off at a gallop, leaving one wagon with horses hitched to it and one caisson full of ammunition. These were taken possession of by Col. Bradley Johnson, who came up to that point in the morning from the direction of Meadow Bridge. He also picked up a good many prisoners, whose horses had been captured in the night attack, and who were cut off from their command owing to the extreme darkness of the night, for the attack was made in a snow-storm. I could not push on till day-light, when I found that the enemy had retreated rapidly down the Peninsula. We followed to the vicinity of Old Church, where I was forced to discontinue the

pursuit owing to the condition of my horses. Under orders from the Secretary of War, I took my cavalry, together with some other commands around Richmond and moved subsequently to Tunstall's station, in the hope of being able to strike a blow at the enemy. But he retreated to Williamsburg, under cover of strong reinforcements which had been sent out to meet him. My command was then brought back to its old camp, having been in the saddle from Monday night to Sunday evening. We captured upwards of 100 prisoners—representing five regiments—many horses, arms, &c. When it is taken into consideration, that the force with which I left camp numbered only 306 men, and that this number was reduced by necessary pickets and scouts, I hope the Commanding General will not regard the success achieved by the command as inadequate. They drove a picked division of the enemy from his camp, which they occupied from 1 o'clock at night till day-light. They forced this body of the enemy to take a route which they had not proposed to follow, whilst the other force under Dahlgren was prevented from forming a junction with Kilpatrick by the interposing of my command between the two. This brought about the precipitate retreat of Dahlgren and his ultimate death with the destruction of his command. I beg to express my great satisfaction at the conduct of officers and men. Col. Cheek who was in command of his detachment, displayed ability, gallantry and zeal. Major Andrews of the 2d North Carolina also bore himself well, and gave assistance; while the artillery behaved admirably. I cannot close my report without expressing my appreciation of the conduct of Col. Bradley T. Johnson and his gallant command. With a mere handful of men, he met the enemy at Beaver Dam, and he never lost sight of him, until he had passed Tunstall's station, hanging on his rear, striking him constantly and displaying throughout the very highest qualities of a soldier. He is admirably fitted for the cavalry service and I trust that it will not be deemed an interference on my part, to urge as emphatically as I can his promotion. Capt. Lowndes, Lieut. Hampton and Dr. Taylor of my staff accompanied me and rendered me great assistance.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

WADE HAMPTON, Maj. General.

To Maj. McCLELLAN, A. A. G.

In his journal Gen. Hampton further states: "When the attack on Kilpatrick was made Dahlgren, who had been repulsed by the local troops in a feeble attack made on the city, (Richmond) was encamped on the Brooke turnpike or the Telegraph road. He had a body of picked men with him, and his object was in case Richmond was taken, to free the Federal prisoners, to destroy the city and to assassinate our authorities. Having failed in his assault and hearing the attack on Kilpatrick, he immediately sought safety in flight. With a portion of his command he crossed the Pamunkey, was attacked the same night with a few furloughed men of the 9th Virginia cavalry, under direction of Capt. Fox and Lieut. Pollard, together with a small detachment of the Home Guard of the county, was killed and most of his men were captured. Upon his person were found the papers which proved the execrable and atrocious nature of his enterprise. As the authenticity of these papers has been denied, it may not be out of place for me to state here what I know regarding them.

As already stated, I followed Kilpatrick when he retreated and I halted on the night of the 2nd March, near the house of Dr. Braxton, and not far from that of Mr. Lewis Washington. I remained during the night at the house of the former, and moving off at an early hour next morning, I met Mr. Washington who asked me if I had seen a courier who was in search of me. Replying to him in the negative, he informed me that this courier had stayed at his house the night previous and exhibited to him the note-book of Dahlgren in which he read the diabolical plan, which was subsequently made public. The details of this plan as stated to me by Mr. Washington, were precisely similar to those published; so unless the parties who killed Dahlgren, or the courier who bore the dispatches on to Richmond, not finding me, wrote the orders and memoranda in the captured note-book—a supposition entirely incredible—there can be no shadow of a doubt but that Dahlgren was the originator of the plot to burn and sack Richmond, to assassinate the President of the Southern Confederacy, and though not as successful as Booth upon the life of the Federal President, he deserves as fully as the latter the execution of all honorable men.

Kilpatrick having recruited at Yorktown, moved out as if to

attempt to force a passage through my lines in order to rejoin the Federal army. Anticipating a movement of this sort, I had concentrated my command near Fredericksburg and was prepared to meet him on more equal terms than at our last encounter. To prevent his crossing the river below me, I had the wharves at Urbana destroyed. When he found he could not cross there, and that my command was in position to dispute his passage, he returned to Yorktown and placing his cavalry on steamers he transferred them safely, but ingloriously to Washington. Col. Bradley T. Johnson with a small body of cavalry co-operated with me during these movements against the enemy and rendered most efficient service.

The following extract from "General Orders, No. 10, Headquarters Department of Richmond, March 8th, 1864" conveys the thanks of Maj. Gen. Elzey commanding, to my command :

"The Major General Commanding begs leave to tender to Maj. Gen. Hampton and his command, his sincere thanks for their co-operation in following up the enemy and their gallant assault upon his camp at Atlee's station on Tuesday night, in which the enemy's entire force was stampeded and completely routed, leaving in the hands of Gen. Hampton many prisoners and horses.

By command of Maj. Gen. ELZEY.

Signed : T. O. CHESTNEY, A. A. G."

EDITORIAL.

—:O:—

HISTORY PERVERTED.

For the last twenty-five years, the English people have obtained whatever of information they possess concerning the progress of events in the United States, from Northern sources. The leading newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, are sent to England, and contribute in a large degree to shape public sentiment in regard to the Southern people. One section has not the ear of the British public, and we have no organs there either to maintain our cause or to repel the attacks made upon us. The

people of the North having an abundance of "greenbacks," go abroad in large numbers, and of course carry with them their peculiar ideas, prejudices, antipathies and "isms." In England their misrepresentations of the South are readily received, for the English people have long been anti-slavery in their views, at least since the days of Wilberforce. Anything, therefore, that may be told prejudicial to the good name of slave-owners, or the defenders of the once "peculiar institution," is certain to be believed. English travellers in America generally confine their excursions to the Northern States, and return to Europe without any accurate knowledge of the former slave-States, but crammed with false statements made by our enemies which they are prompt to retail or publish. When the war began the sympathies of the great mass of Englishmen were with our enemies; and they were only too glad when they heard that "slavocracy" was defeated and punished. That there were some valuable exceptions we are glad to know. One of the leading statesmen of the present time, Sir W. Harcourt, was a cordial friend of the South, and wrote many able papers during the progress of the war, for the *London Times*, over the signature of "Historicus," in behalf of the brave Confederates and the cause of human liberty which they alone represented.

Since the war, we have rarely met with an utterance by a British politician, or read a paragraph in a British periodical or newspaper, that concerned the South that did not betray hostility, and, in most instances, palpable ignorance. The true causes, remote and immediate, that led to the war between the States are utterly unknown to most educated Englishmen. The views of Northern demagogues and newspaper partisans have been accepted as the truth in the matter, and the historical works from Northern pens, in which the origin of the war is given, have been credited in full, however false and unfair. The result is, our people are misunderstood, their motives are maligned, and the whole course of history is perverted. We doubt much if there are one thousand Englishmen at home who have any proper understanding of the real causes which culminated in one of the most terrific struggles recorded in modern history. Such works as Dr. Draper's *History of the American Civil War*, the many Northern magazine Articles, the varnished statements of Yankee

school histories, and the editorials of the great Dailies, have crossed the Atlantic, and our people and their cause are condemned on *ex parte* evidence, whilst such able and conclusive histories as that of Hon. A. H. Stephens, the clear, forceful and unanswerable little work of Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, and other vigorous and truthful publications, in which the South is justified and the truth of history is thoroughly vindicated, are wholly unknown and unread. You may find possibly a dozen able men in all England who have some acquaintance with Mr. Stephens' two valuable volumes, but the leading men as a class are ignorant of its existence, or of the Southern statement of the causes that produced the tremendous war. The unpleasant view of the subject is, that there is no prospect of a change, but that the ignorance will continue and misrepresentation abound.

We have been reminded of this depressing fact recently. Francis W. Newman, (brother of the more celebrated Dr. John Henry Newman,) is an able writer and an accomplished scholar. He has lately published a series of articles in *Frazier's* (English) *Magazine* on the "Contrasts of Ancient and Modern History." In number three, the last we have seen, we find a passage that illustrates what we have been saying. Mr. Newman would not designedly do our people injustice, nor would he consciously do any violence to historic verity by ingenious or flippant statement. He is simply badly informed. He has obtained his knowledge from the usual Northern sources. He is praising the United States Government for its lenient and magnanimous treatment(?) of the vanquished "rebels" of the South. Here is the passage:

"Put in contrast the dealings of the American Union with her *rebels*, who *solely because they were outvoted*, had broken oaths of office and oaths of Congress, and had used their official powers under the republic to make war on the State to which they had sworn allegiance. After victory no one was punished. General Lee, the worst antagonist, received sympathy and almost honour. Jefferson Davis, president of the rebels, *responsible for most cruel treatment of the Northern prisoners*, after short detention, was contemptuously set at liberty."

Mr. Newman thus shows how very little he knows of the causes that led to the war, of the events that marked its continuance, and of the people whom he glorifies. We need not detain the reader with a reply to such false and unjust statements. South-

ern people at least understand the causes, and have not forgotten the four years struggle and the consequences. We will only say a word or two, as our Magazine will not be seen by British readers. In the first chapter of Rev. John Paris' history of the war, that is in course of publication in these pages, there is a fair and succinct account of the causes of the war to which we refer the reader. In Mr. Newman's statement there is a basis of truth, but there is so much of partiality in the statement as to misrepresent the case and make a false impression. "Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and no opinions so fatally mislead us as those that are not wholly wrong." As Captain Cuttle would say, "the moral" of this wise remark "lies in the application."

Probably Mr. Newman does not know that as early as 1809 and 1810, a dissolution of the Union was much thought of in the New England States, and that in 1811 Mr. Quincy, of Mass., stated in Congress that if Louisiana was admitted as a State into the Union, that it would be "virtually a dissolution of the Union, that it would free all the States from any moral obligation to remain, and that it would be the duty of some to prepare for separation, amicably, if they *can*, violently, if they *must*." Probably he knows nothing of the conduct of the New England States in the war of 1812, and the calling of the Hartford Convention, when *disunion* was openly discussed and favored, *simply because war would be injurious to the commercial interests of that section of the Union*. Possibly Mr. Newman does not know that slavery was recognized by the constitution of the United States, and found protection under its laws. Possibly he is ignorant that slavery was specially hateful to many people in the North, and that hostility to it became open in 1819, upon the occasion of the application of Missouri to become a State. A serious rupture was then threatened, which, unfortunately or otherwise, was healed for the time by "a compromise." Perhaps he knows nothing of the rise of the abolition party—of the "higher-law party"—of the resistance to the fugitive slave law in Boston—of the Kansas difficulties—the John Brown raid—the election of Mr. Lincoln as a sectional candidate—of the serious apprehensions felt by Southern Statesmen that the many outrages already committed against the rights of the Southern people were about to culminate in the total overthrow of those rights, and in

the destruction of their property. In his manly and masterly defence of the Southern people made in the U. S. Senate, February 17th, 1875,—a speech that entitles him to the hearty thanks of every friend of our people and of constitutional government—Judge Merrimon, referring to the condition of affairs in 1861, said :

“They (the Southern people,) owned five million of slaves, worth more than two thousand million dollars ; they had a strong and overruling apprehension, grounded upon long and fierce controversy, *that a political party about to administer the government intended to destroy that property*, although it was recognized by the Constitution and secured by the system of government as much as any other property. So apprehending, they did not propose to make war on the Union, but to withdraw from it, as thousands believed they had a constitutional right to do, both North and South.”

They merely proposed to do for good cause what New England had once claimed it had a right to do without any sufficient cause. But we are not attempting to show that secession, or “rebellion,” if you please, was a constitutional right. That is neither proper nor necessary in this connection. We are merely glancing at a series of causes and events that led to the final rupture, to show that Mr. Newman, and writers of his class, are simply ignorant and unfair when they charge upon the Southern people the crime of a great war just because “they were outvoted.” The Southern people never struck for their rights until they had been cloven down again and again by a dominant majority, who neither tolerated nor revered the constitution of their country. We have before us a Yankee history of the “American Rebellion of 1861,” in which the writer admits that “a large majority of the Northern people opposed the spread of slavery, and, therefore, favored laws to prohibit its introduction into the Territories,” and that this brought on “the irrepressible conflict between the sections.” He says this was one of “the causes of the war.” He says another cause “was found in the different interests of the two sections. The Southern States favored free trade, while the North advocated a high tariff.” This Yankee writer is much nearer the mark than Mr. Newman is, or than writers of the Northern section are apt to be.

As to calling us “rebels,” we are used to it. Names rarely kill or establish truth. It makes all the difference in the world

whether you fail or succeed. If the cause you espoused triumphs then your name is blazoned as a patriot; if you are unsuccessful then you are quickly transformed into a traitor or "rebel."

"How many a spirit, born to bless
Hath sunk beneath thy withering name!
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame."

If George Washington had failed, he would be now stigmatized as "traitor" by Mr. Newman's countrymen. We would remind him of a well known English epigram:

"Treason does never prosper: What's the reason?
Why, if it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Mr. Newman evidently knows nothing of the efforts of Mr. Davis' Government to effect an exchange of prisoners with the Federal authorities. He has never heard of the humane efforts of the Confederate Government to alleviate the sufferings of Yankee prisoners, and of the famous correspondence of Judge Ould, with the Lincoln Government with reference to an exchange. He has heard of Andersonville, but not of the great sufferings of Southern soldiers in Yankee pens, of the savage brutalities to which they were often subjected, and of the horrors of Point Lookout, Johnson's Island, Chicago, and other points, rivalling often those of the notorious "black-hole of Calcutta." Thirty-one Confederates froze to death in one night in the prison near Chicago. But enough. We have written this of purpose to show that there is a great necessity for a masterly history of the war—one that shall be fair, painstaking and full. When the South shall produce some great historical writer who will tell the story as it is, and in a style that will attract as do the great productions of Macaulay, Froude, Stanhope and Freeman, then will we secure an audience with the leading men of Europe, and the truth will for the first time be told to them.

T. B. K.

WELL DONE.

The action of the Legislature making a new county out of a portion of New Hanover and calling it *PENDER*, is a deserved tribute to the memory and worth of the greatest soldier ever born on North Carolina soil, and in saying this we are only reflecting the opinion of thousands of our soldiers, and of some of the ablest officers of the war. No man of his age and grade in the entire army, had a higher reputation for soldierly qualities than the late Major General W. D. Pender. We refer the reader to Gen. A. P. Hill's estimate as given in the October number of *OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD*, page 137. On the same page the reader will find the touching eulogy pronounced by Gen. Lee, who never allowed his rhetoric to master him. You will find nothing so strong in the way of personal praise in any of his official reports, save his reference to Gen. Jackson.

A gentleman of this State, who was a Major in one of our regiments, once told us of an interview he had with Gen. Lee at his headquarters, soon after Gen. Pender's death. He found the great Confederate Captain very subdued, almost melancholy. Sitting opposite each other on camp-stools, our friend addressing Gen. Lee, said: "And so it is certain Gen. Lee that Gen. Pender is dead?" With unmistakable emotion Gen. Lee replied: "Yes, Gen. Pender is dead. There was an officer who never held his proper rank. He ought to have been one of my Corps Commanders." We can well credit this statement in view of what General Lee afterwards wrote, referred to above.

Some years ago—in 1870, we believe—we stood at the grave of Gen. Pender. He lies buried in the beautiful little Episcopal cemetery at Tarboro. It is a sweet and quiet place in which the noble and good take their repose until the resurrection. We saw only a row of cannon balls encircling his grave. We confess we were pained and disappointed. We saw that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

We thought that the wealthiest county in the State would have long ago caused to be erected a beautiful and imposing monument to commemorate the virtues and renown of its greatest na-

tive born son, and the first soldier of North Carolina. We feel now that this tardy tribute should yet be rendered. An appropriate and costly monument of the hero at the county seat of Edgecombe, would speak well of the appreciation, gratitude and public-spirit of its people, and would reflect honor upon them whilst honoring the noble dead.

We may take leave to say, that the personal friends and admirers of Gen. Pender owe it to his memory and to the State, to have a suitable biography of him prepared. We would be much gratified to publish it in these pages. It always affords us pleasure to publish well-written sketches of our sons, whether eminent in military, civic or religious life. We are much too careless in this matter. Our great men surely have such claims upon us. They illustrate our intelligence and virtue, and shed lustre upon our age and country. Let "honor deck the turf that wraps their clay." No people ever yet achieved a great name in history whose annals were not illumined by the splendid deeds of heroes and martyrs, and who did not glory in the possession of a "happy breed of men," to use the fine saying of the English master. Their memories should be warmly cherished and kept forever green, lest oblivion should rest upon their names. We believe that monuments should be reared to great and heroic men who stand out above all others, like "Agamemnon, King of men." No Virginian can visit the capitol grounds of his State without elation and pride. There he beholds the colossal and life-speaking statues of her great men fashioned by the cunning hands of her own native artists. These speak to the generations that follow, and whilst telling of the mighty past point to the apocalypse of the future. Such monuments are highly creditable to any people. They show what men of mighty mould are born from the teeming matrix of their honored mother, and they express the gratitude and admiration of the generations that rear them. Monuments are rarely erected to the undeserving. In Republics at least, men must deserve such memorials because of their deeds, before they will be thus honored. Monuments bind generations together, and excite emulation and noble rivalry in the breasts of ingenuous youth. Phœdrus tells us that "the Athenians erected a large statue of Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show the way to honor lies open indifferently to all."

If any man yet born under North Carolina skies deserves to be remembered, to have memorial buildings reared to his memory, to be chiseled in marble or perpetuated in bronze, or to have his life record given to the youth of the State, it was that modest Christian gentleman who was stricken down amidst the "fiery pangs" of battle, and who sleeps his last sleep in the narrow-house appointed for the dead in the beautiful town of Tarboro, and of whom Robert E. Lee wrote :

"The confidence and admiration inspired by his courage and capacity as an officer were only equalled by the esteem and respect entertained by all with whom he was associated for the noble qualities of his modest and unassuming character."

Fronting Fayetteville street, Raleigh, in Capitol Square, stands the Houdon statue of George Washington, great and illustrious citizen and soldier, the "Father of his Country" This is fitting every way. The man who loved liberty and stood fast by his country in perilous days deserves to be revered and honored by a people whose ancestors poured out their treasury and blood in a common cause, who themselves perilled so much for "the Lost Cause," and who still cling to constitutional government and civil freedom as the very sheet-anchor of a nation's safety and prosperity.

His work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory :
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame * * * * *
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name."*

Washington was a Virginian. Has North Carolina no sons who deserve a monument? Where are Caswell and Davie and Lillington and Moore and the men of the revolution? Where are Iredell and Gaston and Badger and men of a later time? Are none worthy of the chisel or the brush?

*Tennyson's Ode on Wellington.

In the same Capitol Square, facing Hillsboro street, should stand a statue of another hero and friend of humanity, who gave to his country his noblest service and offered up his life as a sacrifice to civil liberty—W. D. PENDER. There it should stand to perpetuate in bronze or marble the lineaments and form of a simple, calm, temperate, brave, just, self-poised character, whose life was cut down ere it had fully flowered, and yet not before he had reflected imperishable glory upon the name of North Carolina. There let it stand, through the ages ; let the westering sun each evening gild it with its departing rays—fit symbol of the cause he served so well and in defence of which he died. When his noble life went out clouds and darkness were already gathering about the young and once puissant Confederacy, and not many months after the form of the martyr-hero had been laid in the quiet grave, the sun of that Confederacy went down in blood never to re-appear among the nations. T. B. K.

WILSON, N. C., March 9, 1875.

MR. EDITOR :—I write to correct a mistake made, unintentionally no doubt, by W. A. Curtis, on page 43, March number of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD, in regard to the companies of the 2nd Regiment N. C. Cavalry.

The mistake is this : Company E, Captain Columbus A. Thomas, was from Wilson county, and not from Cumberland, as your correspondent states. Captain Thomas was born and raised, so far as I know, in Franklin county. At the beginning of the war, he was here practicing medicine, raised Company E, 2nd Cavalry, and went from this county.

I write this simply to let Wilson county get all her due. She sent to the field more soldiers than her entire voting population.

Some one who is capable of writing her war history should do so, for few counties did as well.

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The Magazine has become an institution, one of the necessities.

Yours, truly,

E. M. NADAL.

LIST OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN THE GENERAL
ASSEMBLY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

We append a "Muster Roll" of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the present General Assembly. From this list, by no means complete, it will readily be seen that both the political parties in North Carolina, in conferring positions of honor and trust upon those who obeyed the call of the State, and faithfully served her during the late "War between the States," have been mindful of duty. It is pleasant for us to note this fact, and we are sure, as the years go by, the record of the Confederate soldiers that North Carolina sent to the field will grow brighter and brighter; their heroism and devotion will be more thoroughly and efficiently recognized, while their children's children will be proud of their descent from forefathers who for four long and weary years contended against a world in arms, and who finally succumbed to overwhelming numbers, only when their supplies were exhausted, many of their best and bravest were slain or maimed for life, or were languishing and dying by scores in Northern prisons.

One of the missions of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD is to keep the remembrance of these men and their heroic deeds ever before the people of North Carolina, and to instill into the minds of the present and rising generations that such men constitute the elements of greatness in a State, and that to honor them is to honor worth, and ennoble ourselves:

Muster Roll of the Senate of North Carolina, for the Session of 1874-'75.

President—R. F. Armfield, Lieut. Col. 38th Regiment N. C. T.

Chief Clerk.—Johnstone Jones, Corporal White's Battalion S. C. Cadets, Co. B, Capt. J. P. Thomas, Elliott's Brigade, Hardee's Corps. (Aged 16.)

Assistant Clerk.—P. H. Winston, jr., aid to Gov. Vance, who commanded the State Volunteers at the Battle of Fort Fisher. (Aged 17.)

Engrossing Clerk.—J. McL. Turner, Lieut. Col. 7th N. C. T.

Enrolling Clerk.—D. P. Mast, 2d Lieut. Co. D, 1st N. C. Cavalry, Army No. Va.

Assistant Doorkeeper—A. Douglas, Private, Co. F, 28th Reg't N. C. Troops.

Geo. Williamson, Lieut. Col. 8th Regiment, N. C. T.

J. C. Mills, Captain 33d Regiment N. C. T.

James R. Love, Col. Thomas' Legion, and Captain Co. A, 16th Regiment of N. C. T.

John S. McElroy, Col. 16th Regiment N. C. T.

W. A. Graham, jr., Capt, 2d N. C. Cav., Major and A. A. G. of N. C., 1863.

R. Z. Linney, Private, 7th N. C. T.

Edwin W. Kerr, 3d N. C. Cavalry.

N. S. Cook, Captain Co. G, 4th Regiment N. C. T.

Edward Cantwell, Lieut. Col. 2d Regiment N. C. Volunteers, (12th State Troops) Assistant Adjutant General N. C. M., C. S. M. Gov. of Norfolk, Colonel of Cavalry C. S. A., Presiding Judge, 3d Corps A. N. V.

W. T. R. Bell, Vol. Aid to General Wise till fall of Roanoke Island, afterwards 1st Lieut., Regular C. S. Army, and assigned to duty as Capt. Co. I, 9th Va. Regiment, Pickett's Division.

Rich. G. Sneed, Capt. Co. A., 44th N. C. Troops.

Wm. B. Shaw, 2d Lieut. and Drill Master 8th N. C. Troops, afterwards 1st Lieut. Corps Va. Mil. Cadets. Served under Jackson and others in army of Va.; entered 16 years old.

J. T. Morehead, jr., Col. 53d N. C. Infantry.

C. M. Busbee, Serg't Maj. 5th N. C. Regiment Infantry, Army No. Va.

J. Jenkins, Capt. Co. E, 12th Regiment N. C. Troops.

C. M. T. McCauley, Capt. Co. C, 10th N. C. Batt. Artillery.

John H. Clement, 1st Lieutenant Company A, 42d Regiment N. C. Troops.

D. M. Young, 1st Lieut. Co. I, 29th N. C.

W. Foster French, Lieut. Col. of the 3d Regiment of Junior Reserves.

R. Anderson, Assistant Surgeon N. C. Troops.

T. R. Jernigan, Private 13th Batt. N. C. Cavalry.

R. P. Waring, Senator for Mecklenburg, Captain Co. B, 43rd Regiment.

C. M. Cooke, A. A. 55th N. C. Reg't, Cooke's Brigade.

Muster Roll of the Members of the House of Representatives for the Session of 1874-'75.

Speaker—J. L. Robinson, Capt. Co. H, 16th N. C. Troops.

Reading Clerk—W. M. Hardy, 1st Lieut. Co. E, 1st N. C. Volunteers, and Colonel 60th N. C. T.

Engrossing Clerk—W. J. Barrett, Private 8th Georgia Regiment, Major of 16th Confederate or Mississippi Battalion, and general Scout.

Assistant Doorkeeper—J. P. Norton, Private Co. C, 4th N. C. T. W. C. Fields, Private, 1st N. C. Cavalry, Barringer's Brigade. Asa J. Smith, Private Co. I, 18th N. C. T., Branch's Brigade. T. J. Dula, Lieut. Col. 58th N. C. T., Reynold's Brigade, Army of West.

W. J. Munden, 1st Lieut. Co. A, 68th N. C. T., Hoke's Brigade. T. L. Gash, Private 6th N. C. Cavalry, Pegram's Brigade. J. W. Shackelford, O. S., 3rd N. C. Cavalry, Barringer's Brigade. W. T. Godwin, Corporal 33d Regiment, Lane's Brigade. Solomon Parkes, Private Co. B, 1st N. C. Cavalry, Barringer's Brigade.

Sam'l C. Barnett, Private 24th Regiment N. C. T., Ransom's Brigade.

Jas. J. McCalop, Sergeant 61st Regiment, N. C. T., Clingman's Brigade.

William T. Griffin, Private 32d N. C. T., Daniel's and Grimes' Brigades.

John N. Staples, Cumming's Battery, 13th Battalion, N. C. Artillery.

Paul B. Means, Private Co. F, 5th Regiment, N. C. Cavalry Brigade, afterwards on Gen. Barringer's staff till close of war.

J. C. McRae, Major & A. A. G., Gen. Baker's staff.

M. C. King, enlisted as Private in Co. A, 2d N. C. Cavalry, Barringer's Brigade.

T. D. Bryson, Capt. Co. B, 25th N. C. Regiment.

James E. Boyd, Private Co. E, 13th Regiment, N. C. Infantry, Scales' Brigade, afterwards Private Co. H, 1st Regiment Cavalry, Barringer's Brigade.

M. Whitley, 1st Lieut. 16th N. C. Bat. Cavalry, Dearing's Brigade.

A. A. McIver, Captain 24th N. C. Ransom's Brigade.

- V. V. Richardson, Captain Co. C, 18th N. C. T., Lane's Brigade.
A. C. Sharpe, 2d Lieut. 49th N. C., Ransom's Brigade.
Jno. M. Moring, Private 7th Infantry, Lane's Brigade.
M. W. Page, Captain, 6th, Bee's, Whiting's, Laws', Hoke's and Lewis' Brigade.
O. A. Hanner, 2d Lieut., 26th, Pettigrew's Brigade.
W. A. Stowe, Colonel 16th, Scales' Brigade.
W. W. Proffit, Lieut. Colonel 58th N. C.
Wm. N. Mebane, Lieut. of Artillery and Ordnance Officer on Staff of Gen. Jno. R. Cooke.
G. B. Wiley, Private Montgomery Blues, Light Artillery.
Leander L. Greene, Private, 1st N. C. Cavalry, Barringer's Brigade.
T. J. Eatmon, Chaplain 33d N. C. T., Private till 1862, Lane's Brigade.
S. M. Finger, Major and Quartermaster, Post duty at Charlotte, N. C., formerly 11th N. C. Regiment.
M. Atwater, Private 28th Regiment, Lane's Brigade.
Jos. W. Latta, Major 66th Reg't, Martin's Brigade.
J. R. Mizell, in service, but rank and regiment not known.
Sam'l McD. Tate, Lieut. Colonel Com'd'g 6th Infantry, Hoke's Brigade.
W. B. Wells, Serg't 67th N. C. Infantry.
A. G. Moseley, Captain, 38th, Scale's Brigade.
Thomas S. Harrison, Corporal Co. A, 13th Reg't N. C. Vol., Scales' Brigade.
Wm. T. Ward, Private, 11th N. C., Pettigrew's Brigade.
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We shall in a short time perfect arrangements by which we shall be able to give, in each number of our magazine, an engraved likeness of some of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD, who have illustrated the annals of our State in its councils, or on the battlefield. We shall probably commence with the June number.

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT.

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NORTH CAROLINA NECROLOGY.

From February 10th to March 10th, 1875.

February 10. William A. Cooper, a leading citizen of Nash county, aged 50. 13. W. W. Winstead, a worthy citizen of Wilson. 16. H. E. Vick, one of the best citizens of Halifax, at Enfield. Capt. John Collins' at Warrenton, a worthy citizen, aged 54. 17. John Shurmon, an old landmark of Salisbury, aged 82. Robin Hanna, in Anson county, aged 106. 23. Dr. R. B. Thornton, of Caswell. 25. Daniel Foust, a highly respected citizen of Lincoln county. 27. Henry Cansler, in Alamance county, a member of the Convention of '35. George A. Dancy, a prominent citizen of Pitt, at Greenville. March 1. Lucian H. Sanders, of Johnston county, killed by a falling tree, aged 50. Samuel Hunt, a soldier of the war of 1812, aged 85, in Rowan county. Parker Moore, a leading citizen of Macon county, killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of his little son, who was playing with it. Dr. H. H. Crowell, at Hickory, a worthy citizen. 5. Samuel S. Jackson, a prominent lawyer of Randolph county, one time tutor at the University, and son-in-law of the late Gov. Worth. 6. B. F. Harris, one of the wealthiest citizens of Granville.

RECORD OF EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

From February 10th to March 10th 1875.

February 12. Fortieth anniversary celebration of the Literary Society of Wake Forest College. 13. Cotton worth 14½ cents in Raleigh. 15. Littleton organizes a brick manufacturing company. Jesse Legget, of Robeson county, outlawed for murder.

A new county called Pender, in honor of the late W. D. Pender, created out of a portion of New Hanover. 18. Amon Parrish, a colored citizen of Orange county, sold entire crop of tobacco at Milton at an average of \$96 per cwt. Court House and other buildings destroyed by fire at Concord; loss \$20,000, insurance \$6,000. 17. Fourth Congressional District Convention of Good Templars met in Raleigh. 19. The Usury Bill, fixing legal interest at 6 per cent—8 per cent. where parties agree—passed its final reading; yeas 65, nays 31. 20. Cotton in Raleigh at 15c. Board of Public Charities met in Raleigh. Mr. Solomon Weil's dwelling at Goldsboro burnt; loss \$5,500, insurance \$4,500. 22. Work on Masonic Temple at Raleigh begun. 24. Pitt county jail took fire—damage \$400. 27. J. William Thorne, aged 65, a Pennsylvanian by birth, expelled from N. C. House of Representatives for atheism—yeas 46, nays 31. March 3. State Grange met in Raleigh—501 granges and 15,000 members in the State. Salisbury votes \$50,000 town subscription to the Yadkin Railroad. Usury Law takes effect October 15th, 1875. U. S. Congress appropriates \$150,000 for Cape Fear river and harbor improvements, and \$30,000 for the Signal Service in North Carolina. The Friends held a meeting at Rich Square, Northampton county, which was largely attended. Peter F. Holt, of Alamance, is working a gold mine successfully. 5. Great freshets in the streams—many bridges washed away. 552 convicts in the Penitentiary. The two leading hotels in Wilmington closed on account of Civil Rights. 6. Dr. Columbus Mills of Cabarrus, re-elected Master of State Grange. Cotton 15½c. in Raleigh. The Senate Bill to commute, compromise and adjust the public debt passed the House—yeas 75, nays 14. Railroad Bridge over the Catawba river, beyond Statesville, was bent like a bow by the freshet.

THE WORLD.

NECROLOGY.—*From February 10th to March 10th, 1875.*

February 13. Saniguy, a famous Ultramontane, at Frankfort on the Main. 15. Brev't. Gen. George N. Macy, at Boston, from

accidental discharge of a pistol. Hon. Samuel Cooper, M. C., from Massachusetts, in Washington. 17. Hon. Landon C. Haynes, formerly Confederate States Senator from Tennessee, at Memphis, aged 68. 21. Captain Robt. Dunn McIlwaine, in Petersburg, aged 46. Rear Admiral Chas. H. Bell, aged 77, at New Brunswick, N. J. 23. Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent English Geologist—Jean Baptiste Camille Corat, the great French painter—Admiral Laplace, the oldest officer in the French Navy, aged 82—Gen. C. C. Sibley, U. S. A.—Judge D. G. Rollins, New Hampshire—Rev. Luke A. Wiseman, an eminent English Methodist divine—Sir R. S. Bennett, the eminent English composer. 24. Mrs. Mary Randolph Spottswood Berkeley, a grand-niece of George Washington, in Richmond, Virginia, aged 73. Rev. Dr. John C. McCabe, of Chambersburg, Penn., aged 65. Col. Thos. H. Wynne, Richmond, Va., aged 57. March 2. Gen. Edward Higgins, a Confederate officer and Virginian, at San Francisco. Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas. 6. Dr. G. W. Morris, an eminent Surgeon of Philadelphia. 8. Sir Arthur Helps, the noted English author, born 1817. Gen. Sir James Hope Grant, England, aged 67. Claude Louis Mathieu, the eminent French Astronomer, in his 90th year.

IMPORTANT EVENTS.—*From February 10th to March 10th, 1875.*

February 13. The French Ministry resigned and President MacMahon consents. The mercury froze at Concord, New Hampshire. At White Hall, N. Y., 36 degrees below zero. Great suffering among the destitute in Rutherford county, Tenn. 15. Coldest day of the year at Boston. A destructive fire at Savannah, Ga. Many stores burnt. The *Gazette* office destroyed—loss \$100,000. Insurance \$40,000. Supposed work of a negro incendiary. The Alfonsists fall back and Carlists re-inforced—King Alfonso issued a decree calling out 70,000 men for military service. 17. John Mitchell elected to British Parliament from County Tipperary, Ireland. Revolution in Peru ended. A desperate fight in Cuba between 365 Spaniards and 400 Insurgents—the latter victorious. The former lost 150, and retreated. The Legislature of West Virginia has decided to remove the capitol from Charleston to Wheeling. National Grange met in Charles-

ton, S. C. Fire at Port-au-Prince destroys five hundred houses. A man by the name of McMahon jumped from the dome of the capitol at Washington. 18. Senator Merrimon made a six hours speech in the U. S. Senate on Louisiana matters. He was followed by Senator Ransom. The Democratic Members of Congress from the South issue an address to the Southern people. 19. The Pope issues an encyclical letter denouncing the Folk laws in Germany, and excommunicating Bishops who accept Government benefices. The Poland committee of the U. S. House report against interfering in Arkansas matters. A negro admitted to a New Orleans high school and 22 white children left. 20. A match factory burned at Guttenberg, Sweden, and fifty persons destroyed. 21. British fleet bombarded and captured Fort Mombazue, on island of Mombaz. German press indignant at the Pope's encyclical. 22. Destructive fire at Chicago. Loss \$400,000—insurance \$80,000. 23. The Navy Department building fired by an incendiary, but suppressed. The third attempt. Missouri Legislature censures Grant's course in regard to Arkansas. Prince Bismarck, at the urgent request of the Emperor William will continue in office. Spain will pay \$84,000 to American sufferers by the Virginus affair. Earthquake damaged houses at Guadelajara, Mexico, killing some of the inhabitants. 24. Gladstone publishes a reply to J. H. Newman and Archbishop Manning. Women suffrage amendment to Constitution defeated in Massachusetts Legislature. 25. Louisiana matters settled by compromise. 26. The roof of St. Andrews Catholic Church, N. Y., crushed by a falling wall—5 killed and many dangerously wounded. Judge Thomas elected Lieut. Governor of Va. Gordon Claude, a cadet engineer at Annapolis Naval Academy expelled for refusing to fence with a negro cadet. A new Senate created in France—ayes 433, nays 262. The Civil Rights bill passed the U. S. Senate, ayes 38, nays 26. 28. The Force Bill passed U. S. House, yeas 135, nays 114. M. Buffet re-elected President of the French Assembly, by 479 to 63. March 1. The President signs the Civil Rights Bill. Carlists repulsed at Bilboa. The Kellogg Government recognized by a decree of U. S. Congress, A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, voting with Republicans—House vote, ayes 163, nays 89. Alfonsists attack Carlists in turn and are repulsed. Chattanooga partly inundated—three men drowned. 2. Two ho-

tels in Alexandria, Virginia, close on account of the Civil Rights Bill. Revolution in Venezuela ended. Last month ascertained by meteorological report to have been the coldest in 43 years. 3. Colorado admitted as a State, making the 38th. The tobacco tax increased 4 cents per pound. Force Bill did not pass the Senate. Senate refused to remove the disabilities of Admiral Semmes. 4. Forty-third Congress ended at 12 M., by limitation. The palace of the Catholic Archbishop sacked and houses of Jesuits fired at Buenos Ayres. 5. The new U. S. Senate organized and 23 new Senators took their seats. 6. French Steamer *Viola* wrecked by ice, 42 lost and missing. The business portion of Houston, Texas, burnt. 8. Twenty inches of snow in Pennsylvania. Much excitement in Rhode Island caused by U. S. Marshal in seizing liquors.

THE NORTH CAROLINA HOME (FIRE) INSURANCE CO.

Among the *State* enterprises which have been projected in years past, for the benefit of our people and the keeping of our capital at home, none are entitled to higher commendation and consideration than the North Carolina Home (Fire) Insurance Company of Raleigh.

Established in 1869, it has grown steadily in intrinsic strength and in popular confidence, until, to-day, it is generally recognized as a "power in the land,"—a power exerted for good and the best interests of the people.

Insurers in this Company, who may suffer from disaster by fire, may rely upon a prompt and fair adjustment and settlement of their claims. The character of its Officers and Directors, the exhibit of its assets, and its past record, are a sufficient guarantee of this fact.

All the disbursements of the "Home" are made in North Carolina and all of its interests are identified with the State. It is the aspiration of the stockholders, while seeking, of course, a legitimate investment of their capital, to build up an institution that shall be a benefit to the people and a land-mark of *domestic progress*.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

MARGARET ROSSELYN.

BY MRS. CICERO W. HARRIS, *of Wilmington, N. C.*

CHAPTER VIII.

The quiet Sabbath afternoon found a pleasant group in the piazzas of Mr. Rosselyn's house. The grey-haired rector, his wife and son, were enjoying with the Rosselyn family the balmy hours as they flew, freighted with thoughts and words befitting the holy day. The old time country custom of strolling, informally, over to a neighbor's house during the Sabbath afternoons of the lengthening Spring days, was not condemned by the clergyman of the parish, although he seldom gave it the support of his own example. He thought the custom lost its most objectionable features in inland country towns, where the citizens when tired of books or an occasional religious newspaper, had nothing to divert them except the changes which the seasons wrought on the simple landscape ; the musical tinkle of a distant bell ; or the vagaries of the crowds of negroes on the streets and highways, as they dexterously aped the manners, and even the tones, of their former masters and mistresses.

Margaret sat near her parents and seemed to enter heartily into a conversation made up of such items as how St. John's pensioners were getting along, how much money could be raised by the sewing society, and how many composed the Confirmation class to be presented the coming Easter. Lent had already commenced, and the solemn service, which so vividly recalls the vespers hour long celebrated in traditional song and story, as an appropriate time for directing the thoughts heavenward, was held every afternoon in the quaint old church. The subjects for con-

versation were not exhausted, when Mr. Rosselyn, observing Dr. Halbert and Mr. Barham as they stopped, arm in arm, at his gate, interrupted them with :

"We will have to change the topic now, my friends. Barham cannot tolerate some of our 'high church doings' as he calls it, and it will be well not to provoke him into a controversy. Religious controversies seldom do good, and Barham generally becomes violently excited. He thinks the Reformed Church movement is argument enough for him—and he condemns our simple service as emphatically as we condemn St. Alban's with its candles and incense."

"Yes" responded the rector, "he cannot tolerate our form of service. I have tried in vain to show him what Charity means—and not as a minister—but as a man."

"One of the most peculiar things about him," said Margaret as the two gentlemen advanced along the path, "is his warm attachment for Dr. Halbert. I have never known two men more unlike ; and yet, the one is always ready to sign himself 'your's to count on' for the other."

"Very true," said Mr. Rosselyn. "They impress me as being entirely antipodal. The doctor is all theory ; the merchant pre-eminently practical. I have actually seen the doctor, who you all well know is one of the best read men in the State, and whose library is filled with ancient and modern philosophy, give twenty dollars for a Grote's Plato, and I have seen Barham refuse to pay ten dollars for a Webster's Unabridged 'because it was too high, and he knew the meaning of as many words as he wanted to use.' And as another instance of their dissimilarity, I have known Dr. Halbert to study a week over a triangle surrounded by mysterious characters, and I have known Barham to become furious with a poor country-woman because it took him an hour to make her buy a calico dress at twelve and a half cents per yard. But I am becoming too personal, and the gentlemen will hear me." As he spoke, he stepped out into the yard to welcome them.

Doctor Halbert soon ensconced himself in an arm-chair, between the rector and his wife, in order to have an opportunity to watch Margaret and Gilmer, who were nearly opposite. Nothing delighted him more than an incipient courtship. It was a well-known fact, that his philosophical utterances, though burdened

with quotations from Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Hamilton, Cousin, and hosts of others, did not carry half the weight in the community that his prophecies, as to the prospective brides and bridegrooms, did. And, although he often made the wrong guess, it never deterred him from guessing again, or diminished the faith with which his credulous and admiring coterie of friends listened to his oracular sayings.

Mr. Barham with a blunt sort of courteousness, managed to appropriate the chair beside Margaret Rosselyn. He always "had a fancy for the girl," and he had induced Dr. Halbert to "go over to Rosselyn's to see if Margaret had changed any." Her unaffected manners, sensible words and perhaps her heightened beauty completely fascinated her gruff, abrupt old friend. He became unusually talkative. He was a close observer, and when he chose he could be very entertaining. He proceeded at once to relate every occurrence of importance during her four years absence. A pause in the conversation caused the staid rector and those around him to hear the words, "You won't find the town much changed, Miss Margaret. But just look around you this moment. You see a sprinkling of negroes everywhere, don't you? In every highway and hedge?"

"I do observe a good many more abroad than used to frequent the town and the roads leading from it," she replied, smiling at the forcible gesture which emphasized his language.

"You see over twice as many," he said, "and they don't do anything worth speaking of during the week, but walk about. They won't work for love or money. They sit and doze in the sun when their feet get tired walking, and they can't be made to stir, except for something to eat. It is all the result of the 'blessed boon of freedom,' as the doctor calls it. I believe by the way, that he is glad they are free. For my part, I wish they were in slavery, or in Africa, with the infernal Yankees who love them so well."

"No, no, Mr. Barham, don't wish that. I am sure I do not desire to own them again, and it is probable they would be heathen even in Africa, if their companions were the handfull of fanatics, whom you describe by using an ugly word. I am incompetent to discuss the *pro* and *con* of the slavery question with you, but my natural and womanly instincts would prompt me to do all in

my power to improve the condition of the negro in the South. Here they have some religious advantage, and, in the course of time, I trust they will be properly educated."

"You don't mean to say you believe in their religion, do you, Miss Margaret?" he asked with an expression of great astonishment on his face.

"I do, Mr. Barham, although I have known very little about them for the past four years. My black mammy, Maum Betsy, was a good woman."

"It is lucky for you that you were away from them," he said with a grunt of disapproval. "Let me tell you something that happened in the colored meeting house a few weeks ago. You know they got above using the creek for baptising their converts in, so they built them a pool. They fenced it in with boards and made stone steps to go down into the water—"

"Will you allow me to interrupt you," said Margaret, "and remind you that I shall not accept it as a sign of a want of religion, because they have discarded what the first Baptist considered the primitive mode of baptism. On the contrary, they are only following in the wake of all the Christian churches, who are gradually leaning towards ritualism and reform in some shape. Even in our own church, in some cities, they alter and attempt to improve upon our grand, and to me, 'faultless ritual.' If I were a Sibyl, Mr. Barham, I would write down the prophecy that in a few hundred years from now, the Baptist had adopted a written form of worship, and perhaps had renounced immersion entirely. Do you not agree with me, Doctor?" she asked as she observed him listening intently.

"I agree with you entirely, Margaret," he replied. "In some of the old English churches the places where persons were immersed may still be seen—for immersion was once in the Anglican Church a frequent form of baptism. If you will glance at the rubrics in the Prayer Book you will find that immersion has the precedence."

"But you all let me get through with what I wanted to tell Miss Margaret, before you go rambling off to things I know nothing about," said Mr. Barham, with an impatient gesture, for he knew if the doctor once got the floor on a subject with which he was thoroughly conversant, no one else would have a chance to

utter a word for at least an hour. "I don't believe in ritualism so far as I know anything about it—but I do know what I propose to tell, for I saw it with my own two eyes. She says she believes in a negro's religion, and she hopes the day will come when they will have educational advantages. I don't. I will try to show her how much in earnest they are by relating something which happened in this very town. You all know Cambridge, who worked with me a few months?" Mr. Barham had the floor for everybody listened when he undertook to state a fact. They knew what he asserted was true. "Well," he continued, "he refused for a long time to be carried up to the mourner's bench or to join the prayer meetings. Suddenly, however, he saw signs and wonders in the heavens. To use his own words as well as I can recollect them*—for I heard them all: 'I see'd de Debbil wid de fires uv torment. He had a pitchfork throwin' de sinners in. I was on de ground what was near de lake uv brimstone and fire. I see'd my time would soon come. I know'd I was a lost sinner. I nebber had prayed and I didn't know how to pray. At last, far off in de white cloud what sailed across de blue heavens, I heard de voice sayin', Cambridge will you turn from your sins? I said yes, *yes*, YES, as loud as I could halloo, and the Debbil punched at me wid his pitch-fork, but I run away. I woke up and found it was all a dream, but I see'd it nebberdeless."

"Is it possible?" asked the rector.

"It is just as I tell it," replied Mr. Barham. "This experience was considered a very remarkable and powerful one. The 'brudern' and 'sistern' decided at once to accept him. He was escorted to the pool by a large concourse of the faithful. The preacher, a colored man from the county *via* Connecticut, went down into the water with him, and, after a long appeal in his behalf, prepared to give him the final cleansing dip. Cambridge, as soon as his head was fairly under the water, violently wrenched himself from the preacher's grasp and darted out into the stream with the rapidity of a fish. Several of the sisters rushed to the water's edge, shouting 'Is you see'd a vision?—Is you see'd a vision?' The remainder struck up the negro tune 'Glory Hallelujah!' and repeated the two talismanic words with increasing

*A genuine experience.

vehemence, as they watched the nimble Cambridge make his way down the stream."

"The melody does not resemble the 'Hallelujah Chorus' from the Messiah," interrupted Margaret smiling and turning towards the company, "for I have had the pleasure of hearing them sing it often."

"Notwithstanding that fact," continued Mr. Barham, "they sang it lustily for about five minutes when Cambridge was seen slowly walking towards them with something in his hand, which he was endeavoring to squeeze into his wet pocket. About half the sable assemblage ran to meet them—some singing 'Hallelujah' and others asking 'Is you see'd a vision?' When they came nearer the dripping man and demanded an answer, he gave them a sardonic grin and the reply, 'No, I see'd a trout!' The church members, with disgust expressed on every feature, repaired immediately to the meeting house to decide whether or not the baptism was valid. The discussion was becoming exciting, when Cambridge entered arrayed in a new suit of homespun. He advanced to the front, and asked permission to put a few questions to the body.

"First," said he, without waiting for his proposition to be entertained. 'does you consider my spierience enough.'

"Yes," was responded unanimously.

"Does you think I got fairly head over heels under the water?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"Did the preacher say all he ever says to a person?"

"Another 'Yes,' emphasized by a nod from the preacher.

"Then what was the matter, brudders and sistern? Does you scorn to come forrard and give me de right hand uv fellership because Providence sent me and Cloe a trout for supper?"

"His logic was unanswerable. The members pressed forward, and no member was more cordially welcomed into the fold than brother Cambridge."

"I can scarcely imagine any heathen in a more deplorable condition," said Margaret pityingly. "We ought to make the most strenuous efforts to enlighten them, for we are, I think, the only real friends."

"Well put, Miss Margaret, if it is possible to enlighten them—which I doubt," said the sturdy merchant.

"Not tell it?" said Mr. Barham. "Why I've told several of them already. My Baptist customers know I like their church as well as I do any—and they disapprove as much as you do of the sacred dances and curious doings of their colored brethren. I'd give five dollars this minute to have their condition improved. But I'm not through with Cambridge. A few evenings afterwards my wife missed several articles from her pantry. I suspected Cambridge, because I had heard some of the colored members disapproved his conduct, and I knew the way to conciliate them was to give them a big supper, or have some kind of frolic for them. That night I followed him part of the way home, and I saw him take a meal bag full of something from under a fallen log. I was convinced that my suspicions were correct, and I found out next morning that they had the supper."

"You had better join a detective corps," suggested Margaret.

"A good idea," replied the merchant, suddenly becoming thoughtful and glancing over to the distant church-yard, "for no blood-hound is surer of his victim than I am, when I once become thoroughly interested."

"I object to your comparison," said Margaret pleasantly. "You are too kind-hearted to be like those terrible animals. I remember you were generous to me when I was a little girl."

"Ah, well," he answered, evidently flattered—for such a compliment was unusual to him, "that was all because you suited me. I came this evening to see if you suited me still, and, on the whole, I believe you do." The last words were spoken very deliberately and were accompanied by a critical and earnest glance. A smile on the faces of several of the party was barely visible, and Gilmer Pickett's countenance seemed to express the sentiment, "A cat can look at a king."

In a few moments, Mr. Barham, who had become somewhat abstracted, proposed to Dr. Halbert to leave. It was not long before the rector arose to go and he said: "Wife, the heavy dews will begin to fall about twilight and I must get you safely within doors. It will not help your cough to be exposed to the night air."

"Yes, mother," interposed Gilmer, "let us go now, so that Miss Margaret can give us at least one hymn, with the organ."

"It will be an hour before the sun sets my friends," said Mr. Rosselyn, looking at his watch—"and my daughter can sing you a number of hymns while you are here. Shall I open the piano, Margaret?" he asked, turning to her.

"The organ is my preference, Mr. Rosselyn," said the rector, "and if you will humor an old man, and Margaret has no objection to going over to the church let us have the organ. I will be responsible for her safe return to you, if you and Mrs. Rosselyn will not accompany us."

"Margaret will be as happy to 'humor' you, my dear sir, as I always am. Mrs. Rosselyn would you like to walk over to St. John's," said Mr. Rosselyn.

"I would like it, my dear, but we cannot leave the house. The servants are all out. Margaret will represent us," replied Mrs. Rosselyn, nodding to her fair daughter, whose cheeks flushed as she listened to a low-toned remark from Gilmer. The mother's ear caught the words: "It will be the happiest reminder of long ago."

"There is nothing left for me to do but to obey," said the young lady as she jauntily placed the hat her father had brought her, on her head, and followed the rector and his wife down the steps.

"Yes," said Gilmer as he hurried to her side after making his adieus to her parents, "your only alternative is to obey. I told you this morning you should play for me."

"I do not remember to have disobeyed my pastor," she replied, smiling. "The pure, earnest love and esteem I give your father, is only inferior to that I owe my own father."

"He is a good and true man," replied the son, "and I do not think it unbecoming in me to assert it. I am peculiarly blessed in having such a father and mother, and if the woman I love better than all the world will be my wife, I verily believe it will be impossible to find a happier man."

"Mr. Gilmer, hush, please," she said shrinking from the ardent gaze bent upon her. "Do not talk to me of your passionate love this afternoon. In some way, impossible to explain or describe, I prefer to think and not talk, now. Let us enjoy the Present as it is, and forbear to speak of things which will drive away the calm, beautiful restfulness of this evening. All nature seems to breath, 'Sabbatha,' and this peaceful scene, with the hazy sunset

tints settling on the forests, miles away in the distance ; with its incense breathing Spring flowers ; with its quaint, but pretty old houses, with dear St. John's for a centre ; it all seems so homelike that I wish to enjoy it in company with my old school-mate—and not to allow anything to disturb its absolute quiet."

"It shall be as you wish it always, beloved. I will not intrude my love upon you," said the young man sadly.

"I did not call it an intrusion," she replied.

They walked in silence into the church. Gilmer would have been angry with any other woman, but gentleness and impulsiveness were so closely blended in Margaret Rosselyn, he knew she would be sorry for her abruptness, and apparent want of feeling, in a few minutes.

By a skillful adjustment of the stops, she managed to draw very good music from the old organ. Music seemed the one grand passion of her life, as she played. Whether she sang a simple hymn or chaunt, or let her fingers wander over the keys in brilliant improvisings, her listeners were enchanted—and one of them forgot everything save the mighty love he bore her. The night dews had commenced to fall ; the whip-poor-will had sung his plaintive carol under the white-rose bush ; and the leather-winged bats had commenced their gyrations around the cross-crowned belfry—but the organists and her auditors had forgotten the flight of time. The clergyman had fallen into a reverie, with his eyes bent downward to the crimson chancel, where the sunset painted bright, fantastic shapes. His wife sat beside him and dreamily followed the direction of his eyes. Gilmer stood near Margaret, and with folded arms and bowed head watched every movement of the beautiful hands ; felt the pathos of every chord ; noted every tremor in the flexible voice, as the words they once sang together trembled from her lips ; and saw every change in the dark eyes as they seemingly looked far away, may-be into the common future of both. And as he stood and listened, he prayed that she might some day be his, for he loved as man or woman loves but once.

When she ceased to play and they were preparing to leave the church, they heard a quick footfall in the vestibule. When they reached the church door, Edmund Maxwell bowed low over his saddle to the party.

"He has been listening to the music Margaret," said the rector. "I wish he had come up into the gallery. I imagine he must lead a very solitary life at Hardington."

"Yes," she answered, "I would have preferred knowing for whom I was playing. I imagine, and without any good reason for doing so, that he is a very accomplished man—and a very severe critic."

"You are right, Miss Margaret. But if you would have improved the music for milord Recluse, you will have an opportunity to repair what injury you have done yourself. He has asked me to introduce him to you; I propose, if you are willing, to bring him to see you next week," said Gilmer.

"I shall be glad to meet him. He interests me. Besides, I have always been indebted to him for supplying two characters which would otherwise be wanting, in some of the associations with this town."

"May I ask what they are?" queried the young man, and after the aged couple bade them good night—for they had reached the rectory gate—he added with a smile, "I trust it is nothing to make an Othello of me."

"Oh, no, you need not be jealous. It is simply this. When I am from home and wish to recall this place and its surroundings, I read 'Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard,' and 'Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.' I could never find a 'village Hampton,' or a 'Mr. Stoddart,' until I knew Mr. Maxwell—and yet he seems to me to be made up of the two characters, the hero and the misanthrope."

"He has, I fancy, some romantic reason for becoming a recluse and a misanthrope," said Gilmer. "By the way, I remember he says you vividly recall Auld Lang Syne to him."

"I will not thank him for the implied compliment until I know more of his Auld Lang Syne," replied Margaret.

"Nor will I," said Gilmer. "I am unwilling that my real flesh and blood heroine should be compared to any one's ideal or real lady-love."

"I see we are at the gate. Will you come in?" she asked.

"No, thank you. Remember you ride with me to-morrow afternoon."

"I shall not forget. Good-bye."

He lifted his hat as she slightly bent her head. He did not stop to watch her as she walked slowly to the house. Was she thinking of that other temporary parting four years ago, in the autumn gloaming? Would her lover have gained hope if he had seen her cheek glow with a deeper pink and her eye grow softer, as she sauntered along the hyacinth-bordered path, because she thought of some one or something? Is the answer to the questioning, yearning, earnest eyes, already written on Destiny's changeless scroll—or is the sequel yet to be written under the guidance of the strong will which speaks in the woman's firm and chiseled lip?

CHAPTER IX.

"I have been waiting for you five minutes," exclaimed Margaret Rosselyn, as she met Gilmer Pickett at the front door as early as three o'clock, the afternoon of the next day. "I know," she continued, "it will make me several degrees less fair to brave the spring sun and strong winds, but mamma said I must be ready when you came. She wishes me to return in time for Leuten service at half past five."

"I had already chosen the place I wished to visit. If it suits you, let us go through the avenue to Montpelier. It is only a mile from here, and I like the old house at the end of the avenue better than any other one in the country. Bannockburn, Burnside, Ravenswood and Hardington, look so modern, compared with it, and then there are so many romances, duels and wild adventures connected with the family who first lived at Montpelier."

"Very well. We will drive to Montpelier, but you will find that a thick undergrowth of pine destroys the symmetry and regularity of the avenue."

"What a pity. In a few years I suppose they will pull down the house and turn the grounds into cotton fields. There are some things I don't like about this busy, progressive age. I wish America had an Alhambra, or a St. Peters, or a Melrose—or even a Pyramid of Cheops—which could stand for ages and not be defaced by a single improvement."

"You have a beautiful pair of horses," she continued as Gilmer assisted her into the buggy.

"Yes; and if you are not easily frightened, I will show you how rapidly they can travel just as soon as we get out of town."

"I was never afraid of a horse," she answered; and in a few minutes the dark bays were dashing along the highway, toward Montpelier's broad avenue with its sentinel files of oak, sycamore, aspen, elm, cedar and pine.

Sometime before they were in sight of the double rows of trees, Gilmer broached the subject of his love.

"Miss Maggie" he said as the fiery horses lessened their speed, "it is time for us to come to a definite understanding. I have loved you since your early childhood. As a boy, and as a man, I have dreamed of you as my wife, my own precious wife, whom I would cherish, love and protect, 'until death us do part.' This love seems a part of my very being. I have worked for you alone since I left college. My farm yields me a fair support, and soon as you promise to be my wife I am going to build a nice cottage to suit your taste."

"But, Mr. Pickett, my views of life have changed. You loved and dreamed of Margaret Rosselyn as you once knew her. I have changed; I know not how or why. A quiet domestic life has no longer any charm for me. A cottage suits me less than a palace would. To mingle with the learned and the gay, seems preferable to feeding chickens, making soap, cooking dainties for farmers and living like a poor, meek violet instead of a royal rose. Love may mean something—there was a time when I thought it almost omnipotent. That time has passed—other passions are stronger in my breast than love."

"Ah! Maggie, if you knew how every word sinks into my heart you would change them. Let your pure soul speak once Maggie, and do not crush me utterly."

"Such an expression, 'crush me utterly,' from a man, Mr. Pickett, is not calculated to win or retain my esteem. I am a woman, you a man—stronger and older than I am. I ought not to be able to 'crush you utterly.'"

"Maggie," he said, looking into her cold, calm eye, "have you then so completely changed? Have you forgotten every tender, every womanly emotion? Have you forgotten our old love?"

"Mr. Pickett, before I answer your questions I must say that I have determined, at my father's suggestion, not to marry until I have seen something of society. It will be two years before I am ready to plight my troth to any man. At the end of that time if you are still my lover, I will answer any questions of yours—whether favorably, or unfavorably, I cannot now know. In the meantime, the youthful understanding between us ceases. I do not consider you bound in honor to be true to me. You are free to act as you choose; I am free to act as my judgment dictates."

The young man made no reply for several minutes. As they rode on his face assumed a sadder expression; hers a firmer and colder. At last he said, "Doubtless you know best, Maggie. I can wait two years. At the end of that time, I will be as true to you as I am now. You may then remember that I am waiting, longing to hear your consent to be my wife. I will work on, dream on, and if I fail to win you, may it be to your highest interest, when you accept another."

"I am not calculating on accepting another, Gilmer." For the first time she called his given name. "I feel you love me deeply and truly. If I did not know I would be discontented in the rustic home you offer me, I would still the yearning I have for something better, higher, prouder, and, for your own sake, marry you. At a safe distance, I have seen the intrigues of social and political life; I have seen its temptations, its dangers and its rare, exciting pleasures. I will have ample opportunity to mingle in this life now. I intend to do so. If I become disgusted, or if I prefer for one day the life of a quiet, respectable country woman, I will return and give it all up. If not, I will plunge into it, with all my heart and I will repudiate the dreams, the notions, the fancies, the whims, the caprices of a foolish school-girl's brain. I am a woman now, and I shall endeavor to act a woman's part in the arena of life. My ideal of life is not to leave school, marry because I'm afraid of old maidenhood, or because I have a false sense of honor and a false allegiance to a youthful love. I am free, untrammelled, and heart-whole on the threshold of womanhood."

"Maggie, I know I appear to be the weaker of the two. I know that my position at this moment seems simple, childish, almost an insane one. But the love of years cannot be hushed instantly.

You have, I repeat, almost crushed me. I long to fold you in my arms and call you my own. I feel assured I could make you happy. If the routine of domestic life is unpleasant to you, you need not follow it. I can afford to give you books, music, leisure, and all I ask in return is love—your love, sweet, proud, beautiful woman, would compensate for the toil of a life-time.”

“On what my friend,” replied the lady smiling, “shall I expend my learning, my music, and my leisure? Shall I imagine the trees are Dryads and talk to them, catching and translating my answer in the whispers of the wind through their branches? Shall I sing to the birds and excite the envy of the winged denizens of the forest by rivalling the simple carols which flow spontaneously from their pretty throats? And shall my spare time be spent, after these pleasing exercises have fatigued me, in conjuring up new terms of love by which to address you? Shall I disregard the wishes of my father and repudiate the fifth commandment which you repeat weekly to a gaping crowd of urchins in St. John’s? Mr. Pickett, I have studied man and life as they are. With unusual partiality I have endeavored to lean towards the side of what you would term *Love*. The result of it all is this—Life is as we make it. Love should be made subservient to judgment. It would suit some women to follow the life you would mark out for me. It would shorten my days by ten years, if I were to heed you. Once for all, I cannot, I will not do it, unless some other unseen and hitherto unknown influence proves to me my deductions are incorrect. I have made out my own programme. I shall endeavor to follow it out to the letter. I thank you for your love, once more. At the end of two years, I will not have forgotten you.”

“I see you have deliberately made your plans, Miss Maggie. I shall not attempt to change them, because I know the attempt would be fruitless. I shall be true to you. Of this, you may be well assured. If trouble, or disappointment come, I wish you to remember that I am forever your constant friend. May I ask when you expect to leave Granville?”

“In a few weeks. My father and mother will take me to Washington, where I will meet my bachelor uncle for the first time. After remaining with him a short time, my parents will return, and I will accompany my uncle wherever the caprice of the mo-

ment carries either, or both of us. Long Branch will be our first stopping place. I am quite enthusiastic already, over my first summer as a young lady, perhaps as a belle and heiress."

"Certainly as a belle and heiress, if you will allow me to interrupt you," said the young man looking down upon the woman he had loved so long, and so faithfully.

"Thank you. I am inclined to agree with you, if you will excuse my candor. Uncle Arthur has a tall, commanding figure, is wealthy and well connected. That fact will at once put me on a good footing with the widows and chaperons, and maiden ladies. As for the gentlemen, they are always charitable and easily deceived where a pretty woman is concerned. But I do not intend to deceive them. I am an heiress. I am not beautiful, but I am not homely—"

"No, you are not homely, I will again interrupt you to say. You are not homely. I have pictured you a thousand times sitting before my blazing hearth, happy and contented, as the fire light fell on your bright dress, tiny white apron and collar. Your brown hair, brown eyes—fair face and sweet lips were all before me—and in my dreams I knelt before you and called you beautiful. I think you are beautiful—"

"Ah! hush. Spare me flattery yet awhile, Mr. Gilmer. Time enough for that. Wait until you see me standing, under blazing chandelier, robed in heavy silks and filmy laces—with the excitement of adulation, novelty, pride, playing on every feature of my face—then I will be a handsome woman. Wait until eloquent and stately men bend from their exalted positions to whisper love and flattery into my ear, with the magical power of beautiful language—and then maybe, I will be even beautiful,—for the halo of triumph will touch my brow and shed its glory over eye, lip, cheek, form."

"Maggie, little one, I *will* speak. I do say, to me you are beautiful; but you are sinful, you are spoiled. Fanciful dreams, ambitions, flattery—have tainted, injured my pure Maggie of the By-gone."

"Mr. Pickett, you forget whom you address."

"I know my criticism is unpleasant to you. I knew it would be before I uttered the words. I do not forget whom I address. I am warning Miss Margaret Rosselyn of the dangers that beset her future. Eloquent men may pour their love into your ears,

with language superior to mine, the busy throng may offer you homage—but no mortal can be more sincere than I, who, altho' I see your faults,—which are painfully apparent—can only know forever that to me you are beautiful and I love you, and will love you as long as life lasts. I never forget whom I address, if even in a dream my spirit calls to yours. I never can forget you—I never have forgotten you. But pardon me, I had no intention of returning to this subject which I easily perceive is unpleasant. I wish, however, for the last time to assure you, no matter how rigidly I may criticise you, from my soul I venerate, I respect, I adore you as the only woman I ever loved. Bear with me, I do not ask you to say one word to cheer me in the long blank of the next two years. I trust you in spite of your own wilfulness. I shall continue to dream of you as I have ever done. My last, my only reference to the Past shall be a prayer to you to strive to do what your conscience dictates. I leave the rest with heaven. And, changing the subject again, may I bring Maxwell to see you to-morrow? He asked me to do so."

Margaret Rosselyn seemed not to hear the question. Her deep fathomless eyes were looking far out toward the horizon where budding trees on myriads of distant hills were catching the last soft tints of the approaching spring twilight. A foreboding of sorrow spoke from the depths of the mellow eyes, and a premonition of coming evil filled the proud, strong woman's heart. She sighed softly, and after a moment's pause, she looked up and asked what his question was. His eyes were bent down upon the dreaming face with the word "beautiful" so distinctly written on them, she blushed and dropped her eyelids.

"May I bring Maxwell before you leave? He has seen a great deal of this gay world which would snatch my jewel, my Kohinoor, from me. May-be he can help you build your fairy castles in the air better than I can."

"Yes, bring him. The man strangely interests me. Why is he such a recluse?"

"I cannot tell you. Perhaps *le beau monde* did not prove as satisfying to him as it does to most people."

"Perhaps not. Has he really seen very much of the world?"

"I imagine he has travelled extensively. I called on him once and spent several hours with him quite pleasantly. He has a

miniature museum at Hardington made up of souvenirs of the Holy Land, Europe and even some of the islands of the Pacific. He has mosses from frozen Iceland and blossoms from the burning tropics—all collected by his own hand. Besides, he has an array of the most beautiful and striking faces—women in first flush of youth; some dressed in the height of American and Parisian fashions; some burdened with the ponderous and ungainly turban of the Orientals; some wearing a wreath of hair floating over shoulders of marvellous symmetry and whiteness, and crowning a head of purely classic proportions. Many other curiosities I might mention, such as strange books gathered from different nations—waters from Jordan, and the Sea of Galilee, olive from Gethsemane, cedar from Lebanon, porphyry from the mountains near the Nile—but you must meet the gentleman himself.”

“I would be willing to suffer a great deal to see and know so much. I expect, however, Love is at the bottom of his troubles, and not this world with its sights, its wonders, and I will add with its good natured, susceptible, and generally charitable denizens. But listen, the bells of St. John’s are ringing. Drive home rapidly please, for I wish to attend Lenten service. Wait a moment though,” she exclaimed before he could make the horses quicken their pace, “and let me repeat for you a poem the sisters at the Convent used to require us to learn. It seems so appropriate, and Gilmer, be sure to remember the last line:

“Ave Maria! blessed be the hour
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt this moment in its fullest power
Sink o’er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet, the forest leaves seem’d stirr’d with prayer.
Soft Hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of Vespers makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day’s decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies, but something mourns.”

A gleam of hope shot from his eyes as the low musical voice finished the lines—and he took his seat beside her in the family

pew with a contented expression on his fine, sun-browned, manly face. Her cheeks were flushed from the rapid ride, and a sarcastic smile flitted over Edmund Maxwell's lips as they walked together down the aisle.

(*To be Continued.*)

OUR LONDON ESTATE.

BY APPLETON OAKSMITH, OF CARTERET.

Once I had houses and ships and lands ;

A pleasant home and a fair estate—
 Won by labor of brain and hands,—
 But built, alas! on the treacherous sands
 Which compass a strong heart's fate.

Then I had friends—as the world would say—

I remember them well—a joyous throng
 Who lived like lilies, as bright and gay,
 On life's fickle surface from day to day—
 Enjoying its smiles, its wine and its song.

Some few there were—alas how few !

That nothing in life could change or bend—
 As loyal and steadfast, as noble and true,
 As ever a life-long friendship knew—

Who were worthy to bear the name of "friend."

Gone are my houses and ships and lands,

Vanished my home and my fair estate—
 Gone are the friends and the joyous bands
 Who welcomed me once with eager hands,
 When life held for me a happier fate.

But one small freehold there still remains—

The title is perfect, the record clear ;
 The deed is written with clerkly pains—
 I bought it with my slender gains,
 And have held it many a year.

No sum in gold could this freehold buy—

Whatever my needs in life might be.—
 'Tis a joint-estate, and my wife and I
 Hold it by Royal warrantee—

Though the broad fair deed is sealed to me.

We have fenced it round with a marble wall,
And a single willow marks its bounds :—
The plot is narrow, nor house nor hall
Stands where the willow-tree shadows fall,
In fair Brompton's silent grounds.

One tenant we have in our small estate,
Her holding is neither for life or will;
She pays no rent, nor tax or rate,
And yet her tenure will not abate
Till both of *our* hearts are cold and still.

Wherever I go, I shall always know—
No matter how poor I may get to be—
That while the flowers of Brompton grow,
And the willow still casts its shade below—
One small freehold is left to me.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID,

Author of Valerie Aylmer, Morton House, A Daughter of Bohemia, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"HERE IN THY HEART ALL SUMMER FOLDED LIES."

IVEN in Arcadia clouds sometimes gather and rain falls, a curtain of mist shrouds the mountains, and the crystal streams grow turbid for a while. Such a time comes now to the dwellers in the Transylvania valley of the French Broad. The day after that pleasant evening on the river bank, the sun sets in a bed of violet clouds, over which Colonel Tyrrell shakes his head. "There will be four or five days of wet weather," he says with the confidence of an old mountaineer.

"Four or five days!" repeats Charlton, slightly dismayed—the two gentlemen are driving together—. "My dear sir, you don't really mean it! One or two, perhaps—"

"Not less than four or five," says Colonel Tyrrell. "You may take my word for that."

Charlton knows better than to contradict a native of the county, but he is secretly incredulous of any such meaning on the part of the clouds. The next morning a fog like a pall wraps everything, which, as the day advances, settles into steady rain. The air grows chill and damp, fires are kindled, doors are closed—the mountains are no longer to be seen, nothing is to be seen but the falling rain and shrouding mist.

"Is n't it dreadful?" says Minnie, entering the sitting room with a despondent face, when her hour of release from Mr. Martin's mild sway arrives. "Caroline told me yesterday that this was coming—she said she felt it in her bones—and I just *know* we shall be cooped up for a week!"

"What is the good of looking at things so gloomily?" asks Charlton from the couch where he is lying—owing to his late imprudent exertions, his ankle is very painful again to-day. "It may be clear to-morrow."

Minnie shakes her head, and going to the window flattens her nose against the pane. "You haven't lived here all your life, as I have," she says. "You don't know how it rains when it begins. One would think it *never* meant to leave off. Heigho! And I wanted to go over to Fairfields to-morrow."

"Fairfields is not likely to run away," says Flora, closing her portfolio—she has been writing letters—"and you might spare Mr. Charlton your moans, Minnie. Rain and clouds are disagreeable enough, without lamentations."

"Do you think they are disagreeable?" says Mr. Charlton. "Except for the sake of others, I should not care if they remained a fortnight."

"I should," says Minnie with a shudder, "and George would, I know, for he wants to go to Cæsar's Head with Tom Fanshaw on Monday. Mr. Charlton, are you going?"

"Going where?—to Cæsar's Head?" asks Mr. Charlton. "Not with my foot in its present condition, you may be sure."

"But you really ought to go there before you leave this part of the country," says Flora. "It is well worth a visit. I don't know a more satisfactory mountain view. One feels if one overlooked infinity. I have never seen the ocean, but whenever I think of it, I think of the view from Cæsar's Head."

"Papa promised to take me there this summer," says Minnie in an injured tone, "but I haven't heard anything about it since summer came. George can go because he is a boy. I wish I was a boy!"

"Three years from now you will be glad that you are not," says Charlton. "If Colonel Tyrrell remembers his promise, I will go with him—but I have not much fancy for solitary sight-seeing."

"I shall tell papa that," says Minnie with a flash of hope lighting up her face. "There he comes now!"—as Colonel Tyrrell's step sounds in the hall—"Is n't it fortunate? Papa, Mr. Charlton says that when you take me to Cæsar's Head, he will go with us."

"When I take you!" repeats Colonel Tyrrell. "Pray, have I said that I mean to take you?"

"O yes, papa, you have forgotten, but you said so last Spring."

"One has need to take heed what one says with such sharp memories to retain everything," remarks Colonel Tyrrell turning to his guest. "I have no recollection of promising to take Minnie to Cæsar's Head, Mr. Charlton, but if *you* would like, I shall be glad to accompany you as soon as you are well enough to travel."

"You are very kind," replies Charlton. "I shall be glad to go."

"You don't mean that you will leave me at home, papa?" says Minnie anxiously.

Colonel Tyrrell looks with a smile into the pretty face upturned to him. Minnie, emboldened by the smile—for, though an indulgent, he is not a demonstrative father—seizes a button of his coat and repeats her question. "You won't—will you papa?" she asks imploringly.

"You may go, if Floy will go also," answer her father. "Now that you are so tall and precocious, I am not equal to the responsibility of taking care of you."

Minnie does not heed the irony of his speech, she only catches the chief idea which it expresses, and turns at once to Flora. "You'll go, Floy, won't you?" she says. "It's true you've been to Cæsar's Head twice, but then you are always talking about how much you like it."

Charlton also glances at Flora. He feels that it will add very much to *his* pleasure if she will accompany them. But Flora hesitates—looking reluctant, almost distressed."

"I don't think I can go, Minnie," she says at last. "Papa is not in earnest. No doubt he will take you without me."

"You are mistaken," says papa. "I am in earnest. It is quite impossible for me to look after a girl like Minnie and keep her in order."

Minnie tosses her head at this. "I think I can keep myself in order," she says; "but I wish Floy would go."

"I wish so, too," remarks Charlton, feeling constrained to utter his plea. "Miss Tyrrell, don't you think you can? It would be so pleasant?"

He speaks simply, and with due restraint, but his eyes are eager, and Flora meets them. Her own have a pained, wistful expression which surprises him. "I will think of it," she says. "There is time enough. Your foot will make a prisoner of you for some days longer."

"Those sprains are inconvenient things," says Colonel Tyrrell standing before the fire, "and it is astonishing how long the inconvenience lasts sometimes. I was confined to that very sofa once for six weeks."

Charlton does not look cheered by this. "I trust I shall not be so unfortunate," he says, "but I am resigned to fate. Nothing could be pleasanter than my present position, barring the sprain—and one must pay tribute to ill-fortune in some way."

"Do you believe that one must?" asks Flora. "That is an unpleasant idea."

"Not a new one, however," replies Charlton, "and as for its unpleasantness—most things are unpleasant out of Arcadia."

"And in Arcadia, too," says Minnie, going despondently to the window again. She regards the world gloomily to-day, for the mental resources of fifteen are limited, and there is no prospect of walking, riding, visiting or croquet.

Colonel Tyrrell and his guest settle themselves to a game of cribbage, Minnie goes to the book-case, selects "Quits" for a hundredth perusal, and establishes herself in the bay-window, Nelly's fair curls, as she sits as usual near Flora, droop over the much-thumbed pages of Anderson's "Wonder Stories," Flora herself has taken up some needlework, the fire crackles, the rain beats against the window panes, all is still and pleasant. "Fifteen two—fifteen, four—and a pair makes six!" says Colonel Tyrrell: Charlton as

he deals the cards, and turns up Jack claims the advantage due, asks Flora if she remembers Mrs. Sarah Battle, whose horror of slang was so great that she would rather forego that advantage than claim it by the disgraceful tenure of saying, "Two for his heels."

"I confess I sympathize with her," says Flora. "Slang is my pet abhorrence—and how it pervades everything! The newspapers are filled with little else."

"They mistake it for wit, and it is an easy way of amusing their readers," says Charlton. "In fact the rank and file of newspapers is the chief means by which slang is spread."

"You are a newspaper man yourself, are you not?" asks Colonel Tyrrell.

"After a fashion, yes—but the *Telegraph* is devoted to high culture and pure English. At least that is our modest aim. I write the book reviews, and occasionally music or dramatic criticism."

"I wonder how you men who spend your lives criticising other people, would feel under the knife yourselves."

"I shall be able to tell before long—I have a novel nearly ready for the press. But I know before hand that a writer who is not very sensitive—otherwise vain—and who makes up his mind to be benefitted by criticism, can obtain very useful hints from it. You remember Pope's advice :

"Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and ev'ry foe."

Colonel Tyrrell smiles. "It is an uncommon thing to hear a young man in these days quote Pope," he says. "I confess I am old-fashioned enough to like the *Essay on Criticism*. Modern poetry is unintelligible to me—at least as much as I have tried to read—but Pope writes good sense and good English."

"I would have wagered ten to one that you liked Pope," says Charlton. "So do I—though not exclusively. A pair makes six, if you please."

"I like Owen Meredith," says Minnie's voice from the bay-window, "and Jean Ingelow, and—and some of Tennyson. I never can make Floy say who she likes best."

"I can hazard a conjecture with regard to one of Miss Tyrrell's favorites," says Charlton, glancing up from his cards. "She likes Schiller."

Flora looks a little surprised. "How do you know?" she asks.

He shrugs his shoulders lightly. "When I know a man or woman with any degree of intimacy," he says, "I can always predicate, with general accuracy, his or her literary taste. Besides my knowledge of your character, I saw Schiller's poems in your work-basket. Hence it was not difficult to infer your liking. But I fancy—and here I stand open to correction—that you like him more as a philosopher than a poet."

A slight flush tinges Flora's cheek. "I am afraid of seeming pretentious if I say that you are right," she answers, "yet—I think you are. I am not very fond of poetry, but I like Schiller's philosophy."

"He is the most ideal of poets," says Charlton, "the most refined of philosophers. In some of his poetry there is scarcely a strain of earth—his 'Pilgrim' and 'To the Ideals,' for example."

There is a glow in the blue eyes which meet his own—a sudden expanding gleam, as it were—then the white lids and silken lashes fall. She does not say, "How did you know that those poems are my chief favorites?" and Charlton understands her silence. Nevertheless when the game of cribbage has ended and Colonel Tyrrell has gone out, he renews the subject.

"You did not tell me whether or not I was right in thinking that the poems which I mentioned are your favorites," he says.

"I think you know very well without my telling, that they are," she answers. "I am beginning to cease to feel any surprise at your capability of reading character and tastes. No doubt you have cultivated the power until it would be quite useless for an ordinary person, like myself, to attempt to conceal anything from, you."

"I am not sure of your being an ordinary person," remarks Charlton quietly, "and there is really no need for you to be sarcastic about my capability of reading character. You are very much a sealed book to me even yet, and it is only by conjectures that I am able to pierce at all below the surface."

"I am glad of that," she says. "No one likes to be read too thoroughly. And do you know"—here she looks at him and smiles—"I wish you would stop trying to read me. It is not pleasant to feel that one is being morally dissected. Put the case to yourself. Should you like it?"

"That would depend altogether upon the person who subjected me to the operation. I should not have the least objection to your doing so—supposing, of course, that you thought my character worth time or attention."

"You know you are quite safe in saying so—that I have no power of analyzing character."

"How do you know? I think it quite likely you have considerable power. Don't think I mean to indulge in the trite expression that women are born readers of character—for I do not believe they are anything of the kind. But your observant and perceptive faculties are unusually quick, or else—mine are hopelessly dull."

"I do not think they are unusually quick; but if they were—what then?"

"Nothing in particular, except that if you would like a subject for analyzing, I have the honour to offer myself."

"You are very kind," says Flora laughing, "but, having no need to study character, I shall not take advantage of your offer."

"What you two are talking about," remarks Minnie, who has been all ears during this conversation, "I can't tell. Harry used to say that Floy was metaphysical. Is *that* metaphysics, Mr. Charlton?"

"Not exactly," replies Mr. Charlton. "So," to Flora, "Harry called you metaphysical. I wonder if the scamp knew what metaphysics were."

"Not clearly you may be certain—else he never would have said anything so absurd. But it was only one of his many ways of teasing me."

"I don't wonder that you puzzled him," says Charlton, regarding her meditatively, "for there is no doubt of one thing—you puzzle *me*."

It is impossible not to be amused at the tone of this assertion—yet, as Flora smiles, she gives a sudden keen glance at her companion's face.

"I was not aware that I puzzled Harry," she says. "What induced you to imagine so?"

"O—various things," answers Charlton—but here, to his relief, Colonel Tyrrell returns, and the conversation ends.

The foreboding prophecies of the household prove correct.

Two or three days pass, and still clouds and mist reign supreme. The beautiful river is swollen and turbid, the mountains are wrapped in gray fog, no gleam of sunlight or blue sky comes to cheer the drooping spirits of Minnie and George. The only person who utters no complaint is Charlton. These are such pleasant days that he is averse to any change. The bright sitting room fire round which the family gather, has to him an attraction almost amounting to a fascination. Summer driven from the world without, makes her home in the world within. There are books and cards and music—the boys come in dripping from the rain, with their frank faces all aglow, and report how high the river has risen and what old Pete—a weather prophet of eminence—thinks of the clouds. There is a savour of novelty in the life which probably makes it's chief charm for Charlton. Not in years has he known anything like this—indeed, as he tells Flora, it is doubtful if he had ever known anything of the same kind.

"I was an only child," he says, "and my mother died when I was very young, so that any domestic life that I may ever have known has faded far and faint into distance. She was a French Canadienne: my father was an Englishman, who died in turn when I was about eighteen. Since that time I have been 'lord of myself,' as Byron says—and of little else. Except for a few weeks now and then, I have not been out of the turmoil and fret of a great city for years. You may imagine, therefore, how strange and idyllic *this* life seems to me."

"I should think it would weary you," says Flora.

"Very likely it would weary me if I were compelled to live here indefinitely; but taken in this way as an episode in a life of toil and excitement—it has a charm that I can scarcely express, and that you can scarcely realize."

"I can understand that it may seem novel to one who has never known such a life," she says, looking at him. "Probably you remember little of your mother?"

"Very little—but in Quebec and Montreal I often see faces and voices that remind me of her. Here is her face—do you like it?"

"He detaches from his watch-chain a locket, opens and hands it to Flora. A small miniature is set within. It is a lovely

French face—of that type which charms all tastes—clear brunette tints, dark liquid eyes, a low sweet brow framed by rich masses of dark hair, and arch smiling lips. “How exquisite!” says Flora, with sincere admiration. “It is beautiful, Mr. Charlton, but—you do not look like her.”

“No”—he smiles—“not much. That is the only memorial I have of her—and this.”

“This” is a small silver medal of the Blessed Virgin, such as all Catholics wear, which is also attached to his chain. “She hung it round my neck when she was dying,” he says. “Hence I value it more than anything else I possess. But you must forgive my egotism, Miss Tyrrell, and now that I have told you so much about my life, will you not tell me something of yours?”

“There is nothing to tell,” she answers simply. “You see it. What it is to-day, it has always been with very slight variation.”

“Then, if you have nothing to tell of the past, tell me something of the future—what you hope, desire, expect.”

“She shrinks perceptibly. “Why should you ask such questions?” she says. “What is the good of hoping, desiring, or expecting anything? ‘Only the unforeseen happens.’ I saw that somewhere the other day, and it struck me that it is very true.”

In this way Charlton finds himself gently but decidedly checked whenever he attempts any deep-sea soundings in Miss Tyrrell’s character. For discussions of this kind Flora had apparently no taste. Though straight-forward almost to a fault, she is also reticent with regard to her inner feelings, and, when compelled to speak of them, does so with reluctance. She ends the subject now by rising and going to the piano. The twilight is closing outside with moaning wind and sobbing rain; within, the flickering firelight softly rises and falls. She touches the keys and begins to sing that sweetest of Scotch ballads, “The Land o’ the Leal.” Charlton leans back in his chair and listens. It occurs to him to wonder if he is under a spell. What is there in the accident of a pleasant house, in the conjunction of a rainy evening, of a wood-fire brightly glowing, of a girl’s sympathetic voice singing, to fill him with such a sense of subtle yet strongly defined enjoyment as he has scarcely ever known in his life before?

This pleasant hour is broken by Nelly and Oscar who come in with a rush, Minnie follows, and announces that after supper they

are going to devote their energies to making candy "One must do *something*," with an air of injured protest against fate. "Mr. Charlton, do you know how to pull candy? We shall want all the help we can get."

"Charlton confesses his ignorance of this important art, but adds that he can learn. After supper, therefore, the candy is made, pulled with much merriment and eaten with much satisfaction. "I think we better make some every night as long as it rains," says Oscar with his mouth full.

"Suppose the river was to rise till it swept away the bridge and come up into the house," suggests George cheerfully. "It did once when I was a baby—did n't it, papa?"

"O wouldn't that be funny?" cries Nelly, with her eyes shining.

The younger members of the family are not gratified by this thrilling event. The river does not greatly overflow its banks, neither does the rain last very much longer. On the fifth day the "clearing off" which has been long promised and anticipated at last occurs. The sunset is so magnificent that the entire household gathers on the piazza to admire it. The sun breaks through the clouds with one last burst of glory, before his dazzling disc sinks behind the western mountains. In the splendor of this illumination the whole earth seems on fire. In every direction the mist rises, like incense from a million censers—rolling away in clouds toward the gorges and defiles of the giant hills, rising up as if the mountains smoked under the fiery kiss of the sun. The river is a stream of gold, miniature lakes and ponds shine with radiance, the trees are hung with glittering prismatic jewels, a beautiful rainbow spans the arch of heaven from side to side. When the sun—a luminous ball of fire—sinks behind the distant peaks, the glory increases rather than diminishes. All over the sky great masses of cloud are lit up with a vivid coppery-gold—a splendor which fairly seems to burn. In the west is a bed of brightest, intensest radiance, from which broad bands of light shoot upward toward the zenith. In this marvellous baptism of light and colour, the world is changed, transformed, glorified. It becomes a great cathedral, from which Nature's adoration rises to God.

Flora turns with her sweet eyes all aglow, to Charlton. "It is like a vesper is it not?" she says; and he answers:

"I was just thinking so."

CHAPTER VIII.

"THEN FANCY SHAPES—AS FANCY CAN."

After the 'wet season, at last happily ended, a new birth of beauty comes to the earth. It is like the return of spring with the richness of summer. A greenness vivid as that of May, is spread over the land, the air is like crystal, the mountains like sapphire. The great fields of corn rustle their leaves like an army with banners, fresh fragrant grasses spring high in the meadows, breezes softer than those of Araby the Blest come from the far away azure heights, in every sight and sound there is a great sense of freedom and repose.

A week or ten days elapse. Then before Colonel Tyrrell's door there is a bustle such as always accompanies setting forth on a journey. The wagonette stands there, drawn by the sleek bay horses that are their master's special pride. Pixie and Dixie, the two beautiful deer-hounds, are bounding about as if they knew that an "onting" was before them—Colonel Tyrrell's saddle-horse is held by a servant near by, Nelly, in a state of glee almost equal to that of the dogs, hovers to and fro on the piazza. Her little heart is full to overflowing with happiness. She is going—*she*, Nelly—on a journey to Caesar's Head! Can bliss be greater? It is difficult for grown people to realize the boundless capability of childhood for enjoyment. If we only remembered how great, and alas! how brief it is, we might give them more to enjoy.

Presently the others appear on the piazza—Colonel Tyrrell smoking, Charlton ten degrees more sunburned than when he reached Transylvania. Minnie follows them—her pretty face looking slightly cross under her broad hat. The cause of this is soon apparent. A servant brings out a small trunk—scarcely larger than a portmanteau—and puts in the back of the wagonette. "Floy will only take *that*," says Minnie much aggrieved, "and I know we shall meet nice people and need some nice dresses."

"Floy is sensible," says her father. "You are not going to meet people, but to see rocks and mountains."

"O may I climb them, papa?" cries Nelly in the exuberance of her spirits.

"I think you did climbing enough at Coneste," returns papa, heartlessly.

Then Flora appears—having been delayed by final household arrangements—shakes hands with Mr. Martin and Oscar, who are to be left behind, and is assisted by Charlton into the wagonette. He is to drive, and she shares the front seat with him, Minnie and Nellie occupying the one behind. Colonel Tyrrell mounts his horse, a small negro boy darts away to open the gate, they roll gaily out, across the bridge with the translucent water flowing underneath—water full of lovely opal tints—and into the valley beyond. The air is buoyant with the freshness of early morning, the shadows are long, the colours of the mountains are exquisite. In this paradise of colour one needs new terms. Those majestic heights are neither blue nor purple—but innumerable shades of both tints melting and blending together until we are inclined to think that the pigments were never mixed by mortal hand to reproduce them. Ah, as one of the most charming of modern writers says, if colour were only like music so that one could write it down, what grand harmonies these mountain landscapes would render!—"if one could possess for good the gleams of sudden sweetness, the modulation, the great bursting symphonies of light thrilling from a million notes at once into one great triumphal harmony: if the passion of loveliness which seems all about us at times, could be written down, one would need words that should change and deepen and sweeten with the reader's mood, and shift forever into combinations lovely and yet more lovely." It is impossible to go to the table land of the Blue Ridge and not feel this: it is impossible not to realize afresh that

"———midway betwixt heaven and us,
Stands Nature in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
His glory on her mystic face."

As they were driving along the valley, the music of the river in their ears, the glad morning light on the hills, a shifting picture before their eyes of green and gold and crystal, swift motion and exquisite repose, cool shadows and glancing brightness, with the steadfast grandeur of mountains in the background, Flora

feels that it is like a Benedicite. Her face is like one, Charlton thinks—the sweet flickering colour comes and goes on her cheeks, her eyes are the colour of the distant heights where they lie faint and far against the sky, her delicate lips stir unconsciously into soft smiles. He is the more pleased with this because heretofore there has been a slight cloud over her whenever the expedition to Cæsar's head was mentioned. It was with reluctance that she consented finally to go. But this morning the cloud seems to have vanished—the same glad sunshine lies on her face which is filling the whole world with light and rejoicing.

Their road lies over Mill Hill—that beautiful mountain which deserves a better name—the great panorama is spread before them to the farthest verge of the horizon, crest upon crest, peak behind peak, graceful lines blending, splendid forms towering, the symmetrical point of Pisgah is a landmark as it stands out clearly defined, and wearing it's most heavenly tint in the lucid atmosphere. On they go, mounting higher and higher and higher—green shade arching over, misty depths of verdure far below, waters dashing, flowers shining, ferns and mosses in profusion. "What a country for a botanist!" says Charlton. "Nature seems running wild with luxuriant loveliness!"

They pass the memorable cabin, with it's cabbage-patch, where the path to Coneste leads off into the woods. "Shall we stop and see the falls again?" Charlton asks, half checking the horses.

But Flora shakes her head. "Not this morning," she replies. "Papa wants to reach Cæsar's Head by mid-day. When we come back we shall have more time, and then we can see them if you like."

He touches the horses and they trot on, but he looks slightly disappointed. "We are never certain of a deferred pleasure," he says. "Life has taught me that much."

"Now for some time, the road is remarkably level. They drive past stilly depths of forest, through plantations of ferns, across quick-running mountain streams rippling with impetuous haste over the stones, under the close-growing ivy and rhododendron. One of these in particular, where they stop to water the horses, is such a very Undine of rivulets, that it's loveliness makes Minnie, like Mr. Wegg, "drop into poetry"—not original, however. The

verses which she repeats are probably among the best known in the language:

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I bubble on the pebbles,
I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That bloom for happy lovers."

"Tennyson's 'Brook' is a gem of the first water—no pun intended," says Charlton, "but there are some lines of Burns' on a mountain stream which I like even better. Do you remember them, Miss Tyrrell?"

"I think I do," says Flora smiling, "for I always liked them. Is not this what you mean?"

'Whiles thro' a linn the burnie plays,
Whiles thro' a glen it wimples,
Whiles bickering through the golden haze
With flickering dancing dazzle,
Whiles cookin' underneath the braes
Beneath the flowing hazel!"

"I don't think that can compare to Tennyson," says Minnie scornfully. "I never could admire Burns."

It is impossible to describe all the great beauty of the golden day, the majesty of loveliness which surrounds the travellers. Presently they enter a pass, hemmed in by mighty hills. The scenery is now of the wildest grandeur. It is a region of enchanted loneliness, of dazzling lights and solemn shadow. Great heights tower above, overhung with massive rocks, to which veils of softest moss and tangled vines cling, dark gorges lie below full of green misty gloom—gloom which no lance of sunlight ever pierces—far in the depths is to be heard the rush of falling water. The way grows wilder and steeper. Looking up at the great mountain which dominates the pass, they see a shimmer of sunlight among the twigs and stems and sprays of foliage, and the overhanging rocks are full of wonderful tints, but their way is in shadow—shadow delightful in its beauty and refreshment. "This is Jones' Gap," says Flora. "It leads between the Blue Ridge and the Saluda Mountains, hemmed in closely by both, down to South Carolina."

"Do we follow it long?" asks Charlton.

"No—we turn off very soon now, and ascend the mountain to which we are bound. Here is the place—to the right, over that bridge, Mr. Charlton."

Over the bridge—an insecure structure spanning a torrent—they pass, and begin the ascent of the mountain. The road is very winding, their progress is very slow, and the day would prove very warm but for the forest shade which is over them, and the pure freshness of the air. Higher and higher they go. "Does not everything look wild?" says Minnie. "I cannot *realize* that there is a hotel near at hand." Certainly she is right—everything looks exceedingly wild. But for the track they are following no sign of man would mark their way. All around is the untouched luxuriance of virgin Nature. "Where is the view, Floy?" asks Nelly anxiously.

"We shall soon come to it," answers Flora. "We are near the summit. Ah, there is a glimpse, but Minnie utters a cry of delight. Is it the ocean?—that marvellous blue plain stretching to infinite distance, of which they catch a gleam through interlacing foliage?"

"O whip up the horses, Mr. Charlton!—pray, pray let us get to the top!" cries Minnie eagerly.

The horses do not need any whipping: they find themselves suddenly on comparatively level ground, and they break into a trot. "Draw up yonder—where you see those rocks," says Flora, pointing forward. "We must go out on the Head. It is not a good time of day for the view, but still—"

"Of course we must go," says Minnie. She is out of the wagonette almost before it is drawn up. The rest descend more soberly, the horses are left in the shade. Out upon the rocks—on which the sun beats hotly—they go. On this side the mountain shelves down in an abrupt precipice of twenty-five feet to the plain below. The strange rock formation which, viewed from the side, makes a rude outline of a human head—and in another place, even more marked of a lion's—is the point from which the eye sweeps over a limitless view. "Ringed with the azure world," uplifted far above it, they stand, gazing in speechless delight. "O Floy, is it the whole world?" cries Nelly, clinging to her sister's dress.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery by Columbus in 1492 to the present time. It covers the early years of settlement, the struggle for independence, the formation of the Constitution, and the development of the nation as a whole. The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from 1789 to the present time. It covers the early years of the Republic, the struggle for the abolition of slavery, the Civil War, and the Reconstruction period. The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from 1865 to the present time. It covers the Reconstruction period, the Gilded Age, the Progressive Era, and the modern era. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for use as a textbook in schools and colleges.

It almost looks as if it might be. On their right the chain of the Saluda Mountains, with the Table Rock standing out boldly, stretches away westward, but in every other direction lies a boundless plain, over which hangs a magical blue light, which deepens into distance till land and sky blend in a glimmering mist which the glance vainly strives to pierce.

"Are you disappointed?" asks Flora turning to Charlton, with something wistful in her eyes. "I feared you might be—I have said so much."

"You have not said nearly enough," he answers quickly. "I had not imagined anything half so beautiful. What a limitless expanse!—what an ocean-like effect!"

"O!—O!—O!—it is heavenly!" cries Minnie, who has flung herself on her knees near the edge of the precipice. "It looks like some enchanted country down there. Who would think that it was common brown earth?"

"Floy, there's a gentleman coming round the rock behind us," whispers Nelly.

Flora turns involuntarily, then she starts, smiles, utters an exclamation. The face which Nellie had espied glancing round a large boulder, is familiar to her. "Is that you, Mr. Brandon?" she says in her sweet, cordial voice. Then she held out her hand. "How do you do?—and where do you come from?"

At this Mr. Brandon's entire figure appears—a slender, well-carried figure. He lifts his hat, showing a frank, open face. His gray eyes light up. He, too, smiles.

"This is a most unexpected pleasure, Miss Flora," he says. "I was down in the cave with a book and a cigar, when I heard voices above and thought I would come up and see who they were. Why, Nelly, have you forgotten me?—is that Minnie?"

"Is it you, Mr. Frank?" says Minnie, turning round from her contemplation of the view.

There are hand-shakings, greetings, inquiries—Charlton walks away. This interruption is like a jarring discord in music to him. He goes to the extreme verge of the jutting rocks, and stands there, looking out into space—far below birds are wheeling like tiny specks, over the boundless expanse of country soft cloud-shadows lie, the breeze is pure and fresh enough to have come from the courts of paradise. The great rugged cliffs of the moun-

tain are feathered over with the forest-growth which in these regions springs everywhere. Far down the face of the precipice beautiful stately firs are growing which from here look like mere shrubs.

He has not stood here very long—all the artist within him stirred by the strange, wild loveliness so unexpectedly revealed—when Flora's voice utters his name. "Mr. Charlton," she says—adding when he turns, "Let me introduce Mr. Brandon—an old friend of mine."

The gentlemen shake hands. Mr. Brandon wonders a little who Mr. Charlton may be. He recognizes at once the stamp of the stranger in manner and bearing. Charlton, on his part, feels no difficulty in placing Mr. Brandon. Even if Flora had not called him an old friend, he has by this time learned to note the frank, courteous, half-military greeting of the Carolinians, who have been soldiers and are still mountaineers, hunters and sportsmen.

They turn, after a little desultory conversation, and go back to the wagonette. "It is too warm to explore all the wonders of the Head just now," Flora says. "Later in the day, Mr. Charlton, we must show you into the mouth and the devil's drawing-room, and various other places of interest."

"I hope you mean to stay some time," says Mr. Brandon lifting Nellie into the wagonette.

"For a few days only," Flora answers. "George is here, is he not?"

"Yes, but he has gone to-day with a party over to Saluda Falls."

"Come up, Mr. Frank," says Minnie, drawing Nelly closer to her. "There is room enough."

Mr. Frank needs no solicitation. The mid-day heat makes him glad to be spared the walk back to the hotel. He takes the seat thus offered. They drive probably a quarter of a mile farther and draw up before the long piazza of the hotel.

Colonel Tyrrell is already there—one of a group of gentlemen who are smoking at their ease. The house is cool and comfortable—a mountain lodge, but a very pleasant one. Its situation is simply superb, a swelling point on two sides of which the mountain slopes down precipitously, while below, to the farthest verge of the horizon, lies the blue glimmering plain.

At dinner, to Charlton's disgust, Mr. Branson asserts his rights of old friendship by taking a seat at Flora's side and talking to her with great animation. Every other one of his speeches is prefaced with "Do you remember?"—a form of address naturally disgusting to a new friend, since it indicates many memories in common. Flora is kind and courteous, but she does not encourage these reminiscences. Presently the reason of this appears:

"We were here together once before," says Mr. Brandon, with the best possible intention of making himself agreeable. "Two years ago, I believe it was. I remember that Harry was with us, and I have not seen him since. What a delightful time we had! I was thinking of it as I lay down in the cave just before I heard your voice above. Odd, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was a singular coincidence," answers Flora. She speaks quietly, but Charlton—who by this time has learned to know every trick of her face and tone of her voice—feels that the subject is distasteful to her. He finds himself wondering why this should be. Having decided that she cares nothing for Harry, he has of late given little thought to that gentleman; but now Frank Brandon's careless words bring back a sense of doubt. He suddenly recollects Flora's reluctance to come to Cæsar's Head. Are there old associations lurking here which she did not wish to meet? And with whom can these old associations be connected but with Sunderland? These are the questions which Charlton is asking, while voices are talking all around him, and there is a constant chatter of dishes and knives and forks.

After dinner there is a short time devoted to rest and siesta. Then the little party gather together and go out on the Head. They follow the paths which lead around and about the great massed terrible rocks, they go down to the devil's drawing-room—into which Nelly, much to her dismay, is lifted by Charlton—they admire Cæsar's profile from a point on the cliff, they return to the top and go down on the other side into the cave which forms his mouth. No one can stand upright in this, but it is large enough to contain several persons in a reclining position. Two is the general and favorite number, however—as Mr. Brandon remarks. He seats himself on the edge of the rock and with his legs carelessly swinging over the precipice, announces that it ought to be called Flirtation Cave, "from the

amount of that amusement which takes place," he adds. "I have been credibly informed that there have been no less than five proposals made here during the present season," he gravely proceeds.

"Have you made one of them, Mr. Frank?" Minnie mischievously inquires.

Mr. Frank declines to commit himself on that point. "But I saw one magnificent sight," he goes on, turning to Flora. "It was a thunderstorm below. You can't conceive anything more grand—or more singular. To be here with the sun shining and the blue sky above, while at our feet clouds were rolling, lightning flashing, thunder bellowing. It was almost appalling—especially when the clouds, impelled by a strong wind, struck the side of the mountain. By Jove, the uproar was sublime!"

"I wish something of the kind would happen now!" says Minnie, gazing regretfully at the clear sky, and the beautiful azure world below.

Flora turns away, and assisted by Charlton remounts the path leading to the Head. "I do not like that cave," she says abruptly over the rocks which line the way. "It reminds me of—of days I would rather forget. Do you not think such things are sad? To come back to a place one has once known—without the people that made it pleasant."

"The degree of sadness depends entirely upon how much we may have cared for the people," answers Charlton.

Flora glances at him. There is something wistful in her soft eyes. "I wish I could forget," she says simply. "I envy people who have not tenacious memories. I begin to think you are right. This is a world of change, and those who are wise change with it. The past cannot be brought back. We ought to live in the present."

"Why not do so, then?" he asks. There is a subtle sympathy between them which enables him to realize what she is feeling—he knows well the vague sense of sadness which overtakes us in places where we have once been most gay and happy. If this sadness was more than sentiment, however, would she be likely to speak of it so openly? He answers this question in the negative, and by the time he has answered it to his own satisfaction, they are on the Head.

Several persons are there—gay young ladies and gentlemen. They are all dressed for rambling and have alpenstocks. Most of them know Flora, and they begin at once to tell their adventures to her. Whoever likes or needs an abundance of healthy outdoor exercise should come to such a place as this. Instead of promenading on hotel piazzas and dancing the German in crowded ball-rooms, people climb mountain-sides and walk miles to see the glory of leaping cascades. Love of Nature becomes an enthusiasm—even those who have never before thought of the glory of the earth and sky, find their eyes suddenly opened as if by enchantment. This party are fresh from the magnificent Falls of the Little River behind Cedar Mountain. They say to Flora, "O do you remember how beautiful it is!" and Flora answers that she remembers. Some of the gentlemen have been hunting. They have their guns and hunting horns. Deer-hounds are lying on the rocks behind. While gay voices are sounding, sweet laughter ringing, the sun is sloping low toward the chain of mountains that stretch along the western horizon, the great hills fling their shadows across the land, the marvellous blue light changes its tint to a mauve-like haze.

After the sun has gone—dropping slowly behind a purple cleft of the mighty heights—the gay party go also. They are tired after their day's expedition, and they struggle back to the hotel in groups of twos and threes. Neither Flora nor Charlton are sorry to be left. They are such thorough friends by this time, that they know how to share and understand each other's mood. Flora sits upon a rock, with her face turned toward the sunset radiance, Charlton stands by with folded arms, like the pictures of Napoleon at St. Helena. Neither speaks for some time. The voices of Minnie and Brandon float up from the cave, but no articulate words reach the ears above. On the side of the cliff, near the devil's drawing room, an artist with a small easel before him, is trying to catch the evening light on the great Table Rock. No other sound breaks the stillness, no other human figure is in sight. Words cannot describe the beauty of the scene before them, the majestic stillness around. Infinity lies below, the superb chain of mountains stretch westward to the golden gateway of the sun. The boundless dome of heaven—a "vasty deep" of purest ether—bends over them, winds such as are never felt in the low-lands come to their brows.

"On every height there lies repose," says Flora pleasantly, in her sweet thrilling voice. "How right Goethe was! There is no repose like that which one feels on the summit of a mountain—earth seems so distant, heaven so near. And it is only a type of the repose which lies on spiritual heights."

"Heights of great emotions, do you mean?" asks Charlton.

She shakes her head. "I am afraid great emotions and repose cannot readily exist together," she answers. "I was thinking chiefly of sacrifice and pain. Do you think one can ever really be at peace until one forgets one's self. Yet that is so hard to do?"

"So impossible rather," says the man of the world.

"I wonder if it is impossible"—she is looking at the soft, blue, trending lines behind and above which the fires of sunset are burning—"At least it is something worth striving for."

"I never knew a woman who seemed to think so little of herself as you do," says Charlton. "I don't think you need cultivate any more unselfishness."

"You talk in that way because you don't know—anything," she answered quickly, almost impatiently. "If you knew me as I am—but why should I say so? It is a good thing, perhaps, that none of us can be known as we are."

"A good thing for society certainly," says Charlton a little dryly.

"But if you did," she goes on quickly, "you would know that I don't deserve your praise—not at all. It gives me pleasure to make others happy, and to care for their comfort, therefore I have no merit in doing so. But in other things I am selfish enough."

"I must take it altogether on trust," says Charlton, smiling down upon her, "but you have reduced me to such a state of vassalage that I summon courage with difficulty to challenge any assertion you choose to make. Do you reduce every one who comes near you to this state?"

"You are laughing at me?"—she looks up at him, smiling in turn—"See how the tints are fading! The artist is putting away his picture, and yonder come Minnie and Frank Brandon up from the mouth."

(To be Continued.)

ALFRED TENNYSON.

 BY T. B. KINGSBURY.

V—Longer Poems Considered—Analysis of Genius—Conclusion.

When we began this series of papers upon the great Victorian poet, we purposed discussing with fullness and thoroughness his longer and maturer poems. But we have already detained the reader so long over less than one third of TENNYSON'S works, unless we weary him, we must bring our remarks to a close with this paper. Our survey of our poet's most ambitious and, altogether, most successful productions, must be necessarily rapid and cursory. We can but hope that at another time, in the years to come if we should live, we may be able to consider his most masterful works with conscientious care and elaboration.

In 1847 was published *The Princess—A Medley*. We have read that this was the poet's favorite. If by such a statement it is meant that the poet regards it as his highest achievement, then we doubt it. We can, however, well understand how it should be a favorite, for it is the most delightful of all his works, unless we except some three or four of the tales in *The Idylls of the King*. It is certainly a very engaging story, although some English critics have had much to say of its incongruities and anachronisms. To us it is absolutely charming, and as we are borne along upon the stream of his pleasing and graceful narrative, witnessing many tender and exciting scenes as we glide, viewing most lovely landscapes and varied prospects, and hearing sweeter music than linnet ever sung, we care not to quarrel because the author has chosen to introduce knights and tournaments in connection with ambitious damsels and the modern doctrine of woman's rights. We are too much enthralled with the splendor of the descriptions, the eloquence and passion of the thoughts, the Homeric dash and spirit of the fights, the consummate grace of the character painting, and the bewitching melody of the songs we hear, to stop to cavil or hunt for either real or supposed inconsistencies or violations of historic unity, or of any "fixed habits of conception" we may have. We hold that every poet should have large scope and perfect freedom to choose his own subject,

and to treat it according to his own ideas of poetic art. When the work is executed with the marvellous grace and exquisite finish of *The Princess*, and with an interest that is surely very fascinating, we should be so thankful that fault-finding should be displaced by hearty appreciation. For one, we are quite willing to sink the office of a critical detective into that of a generous and gracious interpreter. Since Goldsmith, with no little ingenuity, showed there was no merit in Hamlet's great soliloquy, we have not placed any great stress upon that sort of criticism that will never be satisfied with the productions of the best writers, and that is much more prone to apply the scalpel than to unfold occult beauties. As a story, *The Princess* is admirably told, and is as interesting as Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, or Byron's *Bride of Abydos*, although its excellence is of a rarer kind. We have never met with a more charming story in verse. It is very fanciful and beautiful—a plea for the rights of women, half jocose, half satirical it may be, but still the most plausible and winning that was ever made. It is such a poem as Keats or Shelley might have written, if the one had been less addicted to Greek mythology, and the other had bowed at a purer shrine. It takes a high place among the longer poems of our language. Our limits forbid either analysis or quotation. We cannot omit mentioning the exquisite songs and ballads of this unique poem. They are almost of unequalled perfection and beauty. It is hard to describe them, and still there is scarcely any rivals to these “gems of purest ray serene.” The famous “Bugle Song,” as it is known in literature, is the most remarkable composition of its kind in our language, and is a great triumph of skill and melody. Bayne, speaking of TENNYSON'S lyrics that are scattered over his longer poems, says, they “shine out conspicuously beautiful, like diamonds in gold fields.” Stedman, a successful poet, referring to the lyrics of *The Princess*, declares that they “reach the high-water mark of lyrical composition”—that there are five of the melodies which “constitute the finest group of songs produced in our century,” and that the “Bugle Song,” in the opinion of many, is “the most perfect English lyric since the time of Shakespeare.” He says of the poem as a whole, that it is “the most varied and interesting of his works with respect to freshness and invention.” Even Taine grows into genuine admiration under the fascination of such a direct and

potent imagination, whilst Bayne, generally highly appreciative, has fewer words of commendation. We feel satisfied it will be long held a favorite. There is a strain of deep social wisdom pervading the poem, and now and then a "sweet satiric touch" greets you, that gives variety and vigor to the story. The poem is written in blank-verse (semi-heroic) and is what its short name imparts—A Medley—but full of rarest beauties and lingual felicities.

In 1849, *In Memoriam* was published. It is intended to commemorate the virtues of his best loved college companion and friend, and his sister's affianced lover—Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the great historian, who died in Vienna in 1833, for in that fatal year,

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

It was a very sad blow to TENNYSON, this dying of his friend in the full flush of manhood's early prime. In all literature we know nothing more touching than the deep and prolonged sorrow of a great poet over a dead companion, ever longing "for the touch of a vanished hand," and for "the sound of a voice that is still." As Henry Reed says of this fine poem, and he has written more ably and penetratingly of it than any one else we remember, "it is an effort made in no vain curiosity," but is a genuine outpouring of a great heart suffering under a great bereavement. It is possibly TENNYSON's greatest poem, as Bayne asserts: and if not that, we may at least safely affirm with both him and Reed, that it is the noblest of all elegiac poems—more than rivalling Milton's *Lycidas*, or Shelley's *Adonais*, or Wordsworth's *Eligies*, or Spenser's lamentations, or any of the Greek eligies. It must be very closely studied and pondered to be appreciated. It will prove to be a "sealed book to all who allow themselves to think of poetry as words to be lightly or indolently read, or as a mere effusion of effeminate sentimentalism." It is at once the most thoughtful, the most difficult, and, possibly, the most successful of his longer poems. Its difficulty lay in attempting to "embalm a private sorrow for everlasting remembrance,"* and his success is very great. It is in many respects a very great poem, but as an entirety it will never be popular. It is too profound, too phi-

*Bayne v 1. p. 115.

losophical, too thoughtful for such a fate. "It was said by Jeremy Taylor of one of the early Fathers, that there were some passages in his writings which a lamb might ford, and others which an elephant could not swim. In this volume of poems there are pieces which are the lucid expression of thought and feeling, common to many a mind, but uncommon in the exquisite utterance: there are other passages dim and even dark, for they tell of a great poetic imagination looking into deep places."† As long as sorrow visits the heart, as long as death is common to the race, as long as it can be said, that

"Never morning wore,
To evening, but some heart did break,"‡

this account of a grand human sorrow will continue to impress the meditative and religious readers as no other uninspired composition has impressed them, for while the author deals with the most mysterious, the most awful, the most solemn truths that belong to Christianity and mortal life, he has voiced his great sorrow in rhythm that is as "solemn and majestic as the roll of the melancholy main."‡‡. Sara Coleridge records that Aubrey De Vere pronounced *In Memoriam* "the first strain since Shakspeare."*** His latest and best critic, Stedman, says that the poem under consideration is his "most characteristic and significant," that "in it are concentrated his wisest reflections," that "it stands by itself," that it is "the great threnody of our language by virtue of unique conception and power" and, in comparison with all other elegiac poems, "is beyond them all." This is at once penetrative and just criticism. But the Frenchman, Taine, only finds it "cold, monotonous, and often too prettily arranged,"§ and then indulges in some of his brilliant ridicule. He would do better to stick to Alfred de Musset, for *he* can understand *him*. All other critics, as far as we know, are agreed as to the great merits of this poem.

It was not until 1850, that the poem was completed. It is composed of a group of short poems—one hundred and twenty-nine in number—composed of from three to ten or twelve stanzas each. The stanza is the eight-syllable quatrain, but changed, so that

†Reed's Eng. Lit. p. 245. ‡*In Memoriam*. §Bayne p. 115. ****Memoirs and Letters*, p. 454. §Eng. Lit. 2 v. p. 526.

the first and fourth lines rhyme, and the second and third. Mr. Stedman remarks :

"The metrical form of this work deserves attention. The author's choice of the transposed-quartraine verse was a piece of good fortune * * * But TENNYSON's art-instincts are always perfect. * * * The grave, majestic, hymnal measure swells like the peal of an organ, yet acts as a brake on undue, spasmodic outbursts of discordant grief." We infer from what he says at large about the verse, that he supposes it to be the creation of TENNYSON. In this he is mistaken. It is the invention of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, brother of George Herbert, the famous poet and Christian saint. Here is a stanza by Lord Herbert :

"These eyes again thine eyes shall see ;
And hands again thine hands enfold,
And all chaste pleasures to be told,
Shall with us everlasting be."

But the stanza would have been forgotten but for TENNYSON, who aptly chose it, and made it immortal. If space allowed, we would like to give some selections from this poem, for it contains more quotable lines than any other of his works. We cannot doubt that Mr. Stedman is correct in the opinion that it will "defy the dust of time." He says it is the most valued of his works "by educated and professional readers," and then mentions the interesting fact that recently a number of *authors* were "asked to name three leading poems of this century which they would most prefer to have written." All of them named *In Memoriam* either first or second.

Maud is a poem of unequal power. Altogether it is a vigorous performance, but is full of unhealthful passion, abounds in querulous and morbid ravings, is seriously insipid in parts, and leaves a dissatisfied impression. The author was evidently suffering physically when he wrote it. Possibly he had the dyspepsia, or a severe nervous attack. There is a painful absence of the *mens sana in sano corpore*. Containing, as it does, passages of great splendor, felicity and elaborateness, it must be confessed that it is neither as thoughtful, as elevating, nor as well constructed as his other more ambitious productions. Taine, with characteristic perversity, seems to regard it with special favor, and evidently estimates it as one of his best. In no poem is TENNYSON's versi-

fication more melodious and his diction more artistic. The famous love song beginning, "Come into the garden Maud," is wonderful alike in the music of its flow and in the rapture of its passion. Its lyric harmony is so perfect that the dullest ear must to some extent enjoy it. Bayne attributes TENNYSON's comparative failure in this brilliant but inferior effort of his genius, to two causes, viz: he *sought* a theme, instead of letting it come of its own accord, and it was not, therefore, the result of "very deep or natural feeling." He says that he "works" in this poem, whereas "in the others his mind is but the Æolian harp from which the cunning hand of nature draws ethereal music." Another writer suggests that its inferiority arises in his effort to write of "the events of the day." Stedman damns it quite decidedly. He says it "is scanty in theme, thin in treatment, poor in thought; but has musical episodes, with much fine scenery and diction"—that it contains "cheap satire," and is "conspicuous for affectations unworthy of the poet." An able critic in the *London Quarterly Review* for October, 1873, in a severe and unwarranted attack upon our poet, declares, *per contra*, that *Maud* "is in many respects the most remarkable of his works," and that "the versification is admirable," but that "its style" is "too good" for the subject. We have frankly given our opinion above, and it will pass for what it is worth.

Of his longest poem, *The Idylls of the King*, we must content ourselves with a too hurried notice. We deem it a good fortune to have lived during its production. Any literature is greatly enriched by such a splendid contribution, and mankind is blessed in having added to its sources of intellectual gratification such an admirable work of genius. It is composed of ten distinct stories, written in the most musical blank-verse in our language, of which TENNYSON is the inventor, and takes us back over the centuries to the dim and distant days of King Arthur. Although each "Idyll" is distinct, it finds a common centre with the others around the great potentate. The ten tales are singularly beautiful, and contribute a great epic—doubtless the greatest since Milton, and as Taine justly says, is distinguished above all other epics for its *purity*. The Frenchman is constrained to acknowledge that TENNYSON "with admirable art, has renewed the feelings and language of the early days of chivalry, and concedes that portions of

the last of the tales, *The Passing of Arthur*, are "calmer and more imposing" than any other poetry since Goethe.* He is correct, as we understand it, in stating that our poet "has renewed the feelings and language" of chivalry. Nothing can be finer than the manner in which he calls before us the shadowy past. As the mighty magician waves his wand, the Court at Caerleon, with all of its splendor and pomp and circumstance, is brought vividly before us. We for the time become participants in the magnificent entertainments that royalty provides so lavishly for the lords and ladies of the time. We mingle with the throng clothed in their gorgeous and quaint costumes, and with them look in admiration upon the noble but troubled face of the illustrious and unfortunate monarch, and gaze entranced upon the transcendent beauty of Guinevere, his false and fascinating Queen. With the brave and courtly Knights who graced the famous "Table Round of Arthur" we tread the resounding halls, or enter the lists and witness the splendid prowess of Sir Launcelot and his great antagonists, until we hear again the loud shouts of the thousands who beheld in rapture those gay and impressive scenes. The old forgotten life comes back once more, and is so vivified by the genius of TENNYSON, that we are transported to other days and other scenes in the strange and remote past, and all rises up before us clothed in the golden vestments of poetry.

The most beautiful of the series is *Elaine*—*par excellence* the most pathetic and winsome story that was ever written—whilst the most dramatic and lofty is *Guinevere*. One of the noblest passages in our language occurs in this poem, in the last interview that Arthur held with his guilty but deeply penitent Queen, before he turned his back upon her forever. Never has misfortune found a greater painter since the master's hand placed its finishing touch upon that canvass upon which is portrayed forever the linaments of Lear in his madness and of Othello in his agony, nor has remorse ever found a more sympathetic historian. The man who can read unmoved these two wonderfully touching poems, must have a heart of adamant and ears as deaf to the cry of distress as are those of the adder. These ten poems are of unequal merit. Between the completion of the first and the last

*Eng. Lit., 2v. p. 530.

"Idyll," over thirty years have intervened. The result is as was to have been expected, there is not only inequality in the general effect and interest of the stories, but there is also a perceptible difference in the style. The last two he has published, *Garth and Lynette* and *The Last Tournament*, are inferior to those written years ago. There is less grace and naturalness than in the earlier tales. *The Idylls of the King* is one of the most charming poems as a whole in any language, and will be with us "a joy forever." We are not prepared to say with Stedman that it is his "master work." We doubt that, but we agree with him that it is "the greatest narrative-poem since *Paradise Lost*."

In the volume of 1855, in addition to *Maud*, are some noticeable minor poems of marked excellence. The *Brook* is a beautiful pastoral that has excited general admiration. It is highly finished, and contains a lyric—the song of the brook—that is as perfect in form as in expression. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* contains some very grand and memorable lines. It is somewhat monotonous, but there is a certain martial roll in the numbers that is appropriate and impressive. There is something very poetical in the meeting in the spirit world of the shades of Nelson and Wellington, the two great heroes of the 19th century. *The Daisy*, the lines to Rev. F. D. Maurice, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, have all peculiar and high merit of their own. Of *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field* we have already spoken. The former is very pure, very tender, very sweet and pathetic, written in that Tennysonian blank-verse that is without a rival. We do not like *Sea Dreams* as we do others of that class. It is feverish and full of mannerism not of the best kind. There are dozens of other lesser poems that richly deserve notice for their imaginative glow, their originality of form, their elevated spirit, admirable harmony of versification and precision and delicacy of language. But we must pass without delay to a brief analysis of his genius, with which we close the discussion. Our labors will be much lightened because of what we have already said in passing his various volumes under review. What are his characteristic traits as a poet?

All critics without any exception, concede that the *workmanship* of TENNYSON is consummate. In our language there is nothing so absolutely perfect. His industry is great, his fidelity to his art

above all praise. There are but few careless lines in his poems. In some of his blank-verse, like in Milton, there are passages that are not poetical, and would not be good specimens of prose even. But such passages are rare.

His *verse* is remarkable for grace, elegance, and melody. No poet has surpassed him in the rhythmic effect of his lines. His *art* is supreme, and he is probably without a rival. We have already given Bayne's opinion. The critic in the *Quarterly Review*, already referred to, remarks: "He can compel the stubborn English into the most ingenious imitation of the quantitative classical metres." Stedman says: "As an *artist* in verse ALFRED TENNYSON is the greatest of modern poets." He says any poet "may well despair" who studies his "original and fastidious art." He says he is "the most faultless of modern poets in technical execution;" that if you give him a theme "no poet can handle it so exquisitely," and that he is an artist "so perfect in a *widely extended range*, that nothing of his work can be spared." Such is the opinion of one of the ablest critics yet born in America. "There is perhaps no modern poet who combines with a genius so exquisite, so profound a knowledge of his art."*

His *diction* is simply wonderful. He is a master indeed. No writer in any age, from Dan Chaucer to Swinburne and Morris, has exhibited greater power over the English tongue. He has accomplished precisely what Lord Macaulay said he would do, make the English language rival in melody the tongues of Italy and Spain. This no other poet has done. He always uses the right word. They "gleam like pearls and opals, like rubies and emeralds. He yokes the stern vocables of the English tongue to the chariot of his imagination, and they become as gracefully brilliant as the leopards of Bacchus, or soft as the Cytherean doves. He must have been born with an ear for verbal sounds, an instinctive appreciation of the beautiful and delicate in words, hardly ever equalled. His earliest poems are festoons of beauty, which he seems to shake sportively, as if he loved to see jewel and agate and almondine glittering amid tropic flowers."†

Dr. Wm. Francis Collier, in his work on English Literature, says, that our poet has proved himself "a consummate master of that noble instrument in skilful hands—the English tongue."

*Cornhill Magazine. †Bayne, 1v. p. 92.

The *Quarterly Review* critic says, he doubts "whether any poet has ever so thoroughly comprehended the value of words in metrical writing as Mr. Tennyson."

The *rarity* and *dignity* of his poems are very unusual. In whatever mood you may chance to be you will find something to please you, for in him you will meet with almost every form of expression and every frame of feeling. "This pliant soul," says his least appreciative critic, "Takes *all tones* in order to give itself all pleasures."* He says further, that "he has gleaned from all nature and all history what was most *lofty* and amiable."† You will meet with passages that will remind you of many great masters. You will be reminded of the austerity and grandeur of Dante; of the sublimity of Milton; of the oriental opulence and intellectual vigor of Keats; of the "mellowed splendor" and extreme richness of Spenser; of the warm, gushing detail of Hunt; of the vivid and weird description of Coleridge; of the "inwoven beauty" and "gorgeous dreaming" of Shelley; of the idyllic pictures, "liquid sweetness, and "high unsullied morality"‡ of Wordsworth, and of the dramatic energy and passionate outbursts of Byron. You can turn to noble poems of every kind, idyllic, lyric, elegiac, satiric, epic. Taine makes this admission: "It seems as if an archæologist might produce all styles, *except* the grand, and TENNYSON has reproduced all, even the grand."§

Taine mentions that "a great (English) writer has declared him a more glorious poet than Lord Byron, and maintains that nothing so perfect (as his poems) has been seen since Shakespeare." Said Charles Dickens, speaking of *The Idylls of the King*,** "Lord! what a blessed thing it is to read a man who really can write: I thought nothing could be finer than the first poem, till I came to the third (*Enid*); but when I had read the fourth (*Elaine*), it seemed to be absolutely unapproachable." TENNYSON has displayed great *rarity* both in subjects and manner of treatment. He has not only exhibited a very complete mastery over the *metres* that have been used by the greatest ancient and modern poets, but he has introduced measures that in his hands have produced wonderful effects. But whatever measure or form he adopts he seems equally at home, and evokes a melody peculiarly his own from his English lyre.

*Taine, v2, p. 530. †Taine, 2v, p. 537. ‡Bayne. §Taine, 2v, p. 533. **2v, p. 530.

In *graphic description*; in *picturesque, vivid word-painting*, he is without a master. It would not be safe to trust ourself to characterize this power in TENNYSON immediately after reading his most successful efforts. We can find a hundred passages that show "the hand of the finishing imagination," and are "demonstrative of supreme poetic genius."*

Our poet possesses the ability to *portray character* in no mean degree. Whilst he has not great dramatic talent—the Skakpearian grasp and power to delineate humanity, yet some of his figures are not only clear cut, but have an individuality of their own. He is an idealist, however, even when he writes dramatically. Taine thinks that "Dickens and Thackeray did not more firmly grasp real and actual manners."†

No poet has shown such a minute observation of *natural scenery*. TENNYSON is a genuine lover of nature. His works abound in the most careful and happy descriptions of the country. No English poet has sung more frequently of birds and flowers than he. His pastoral poems are of exquisite loveliness and excellence, and of their kind are unequalled as far as our reading extends. He surpasses Wordsworth in perhaps his strongest points, he excels infinitely Thompson and Goldsmith, and thoroughly overshadows the classical mannerism and artificial descriptions of Dryden and Pope. In fact one of the greatest charms of his writings are the frequent pictures of rural life—of life among the trees and flowers, the hills and wolds of "merrie England." He was born amid the fens of Lincolnshire, and how admirably, how poetically, with what a pre-Raphaelite minuteness has he described its scenery in his earlier works! In his later poems, he reproduces the lovely landscape of the South of England, "where green and dasied downs take the place of the gray wolds to which his young eyes were accustomed."‡ The susceptibility of TENNYSON to beauty in all its varied forms is of the highest, and his gifts in depicting it are really unsurpassed. In England this gift is generally recognized, and often referred to in periodical literature. We know of no English poets with whom we would compare in this respect, unless it be John Milton and John Keats. Whilst he has not succeeded best upon re-producing current

*Article on Tennyson, 1 v. p. 90. †Eng. Lit. 2 v. p. 524. ‡Collier, Eng. Lit.

opinion, he has exhibited the instincts of a great poet in adapting himself to his age and time none the less. In other words, he has generally written just such poems as highly educated English-speaking people desired, whilst generally avoiding those subjects that were discussed in highly educated circles. His heart is wholly English, and he has identified himself thoroughly with his people. Hence, whilst avoiding popular topics usually, his poetry is to a great extent "reflexive of the feelings and characteristics of his age."*

The *moral elevation* of TENNYSON is deserving of unqualified praise. There is no taint in anything he has written. The father may well read any passage he has written to his daughter, or the lover may read it to his betrothed. We would undertake to glean from his pages as many passages of lofty morality as can be found in any poet in any age or country. It is surely great praise to say justly of any great author who has lived through the last sixty-four years, that there is no moral taint in what he has written, but that all is of unblemished purity and dignity. Such praise belongs to TENNYSON.

The genius of our poet is more *lyrical* than dramatic. Indeed, it is safe to say, that the lyrical power of TENNYSON was never surpassed by any English poet unless we except Shakespeare. This feature of his genius is so dominant, so supreme, that it asserts itself continually in nearly all of his poems.

His powers of *satire* are great. He has not chosen to indulge this vein very often, but the examples we have are of a kind to assure us that he could have become the rival of any satirist of modern times if he had so aspired. If we had space we could easily justify such an opinion by an appeal to his works.

Mr. Stedman has justly remarked upon the large number of pithy couplets and sayings in which his works abound, rivalling in that line Pope, who indulged that *penchant* in excess, and with an air that leads you to think they were made to order.

We have completed our imperfect survey. We have brought before you his rare, plastic, consummate art; his mastery over our tongue; his refined, tasteful and exact diction; his exquisite rythmical gifts; his unequalled melody; his splendid imagina-

*Bayne.

tion ; his chaste and infallible taste ; his thorough conscientiousness ; his unfaltering loyalty to truth and morality, and his pure blameless life. We have essayed to show you that the blending of this manifold genius has given to the world many of the choicest and most enduring productions that glorify the language we speak, and that gladden English hearts and homes. We claim for him that he has certainly written the finest elegiac poem known to letters, the noblest epic in two hundred years, the most perfect lyrics since Shakspeare, and many poems of unsurpassed grace, beauty and finish. We believe he will long appear to the best educated and highest minds,

“A Star among the stars of mortal night”—

that will not grow dimmer with revolving years, but wax brighter with each succeeding decade. We expect that when ALFRED TENNYSON rests with his fathers, that the voice of England will be, that in independent and original genius, in technical skill, in the variety, splendor, beauty and profundity of his writings he has left a legacy to his country equal to that of any poet since the great Puritan—that “mighty-mouth’d inventor of harmonies”—

“God-gifted organ-voice of England,
MILTON, a name to resound for ages.”*

NOTE.—Since we undertook the preparation of this series of articles the English Government has tendered a Baronetcy to TENNYSON. True to himself he declined the somewhat barren honor, however well-meant on the part of those who offered it. It was he who wrote,

“Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

This he wrote when twenty-three. When forty years of age he asked,

“For who would like an ancient form
Thro’ which the spirit breathes no more ?”

—*In Memoriam.*

*Tennyson’s Sonnet on Milton.

MARGINALIA.

I. The leading scientists of the age, with few honorable exceptions, are more or less tainted with the virus of atheism. They are eloquent, learned, ingenious, confident and aggressive. They are very artful in the manners of attack, and it requires skill combined with high attainments and ability to meet them successfully. Some strong men have accepted the gauge of battle they have thrown down, and for some years to come there will be a clashing of shields and shivering of lances in the intellectual jousts. Other things being equal, we feel sure that Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer, Lewes, *et id omne genus*, will be forced back against the lists, or left upon the field *hors du combat*. That the reader may see how one of the scientific knights has furnished a weapon to be used against himself and some of his co-laborers, take the following by Mr. Tyndall, one of the ablest. In one of his published addresses, delivered in 1870, occurs the subjoined passage which shows how he antagonized *then* with the views he has since advanced. It would be curious to learn what facts have been since discovered to cause such a complete revolution in his utterances, and to justify this modern "philosopher" in his scientific summersault. Condemning the "evolution theory" *then*, he expressed himself as follows :

"What are the core and essence of this hypothesis? Strip it naked and you stand face to face with the notion that not alone the more ignoble forms of animalcular or animal life, not alone the nobler forms of the horse and lion, not alone the wonderful and exquisite mechanism of the human body, but that the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—were once intent in a fiery cloud. Surely the mere statement of such a notion is more than a refutation. But the hypothesis would probably go even further than this. Many who hold it would probably assent to the position that at the present moment all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science and art—Plato, Shakspeare, Newton, and Raphael—are potential in the fires of the sun. I do not think that any holder of the Evolution hypothesis would say that I overstate it or overstrain it in any way. I merely strip it of all vagueness and bring before you unclothed and unvarnished the notions by which it must stand or fall. *Surely these notions represent an absurdity too monstrous to be entertained by any sane mind.*"

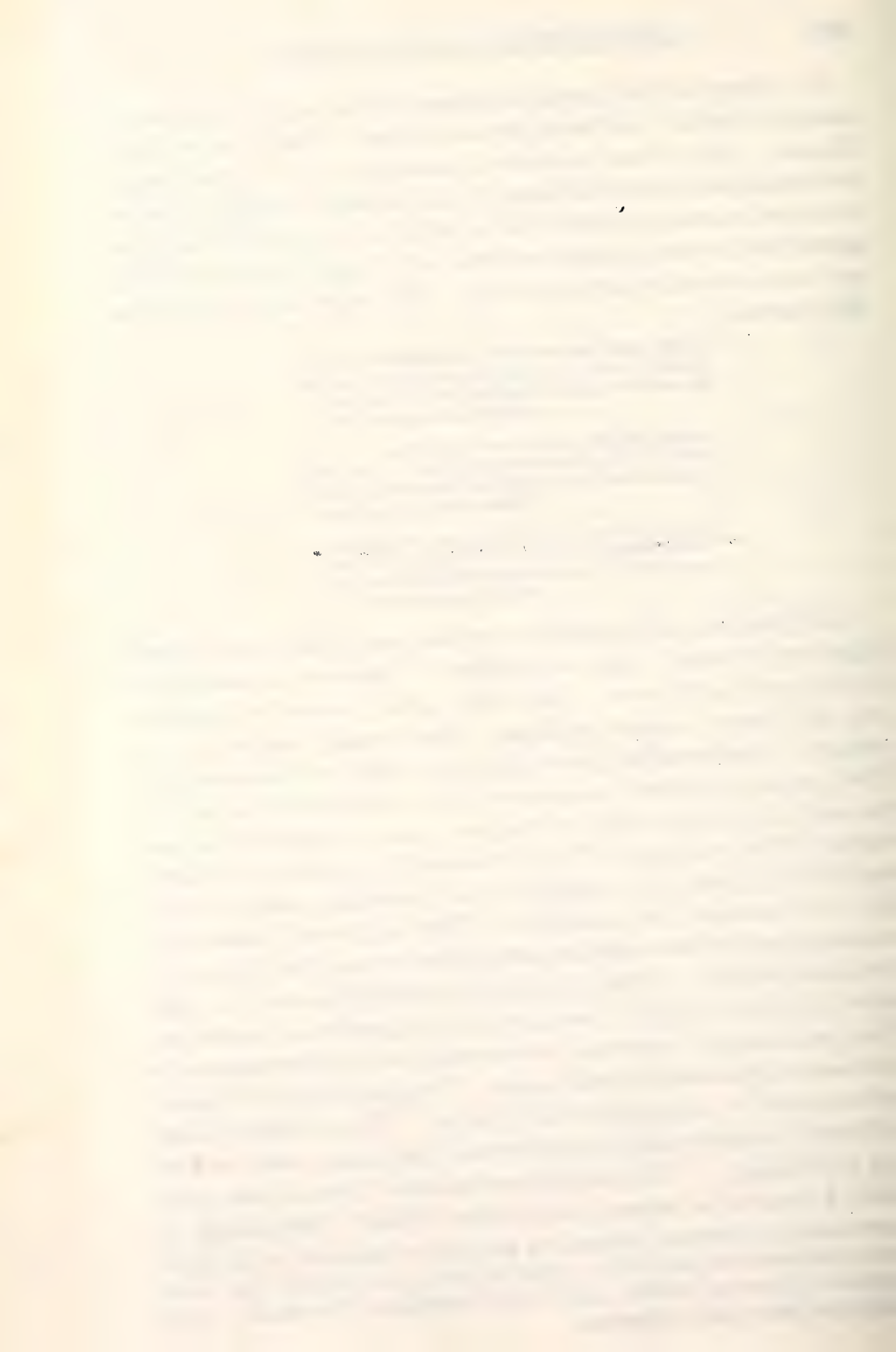
II. *Apropos* of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species by natural selection is a poem by an eminent Scotch Judge, Lord Neaves. In a volume published some years ago by Blackwood, the noted publisher of Edinburgh, his lordship indulges in many witty and humorous strains, all of which appear to have been inspired by the new-fangled, or rather old fangled theories dressed up in the scientific garb of the age. We copy the follow hit at Mr. Darwin :

"A deer with the neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh)
By stretching and stretching became a giraffe
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,
And he then by the name of the elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.

III. Speaking of the Arabians, we are reminded of the blessings they conferred upon civilization in the way of useful discoveries and inventions. They were great friends of learning and had many famous colleges. They greatly improved the science of mathematics, inventing the sines of trigonometry. They greatly developed astronomy, they ascertained the size of the earth, fixed the length of the year; and determined the precession of the equinoxes. They invented the manner of measuring time by clocks, by clepsydras and sun-dials, and were the first to introduce the pendulum. They originated chemistry, making many of the most important discoveries that belong to that useful science. They published the first dispensatories, and were the first to apply chemistry to the practice of medicine. They made many important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, hydrostatics and optics. In agriculture, in manufactures, and in mining they did wonders. They invented chess, and wrote romances and novels, some of which are read to this day with delight. Who has not read more or less of those wonderful fictions—the tales of the *Arabian Nights*? But enough to show that the Saracens, whom we are apt to associate with ignorance, superstition and vice, were at one time among the most ingenious, learned, skilful and refined peoples of the earth. But long ago their glory departed.



IV. The Duke of Marlborough, confessedly the greatest military genius that England ever produced, has provoked a vast deal of discussion among historians and critics. There is a great variety and antagonism of opinion in the estimate placed upon his personal character. Lord Macaulay and Earl Stanhope, in their great historical compositions, differ entirely in their general summing up, as well as in the discussion of particular incidents and points in the life of the hero of Ramilies and Blenheim. But all writers agree that Marlborough had but little political principle, was avaricious and sorely "hen pecked" by a termagant wife. Macaulay paints him on his graphic canvas as utterly mean and despicable. Pope, who so well knew how to sting his adversaries, and who has bequeathed the English reader some of the most perfect specimens of satire, has described the baseness of the Duke in "savage lines" which have never been printed, and which the *Edinburgh Review* says, "Pope dared not give to the public." We copy the following couplet, which is a good specimen of Pope's manner. Speaking of Marlborough the poet says :

"What wonder triumph never turned his brain,
Filled with small fears of loss, small joys of gain."

V. According to Dr. Draper in his last work, to be noticed in this number, the theory of Darwin is as old as Aristotle. He quoted that great philosopher as teaching that "the various organic forms presented to us by Nature are those which existing conditions permit," and that "there is an unbroken chain from the simple element through plants and animals up to man, the different groups merging by insensible shades into each other." Now, is not here the modern, so-called theory of "evolution?" Verily, is there nothing new under the sun? That the Arabians taught in their schools the modern doctrine of evolution and development we knew, but we did not suppose as wise a man as Aristotle had ever promulgated any such dogma. For one, we do not for a moment believe that the grand old Greek was only a highly "developed" ape or chimpanzee, gifted with immense monkey-power, but bereft of the usual caudal appendage.

VI. In the will of the great dramatist as found in the office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Anno Domini, 1616, will be found the following: "In the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakspeare, &c." The signature is the same. Malone and Ste-

vens say: "The will is written on three sheets of paper, the last two of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspeare's own hand." Did not the greatest of men know how to spell his own name? On his daughter Susanna's tomb, her father's name is spelt as it is in his will. Ben. Jonso, his friend and contemporary so spelt it. We quote the following from the *Louisville Courier-Journal* :

"The spelling of Shakspeare's name has been an orthographical puzzle that critics for a century and a half have labored over. Stevens, Drake, Dr. Jonson, Reed, Hazlett, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Ulrich and Bodenstedt spell the name with ten letters, thus: Shakspeare; Chidworth, Mason, Heath, Lord Campbell, White, Guizot and Horn insist on eleven letters, thus: Shakespeare; while still others, though less in number and ability, declare for only nine letters, thus: Shakspere. William ought to have known how to spell his own name, and, as he wrote it Shakespeare, we are inclined to give him the benefit of the ten letters as he placed them."

We may add that nearly all the later critics who have edited his works, have retained the *e*, using eleven letters. We believe that this applies to Hudson, Rolfe, Verplanck, Collier and many other editors and annotators. In fact, we have noticed during the last four or five years, that his name is almost invariably spelt in English publications with eleven letters. The *origin* of his name authorizing this, we grant, but as the Louisville paper says, he ought to have known how to spell his own name, and people should follow his orthography. Verstegan, an old authority, says concerning the name of the great Englishman, that it was among those "syrnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feats of arms." We have yielded to "the pressure," and contrary to the example of the poet himself have for years spelt his name as the later critics have done. We will return to the "old way," and henceforth will write it SHAKSPEARE.

VII. We feel sure there are some of our readers who will be glad to learn anything of the real heroine of "George Eliot's" great romance, *Adam Bede*. It has long appeared to us that Dinah Morris, the young Methodist woman who preached so eloquently and persuasively, and who prayed more tenderly, sweetly and trustingly than any one else, and was so genuinely good withal, was one of the loveliest and most charming characters in

the entire realm of fiction. But it turns out that she was not a creature of the fancy but a real character, and was drawn to life. Her maiden name we cannot state, but believe it is given correctly in the novel. Seth and Adam Bede were real men, very much such characters as the great artist has drawn them. Their right name was Evans, and they were possibly relatives of "George Eliot," whose name, before marriage, as doubtless most of our readers know, was Marian Evans. She is now the wife of George Henry Lewes, one of the best living writers, and one of the largest intellects of these times, who as biographer, philosopher, scientist, play-wright, essayist, critic and writer of fiction, has achieved a high place among the literary men of his country. There is one fact connected with the real characters that possibly some of our readers, who, like ourself, have been fairly fascinated with the wondrous power of the novel, will not be glad to learn. Sweet, good Dinah did not marry Adam Bede as the author represents, but his brother Seth. For one, we are not glad to know this, as Adam is one of our greatest favourites.

It is well known that Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens is one of the most successful of American writers of history. Having completed a few years ago his fine work, *History of Methodism*, that was so highly praised by the late Gov. Swain, he has been engaged in writing a history of his denomination in the United States. It is to his researches in England that we are indebted for our information concerning Dinah Morris. He ascertained that in her childhood she was remarkable for her docility, conscientious and sweet disposition, and that when Mr. Wesley had carried on his great work to such a degree of success that societies for religious worship had been formed throughout England, in which women were allowed to participate, her rare natural talents found exercise in a sphere which no other body of Christians, except Quakers, then afforded. She preached in churches and sometimes in the open air, when she would subdue the rudest multitudes by her sweet and winning manners, and by her affecting eloquence. She was a constant visitor to the abodes of wretchedness and dens of crime, the charm of her benign presence and speech securing her not only protection, but welcome among the most brutal men. She even followed the poor penitent murderess, whom she has immortalized in Hetty Sorrell, to the scaffold min-

istering to her in the last sad, awful moments. The reader will remember that in the novel another end is given to Hetty. Elizabeth Fry was the intimate friend of Dinah. Seth Evans who was a class-leader, after hearing her preach, wrote : "Simplicity, love and sweetness, were blended in her. Her whole heart was in the work." After Dinah married Seth, they travelled often together to scores of villages, and preached out-of-doors the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the perishing poor to whom the gospel is sent.

T. B. K.

EDITORIAL.

"A HERO IN THE STRIFE."

When David Livingstone died on his knees in the little hut in the wild forests of Central Africa, whither his faithful natives, Susi and Chuma, had borne him, with none with him in that awful hour but God who made him, as tough and heroic a "piece of British manhood" as ever bore that name, passed into the eternal silence. "That man of loneliness and mystery" was indeed a great hero, and in a sense a martyr to science. For thirty years he had devoted himself to the arduous and dangerous work of exploration in the least known, the most dismal and uninviting part of the world. By his services he has made known something of the interior of that vast Continent, and the lines of Charles Churchill may be partially applied to him :

"A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll,
Call'd into being new scenes unknown before."

He was a brave, consecrated, manful Christian, who devoted his best years and all of his capacity to what he conceived to be a great and noble work. Full of ardor, of undaunted courage, with high hopes and unflagging energy, he went on from year to year, directing his march now in one direction and now in another direction, noting carefully his geographical, botanical, geological

and barometrical observations as he journeyed ; often disappointed but never discouraged or dismayed; encountering great trials, dangers and sufferings—on, on he went, meeting difficulties and tribulations with a high courage and fortitude, until at last his great object only partially accomplished, his lofty hopes not fully realized, he laid him down to die. Thousands of miles from his country and home and family and friends, with no physician to attend him, with no comforts to assuage the violence of his sufferings, with not one fellow-countryman to receive his last testimony and to bear his last message to the dear ones of his heart at home, the great traveller “fell on sleep.” But he was not alone. Jesus was doubtless with him in that last hour. Jesus, who had died for him, was then his “rod and his staff.” We know nothing more touching in the history of this century than that solitary man dying at night in an African hut, as he kneels for the last time to make his last supplication and to commend his spirit to God.

Wherever he went he commanded the kind consideration of the native chiefs, and he never lost a suitable opportunity to tell of Christ and heaven. He was invariably just, honorable and conscientious, and although he had no whites with him he never failed to enforce discipline among his African followers, and to punish promptly any persons who were guilty of depredations. He kept a diary of his last exploration which continued through seven years, and, quite fortunately, it has been preserved, Henry Stanly, the American traveller, having carried the greater part to England, at the request of Dr. Livingstone when he met him in Africa, about a year before his death. The Harpers have published an American edition by direct arrangement with the family, who will receive a handsome royalty for each copy sold, price \$5. His two faithful native servants saved the remainder of the “Journal.” We must condense the accounts of the last moments of the great traveller, for it must interest every lover of letters and every teacher of youth.

His followers, after bearing him to the hut, quietly awaited the end, which they felt certain was not distant. At 11 o'clock at night, Susi was asked by Dr. Livingstone to boil some water. This was done, when he was directed to bring the medicine chest. With great difficulty Dr. L. selected the calomel, which

was placed by his side. A cup was placed by him with some water, when "in a low, feeble voice," he said: "All right: you can go out now." These were his last words ever heard on earth. At 4 A. M., Susi was called, and then all the other servants, five in number.

"Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but that he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

"A candle stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of the men advanced softly and placed his hands on his cheeks. They were quite cold. Livingstone was dead. It was the morning of May 1st, 1873."

The world knows how these faithful men preserved his body, took care of his effects, and conveyed them to the coast under the greatest difficulties and dangers, and how at last the body was carried safely home to England, accompanied by Susi and Chuma. A fitting monument is to be erected to his memory. His body now rests in English soil. All honor to his memory, and remembrance and gratitude to his faithful African friends!

T. B. K.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D., Professor in the University of New York: author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology;" "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe;" "History of the American Civil War," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875.

This neat volume of nearly 400 pages makes volume 12 of the "International Scientific Series" in course of preparation. Like most of the volumes that have preceded it, it will be read with in-

terest, and will provoke either adverse or favorable criticism as may be the religious views and predilections of the readers. It abounds in statements and opinions that may well provoke discussion, and in the hands of readers who have never studied the Bible reverently and intelligently, and, we may add, believingly, we can well imagine how it would prove extremely hurtful. It is written with literary skill, and is not without ingenuity and force. It is mainly aimed at the Roman Catholic Church, and the "history of the conflict" which he traces, is between the Roman Church and Science, and not between Protestant Christianity and Science. This is apparent throughout, and in his last chapter (p. 353) he asserts "that modern Science is the legitimate sister—indeed, it is the twin-sister—of the Reformation. They were begotten together and were born together." He thinks there should be "a cordial union" between them.

We shall not undertake in these pages to express any opinion of the merits of his assault upon the Roman Catholic Church. The editors and theologians of that denomination will no doubt review him thoroughly. With the limited space at our command, we can only briefly refer to some of his theological vagaries, that our readers may be warned against the character of his attacks upon Christian faith.

There is nothing new in the manner or matter of his skepticism. What he says has been said before. He belongs to that class of scientists who have outgrown the old fashioned teachings of the Bible. In theology he agrees with Colenso and German Rationalists; in science, he is a disciple of Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin and company. In the current attacks upon Christianity, you will find all that he has to say. He is evidently a man of wide reading, of scholarship and high scientific attainments, and has a way of his own in collating and stating his facts and opinions. But the book, we repeat, is dangerous, because of its boldness, its directness, and its plausibility. He denies being Atheistical, and yet he robs the Christian of his God. He rejects the Bible as the sole guide and standard of faith, incontinently spurns the Pentateuch as a part of the Word of God, says it was written by Ezra on the Banks of the Euphrates, he obtaining much of his material from the Babylonians, notably his account of the fall of man, the Deluge, &c. He ridicules miracles, swallows

Darwinism without a wry face, and glorifies science generally. After reading the book we felt depressed; not because of the arguments, for we had met with them before; but because of the tone. We felt more than ever the force of that thoughtful and striking stanza in *In Memoriam*:

"Hold thou the good; define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procure^{ss} to the Lords of Hell."

Let us gather a few of his utterances and string them together. They will at least let the reader have a foretaste of what he may expect when he sits down to the feast so *scientifically* prepared.

"Faith must render an account of herself to Reason. Mysteries must give place to facts." "How can they believe that the world was made out of nothing, completed in a week, finished just as we see it now; that it has undergone no change, but that its parts have worked so indifferently as to require incessant intervention?" He thinks "the doctrine that every living form is derived from some preceding form," may "probably be considered as established," and that the Christian idea of "distinct creative acts" is necessarily an exploded one. He believes that "toleration" can never come from religion, but from "philosophy." He has no faith in "providential interventions," but believes that all is fixed, and holds fast to the doctrine of "a gradual, a definite, a continuous unfolding, a resistless order of evolution." He does not for a moment credit the theory that solar and starry systems "came into existence" by "an arbitrary fiat," but "through the operation of law," and that originally "there must have been a common tie among all these bodies," and "that they are only parts of what *must once have been a single mass*." He insists that science has a "right" to a "criterion of her own, even if it leads her to "regard unhistorical legends with disdain;" that her "volume of inspiration is the book of Nature," and that that "book" is "infinite in extent, eternal in duration." He says the five books of Moses is "a production so imperfect as to be unable to stand the touch of modern criticism;" that "the true character of these books" has been exposed, and that, too, "by pious and learned churchmen." He says that it would be an "impious declaration" if the Pentateuch claimed that it was "the writing of Al-

mighty God." He attempts to show that it is a "spurious historical work," is "involved in contradictions," and "impossibilities" of the "most extraordinary" kind, is "unhistoric and non-Mosaic," and that it so abounds in "imperfections, so many and so conspicuous, that they would destroy the authenticity of any modern historical work." He says that religion has never improved the social condition of man, and that science only can. He believes the earth is some 250,000 years old. His science leads him to reject "the theory of the Fall" and the "paradisiacal happiness of the garden of Eden." He says that "anthropomorphism will never be obliterated from the ideas of the unintellectual," and then complacently adds, that "their God, *at the best* will never be anything more than the gigantic shadow of a man—a vast phantom of humanity—like one of those Alpine Spectres seen in the midst of the clouds by him who turns his back on the sun." He says that the "world of eternal truth" can not be discovered "through the vain traditions that have brought down to us the opinions of men who lived in the morning of civilization, nor in the dreams of mystics who thought that they were inspired," but "is to be discovered by the investigations of geometry, and by the practical interrogation of Nature." He says there "is no Supreme Being" but "there is a Supreme Power." He says "there is an invisible principle, but not a personal God." "There is no such thing as Providence, for Nature proceeds under irresistible laws * * The vital force which pervades the world is what the illiterate call God." But enough. Now is not this dreary stuff?

Let us first meet this scientific atheism and infidelity by turning, in contrast, to the reverent spirit, the wise utterance, the simple faith, the adoring love of the greatest poet of our times. In the opening stanza of *In Memoriam*, he thus addresses the Saviour of sinners:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove :

"Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute * * * * *

"Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :

They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, *art more than they.*

"We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

- "Let knowledge from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell * * * *
And in Thy wisdom make me wise."

The last stanza of the poem begins :

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One Lord, one law, one element."

Dr. Draper believes in Nature and the laws of Nature. The Christian believes that the God of Nature and the God of the Bible is one God. He believes that to talk of law without an intelligent law-giver is sheerest nonsense. He believes that it is equally absurd to speak of creation without an intelligent Creator. Dr. Draper is much more of an atomic or materialistic philosopher than M. Renen, for in his celebrated *Life of Christ*, the latter clearly recognizes in nature the handiwork of an intelligent and beneficent creator. Nor is the skeptical Doctor half as wise as Cuvier, one of the great scientists, for he said, "Moses has left us a cosmogony, the exactitude of which is confirmed day by day in an admirable manner." He is not as painstaking and informed as some recent geologists and palæontologists, who are declaring that christian chronology is not far of the mark, according to latest data. He is not as well informed as the German scientist Ebers, who has published a work on Egypt and Moses, in which he shows that the history of that country confirms many facts stated by the latter in Genesis and Exodus. Mr. George Smith, of London, finds a description of the deluge in the old Chaldaic inscriptions on monuments ; but Mr. Draper disposes of this sort of testimony by insisting that the author of the Pentateuch obtained his information from the people who erected these very monuments. A summary way of evading a difficulty, if not the true way.

Dr. Draper cannot believe such idle stories as the scriptures contain, but he can credit the idle stories of profane writers. He

cannot believe that God creates by His Almighty fiat, but he readily believes in a self-creative world matter. He cannot believe in Moses' account of God's creating man out of dust, but he can easily receive the Darwinian theory that "first organisms" originated by self-development, and that man is a highly developed ape, but by self-emancipation. He rejects all the Bible teaches concerning science. The Bible does not claim to be either a teacher of science, or an arbiter in questions of natural science. It is a guide in matters concerning the Christian life. Its end and aim is to teach the lost soul the way of salvation—the way to heaven and immortal joy and rest. When it refers to science, it is in the "language of every day life." It never touches physical ground only when absolutely necessary, and then physical processes "are fragmentarily sketched in a few bold strokes." It leaves "innumerable questions" to be hereafter "answered by our own investigation." Its statement of religious truth is always direct and clear; its statement of physical "fact is broad and general," leaving room "for all later discoveries and details."

We have in another article referred to the conflict that has arisen between religion and science. No such conflict need exist, for both are true, and truth is one. Whenever there is real conflict, you may be sure that one is false. *True* religion and *true* science have the same origin—they are born of God. The title, therefore, of his book is a misnomer. The ablest expounders of the book of Nature have seen in it no antagonism to God's Book. Many of the very greatest natural scientists have not considered that antagonism between the two was even possible. Such were the views of Copernicus, Kepler and Newton—all of whom Dr. Draper praises, and in whose achievements he glories. Among scientists of a later day many have held the same opinion, and they are of the foremost. We may mention the names of Haller, Euler and Wagner, in Germany; of Cuvier, Lavoisier and LaFaye, in France; and of Hugh Miller, Sir John Herschel, Brewster, Whewell and Buckland, in England. It is not claimed that between the Bible and Science there are not some difficulties. But what is meant, is, that obstacles that once existed have been removed, and that there is a closer agreement. It is believed when the science of exegesis has attained greater perfection and

natural science is better understood, that other supposed difficulties will disappear. We plainly allow that mistakes have been made by theologians in the interpretation of Scriptural language which a truer critical apparatus has corrected. But then, we are not unmindful of the many blunders of science in the past. The centuries are strewn with the wrecks of scientific failures. We doubt not, that many of the opinions held by Dr. Draper and his confederates will be abandoned and forgotten in the future. Why even to-day, many learned European scientists reject the ape origin of man, and the natural selection hypothesis. Vinchow, Luschka and others on the Continent, and in America, Agassiz, the King of the whole breed. These learned men do not believe in their relationship to anthropoid apes, or to any other of the mammal species. We can only refer to a controversy among some of their school—the one set obliterating all distinction as to the origin of man; the other claiming that the human family sprung from many pairs. “When doctors disagree,” &c. But our space is up without saying half we desired. We add this remark: many of the most illustrious men of science lauded by our author believed in revealed religion. One other remark. He points to our own land as the best example to show “the results of the influence of science upon civilization.” In what land has religion had a wider field and completer sway? Soul-liberty lies at the foundation of our republicanism. The religion of America has aided science in its progress, and has in turn been favored. The noblest triumphs of science have been always achieved under the influence of pure religion. T. B. K.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S.; Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Master of Marlborough College, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. *Manet Inmota Fides*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway. One vol., 8vo., price \$3.00.

We have thus copied the full title page of this work, the print and binding of which is all that could be desired.

In striking contrast to the work of Dr. Draper, is this admirable production of Dr. Farrar. After reading the former you feel as if you had been breathing the air of an infected district, or the impure atmosphere of a hospital. You rise from the study of the other fresh and invigorated, after inhaling an atmosphere

in which there lurks neither disease nor death. The one leaves you heart-sick, without hope, without a Guide, without a home hereafter when life's trials and conflicts are ended, without an all-wise, all-powerful, and all-merciful God. The other reveals to you in clearer light and with more radiant beauty and grace, the One altogether lovely—the Man-God, the Divine-Human, the Elder Brother, the Saviour of sinners, the Redeemer of a sin-smitten world, who represented in His own person two natures, and in His own life two Kingdoms. You go forth from the pious contemplation of such a life, as it is unfolded to you in these wonderfully graphic and eloquent pages, with higher impulses, a healthier music in the soul, profounder gratitude, deeper humility, loftier conceptions, greater consecration and surer hopes.

It is a work of great ability and learning. It shows vast reading, and yet it is not intended for the scholar so much as for the general reader. It evinces a large, catholic, earnest spirit, and is marked throughout with a judicial calmness and fairness in controverted matters that is very commendable and pleasing. The book is not a defence of Christianity. It does not pretend to be an argument *to prove* that Jesus Christ was Divine, but, as the distinguished author says, is written by “a believer to believers, as a Christian to Christians.” It necessarily traverses many fields of learning, and takes in its course much that concerns the scholar, thinker and professed theologian, and yet the humblest disciple may sit and learn. It is so filled with a sweet, gentle, kindly spirit, and is so illumined by a high intelligence, that any one may read with delight and ease, and may follow the author as he traces so tenderly, so beautifully, so graphically the Wonderful Life from the birth at Bethlehem to the ascension on the mountain. The author exhibits on every page the hand of the true critic and the skilled man of letters. The book cannot fail to be of great service to the cause of Christianity. Its rare beauty, richness, elegance, and clearness of style, and the marvellous skill with which the author portrays the life of the Master, will attract thousands of readers who are not found often reading the simple, unadorned, exquisite narratives of the Gospels.

Dr. Farrar is certainly one of the most imaginative, picturesque and eloquent of modern writers. His pictures of Eastern life, his

descriptions of scenery, his limning of character, his great felicity of expression, prove him to be both poet and artist, and enable him to follow successfully in the wake of a hundred authors who have essayed to trace the life of the Sinless One, and to tell the wondrous and tireless story with a grace, a vividness, a freshness, an entrancing pathos and eloquence that surpasses them all. We have not been carried away by enthusiastic admiration. Our words have been deliberately weighed. It is a book of very uncommon merit. In prose literature we are acquainted with no work that is irradiated with a more attractive imagination or a more pleasing fancy. There are scores of pages that are so beautiful, so touching, and so interfused with poetic sentiment and imagery, that they might be proudly claimed by any one of the acknowledged masters of our tongue. If you begin the work, you will be quite certain to read it to the end. In dramatic skill and sustained power it interests you as much as any work of fiction, whilst *in its moral elevation*—in the white-light of purity and beauty which surrounds it, it is simply unapproached and unapproachable. And yet the book throughout, however highly colored, is simple, lucid, easily comprehended, and faithful to the Divine record. The life of Jesus was never before so admirably told.

Limited as to space, we must conclude by urging the reader to procure the book. It is a treasury of learning, thought, piety and eloquence. For all practical purposes it must supersede all other lives of the Saviour. The general reader will not need those written by Jeremy Taylor, Neander, Ellicott, Hanna, Crosby, Renan and Straus. With emphasis, we again say, if you would be refreshed, edified and fascinated, read FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

T. B. K.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

We are pleased to see that old heads are beginning to consider with some earnestness the character of the books that are written for children and youth. It is high time surely that this were done. The press teems with publications that are prepared expressly for the young heads, and it is only stating the truth when

we aver that quite half of them are altogether unworthy, by reason either of impurity, insipidity or stupidity. They are written with little skill, and are utterly valueless for good, although potent al for evil. This sweeping remark is not intended to apply to all. We are glad to be able to say that juvenile literature can boast of a good many admirable books written by those who have the happy art of blending pleasure with instruction. And a great art it is. If you have never tried to prepare even a newspaper article for the "little ones," you cannot well understand how difficult it is to achieve success in that line. We were some years ago in a situation that exacted of us such trials, and our failure was only equalled by our consciousness of incapacity for that kind of exercise. But there are some successful writers for the young in this country, and in England and some portions of Europe there are a dozen or more authors who have rendered signal service in this department.

It demands, it must be confessed, very peculiar gifts to write a successful child's book. Ordinarily the producers of such books are without special talents or distinction in letters. The most accomplished writers should only undertake such work. Charles Dickens devoted some spare hours during his very busy life to the preparation of books for his own children. If every great author of this century had only written one book for the delight and instruction of children, what a choice literature the little folks would possess. When we were a boy the two best books known, were *Robinson Crusoe* and *Sandford and Merton*, and we are glad to know that they still retain their hold upon popular favor. The last named is the best book, take it all in all, that we are acquainted with, to put into the hands of boys.

This is a reading age. The boys will read something. If they are not supplied with wholesome books that edify and attract, they *will* read vicious illustrated papers and poisonous and licentious dime novels. Our boys and girls must have books and papers too, as the "grown folks," have, and parents should be very watchful as to the morality of the books that fall into their children's hands. The formative period is childhood, and then it is that evil seeds may be sown and take root easily. Implant right principles then if you would see blessed fruit in after life. The evil done by bad books and papers is incalculable. Many a crim-

inal who has suffered the extreme penalties of the law has been brought to that awful, unhappy end, by the baneful influences and teachings of his childhood. Evil example and evil books are sure to bring forth a luxuriant crop of vice and villiany. Only the other day, we read of an attempted robbery by a lad, who fleeing left behind a copy of a biography of some Dick Turpin, or other house-breaker and highwayman. We have long thought that such wicked books should be suppressed, and the heaviest penalties visited upon their publishers.

It strikes us that modern school-libraries contain too many stories and fictions. We believe it is right to develop the fancy and imagination of children, but it may be overdone. Good biographies, books of travels, histories, easy scientific lessons, poetry of the sweet, simple sort—these are the books that should most abound it appears to us.

We cannot well avoid referring to Sunday-School books as they enter so largely into the juvenile literature of the day. The larger part of such books we believe to be trashy and unimproving to a great extent. Persuade children to read such poor stuff as many Sunday-School books are made of, and you either impoverish the mind or create a taste that will become more vicious with advancing years. When viewed from a religious standpoint, many of them must appear exceptionably defective. We cannot doubt that they are written for the most part by well-meaning Christian people, but they contain none the less distorted and often repulsive views of religion and life. Aside from great defects of style, they present religion in a false or repellant aspect, and violate every youthful idea of liberty and happiness. According to the acrid and ascetic religion taught in some of these books, religion entails endless hardships upon the believer, robs him of the "perfect law of liberty," keeps him in perpetual straight-jackets, and promises no happiness until the future state of rest is reached. Now all this does infinite injury, and is absurdly false. Let then critical scrutiny be exercised in the selection of religious books for the young. Let only books that teach the truth and present correct views of life, be introduced. Let the mental nutriment be healthful and natural, and good and not evil will be done. We know one tale, written, by a great master, that has more of genuine religious fervor, power, truth and beauty than will be found in a whole library of the average Sunday-School books. We refer to George Eliot's tremendous story, *Jane's Repentance*, contained in her *Scenes of Clerical Life*.

T. B. K.

Our Living and Our Dead ;

DEVOTED TO

North Carolina—Her Past, Her Present and Her Future.

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HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

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THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR ;

CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF

EVENTS, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES,

WHICH OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Bloody War, Which took Place in the United States in 1861.

By REV. JOHN PAIRS, Late Chaplain 54th Regiment, N. C. Troops.

CHAPTER VI.

Capture of Newbern by Gen. Burnside—First Provisional Governor appointed by Mr. Lincoln for North Carolina—His character—Advance of the Grand Army under Gen. McClellan—Johnston retires to the Peninsula—McClellan lands at Yorktown with his whole Army—Battle of Kernstown—Jackson retires up the Valley—Attack upon the defences of New Orleans—Fall of Forts St. Phillip and Jackson, and surrender of New Orleans—Retreat of Gen. Johnston from Yorktown—Battle of Williamsburg—Destruction of the Iron-Clad Virginia—The Yankee Gunboats driven off from Drewry's Bluff—Great alarm in Richmond—Patriotism of the Legislature and Citizens—Defeat of Millroy by Stonewall Jackson.

AFTER the fall of Roanoke Island, it became apparent that Newbern would be the next point of attack to which General Burnside would direct his attention. The State had exerted itself to make what preparations it could to meet the emergency. The Confederate Government did but little. A supineness or want of energy seemed to have overtaken it at this

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period and had become apparent in all its military affairs. About 4500 men had been collected at Newbern under the command of Brigadier General Branch. Many of them were militia, hastily called together from the adjoining counties, without being drilled; destitute of camp-life experience, and but poorly armed. Three fortifications had been thrown up along the river to defend the passage by water leading to the town. These were hastily manned by troops but little skilled in the use of heavy artillery. On the 13th day of March, General Burnside landed about fifteen thousand men under cover of his gunboats, at a point about fifteen miles below Newbern. On the 14th, he advanced up the right bank of the Neuse with all his forces, and soon appeared before the Confederate works. The first fortification which he reached was the strongest, and mounted the greatest number of guns. An attempt was made to carry this by storm, but it was foiled, and the assailing column was driven back with loss, in confusion. By the great strength of the enemy he was enabled to mass the troops upon the Confederate right and from the movement of the fleet of gunboats on the water, it became apparent that he was exerting himself to surround the Confederate forces, and Gen. Branch ordered a retreat. The guns were spiked, the magazine blown up, and the fortifications abandoned. A portion of the militia became panic stricken and the retreat which began in order was conducted with confusion. In order to retard the pursuit of the enemy, orders were given to burn the Railroad bridge across the Trent on the line that connects Morehead City with Newbern and over which the army was retreating into the town. But unfortunately, the officer entrusted with this duty, applied the torch before the troops were safely over, and some of the Confederates who had been cut off from escape were taken prisoners by the enemy, by this act of incautious rashness. A quantity of arms and ammunition, all the heavy guns mounted on the fortifications, with two small river steamers, fell into the hands of the enemy. The loss of the Yankees as officially reported, amounted to about one hundred killed, and five hundred wounded. Gen. Branch's loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to six hundred, about one hundred and fifty of which were prisoners.

The enemy continued his pursuit no further than the town.

Here he fortified himself. The Confederates fell back to Kinston, a distance of thirty-six miles, destroying the railroad and removing the iron. The town of Washington at the entrance of Tar river, about forty miles North from Newbern, was abandoned by the small Confederate force which had been called together there, and was very soon occupied by the enemy.

Fort Macon, situated near Beaufort, and commanding the harbor became the next object of attack with the enemy. Owing to the great necessity for troops to defend Newbern, its garrison had been so weakened that it numbered less than three hundred men. The enemy soon laid siege to this place. He erected strong batteries at several points, and, on the 25th of April, a combined attack, by land and sea, took place. The bombardment lasted nearly the entire day. The garrison fought most gallantly, but being so completely beleaguered, and without any hope of succor, the commanding officer deemed longer resistance useless, and surrendered.

The enemy now had complete possession of the waters of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, with all their tributaries, and held possession of the waters of every town on the coast of North Carolina, except Wilmington. A general belief existed that his favorite plan was to advance into the interior, seize the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and thereby operate against those two places; or at least, break up the communication in part between the more Southern States, and the Capital at Richmond. But General Burnside contented himself with holding places already won, and which afforded but little strength to the Confederacy before their fall, as the blockade of the coast by the enemy's fleet rendered those places of no commercial importance. But this occupation of towns on the sea-coast aroused a military enthusiasm unknown before in North Carolina; and eager thousands, forming into regiments, marched to the fields of war. In the meantime, Gen. Burnside demeaned himself at Newbern as though he had conquered the State; and the Yankee Government acting as if it had assumed such to be the fact, appointed one Marble Nash Taylor, a Methodist Minister, of the North Carolina Conference, who belonged to the garrison at Fort Hatteras before the surrender—Provisional Governor. This poor specimen of human nature held the appointment of Chaplain from the State, and when

the enemy's fleet appeared before the place, he found it convenient to desert to the Yankees. But so ignoble was the act, and so base the principle exhibited under the circumstances, that his appointment not only excited feelings of the most profound contempt, but called forth the most unbounded ridicule. A becoming tribute to the demands of truth requires that it should be noted, that the Annual Conference, at its next session, voted the name of Marble Nash Taylor off its Journal, as unworthy of being identified with Christian ministers.

The season of the year had now come when the Grand Army under McClellan, lying along the Potomac was expected to advance. Its numbers had been increased to more than one hundred thousand, constituting the largest army that had ever been assembled upon the Continent. Its equipment and outfit was upon a scale corresponding to its magnitude; and it was armed with the most improved and deadly weapons that had been invented for warlike purposes. Gen. J. E. Johnston, who confronted McClellan at Manassas, had not been reinforced by his government so as to justify him in an attempt to dispute his advance. He, therefore, began his preparations for retreat in due time, by sending off on the railroads his heavy artillery, and such stores as would not be needed on the march, that at the proper time, when compelled to march, he might be able to move without having to abandon or destroy anything. On the night of the 9th of March Gen. Johnston's whole force left their entrenched camp before Manassas, and fell back to the Southern bank of the Rappahannock on which it halted a few days to ascertain the line of policy adopted by McClellan. On the same day that Johnston broke up camp, McClellan moved forward to attack him. On the 10th, his advance rested at Fairfax Court House. But during the night his scouts brought in the news that Gen. Johnston's camp in front of Manassas had been abandoned. The huts, depots, bridges, and everything of that character were in flames, and Johnston and his whole army had moved off undisturbed. The disappointment of General McClellan may be better imagined than described. Confident of success, from his great superiority of numbers, he had advanced to drive the Confederate General from his entrenchments but found no enemy to attack. The latter had chosen not to fight, at that time and place, and had

peaceably withdrawn to the Southern bank of the Rappahannock, and thus occupied a position which better suited his views of military propriety. McClellan finding himself baffled by his wary antagonist, deemed it imprudent to attempt to follow him up. He hesitated as to what line of policy to pursue. It was finally agreed, between himself and the government, to move the army down the Potomac and Chesapeake bay, by transports, and land them at Yorktown and Fortress Monroe, move up the Peninsula between the York and James rivers, and thus, by overwhelming forces, attack and crush the command of Gen. Magruder. The movement was masked with as much secrecy as possible, and although indications of debarking at other points were made, Gen. Johnston well understood the movement in its whole extent, and moved forward with his whole force, to strengthen and assume command of the line of defence held by Gen. Magruder, which stretched across the tongue of land from the York to the James. When Gen. McClellan landed on the Peninsula he found Johnston ready to receive him. Notwithstanding the disparity, in point of numbers, being so greatly in favor of Gen. McClellan, he showed no eagerness to attack his adversary, in full force, but contented himself with desultory skirmishes, and cannonading from his gunboats which were now co-operating with the land troops.

When General Johnston moved from Manassas and Centreville to the rear, he gave notice to Stonewall Jackson of his retreat, and instructed him to retire up the Valley, and thus place himself with his sick and baggage, further from the army of Gen. Banks, which was greatly his superior in point of numerical strength. In obedience to these instructions, he moved up the Valley, Westward, and halted with the main body at Strasburg, a distance of eighteen miles from Winchester, while his sick were sent forward to Mount Jackson at which place, he established a hospital. The advance of General Banks entered Winchester on the morning of the 13th of March, and found the evacuation complete. A small force of Confederate Cavalry alone was hanging around it, under the gallant Ashby, for the purpose of watching the movements of the enemy, which retired sullenly at his approach. General Banks was one of that class of military characters who had more experience as a politician, than as a soldier,

although he was at the head of forty thousand men ; consequently he readily concluded that Stonewall Jackson had become a fugitive from his presence; therefore, he deemed pursuit an unnecessary procedure, and posting a part of his troops at Berryville, some at Winchester, and others were ordered to cross the Blue Ridge and move towards Warrenton, as if to cover Washington, now uncovered by the movement of General McClellan towards the Peninsula ; he retired in person to the Capital, perhaps to rest upon his laurels so easily won, or to report his achievements at head quarters. In his absence, the command devolved upon General Shields, who had obtained some celebrity in the Mexican war as a brigade commander.

General Johnston had instructed General Jackson so to menace the position occupied by the army of General Banks, as to prevent reinforcements being sent from it to strengthen the army of McClellan. The tenor of such instructions was congenial to the genius of Jackson. Concentrating his whole force at Strasburg, he marched early on the morning of the 21st, for Winchester. His infantry, apart from the cavalry commanded by Col. Ashby, did not exceed two thousand effective men. On the 22d, Ashby with his cavalry attacked and drove in the enemy's pickets in consternation at Winchester, and reported to the General that from all the intelligence obtained, the enemy was in small force. On the 24th, Jackson moved forward, and soon found his gallant cavalry leader heavily pressed by the enemy. He had fallen back to Kernstown, a little village three miles West from Winchester, situated on both sides of the turnpike, in the midst of beautiful farms, intersected occasionally with stone fences and presenting only gentle undulations, and well adapted to the movements of cavalry as well as infantry and artillery. The enemy was evidently in strong force. His left wing rested upon Kernstown while his right extended upwards of a mile to an elevated ridge covered with timber, along which his artillery was posted. To attempt a retreat, in the face of a strong force, from this point would have been a hazardous undertaking, and Gen. Jackson immediately prepared for battle. Col. Ashby with his cavalry, and three pieces of artillery, formed his right, supported by a portion of the famous Stonewall Brigade, all of which was deemed good fighting material, and ever ready to make a good

report of themselves. The fifth regiment of Virginia troops was presented before the enemy's centre in order to attract his attention. The remainder was so massed and arranged as to present almost an unbroken front upon the enemy's right, upon the higher ground. Four companies of cavalry occupied a position upon the left to detect and prevent any flank move that would threaten or endanger the rear. This arrangement and disposition of forces was made under the eye of the enemy, and under the fire of his artillery. At 4 o'clock P. M. the action became general by the whole Confederate line assuming the offensive. On the right; the impetuosity of Ashby compelled the enemy to yield ground. On the left, where the attack was led by Jackson in person, and the men fought under the eye of their leader, the contest was severe. The stone fences became, in some places breastworks, behind which the combatants fought with obstinate bravery. Support after support was brought up by the enemy, as his thinned and shattered ranks recoiled before the deadly fire of the Confederates. Several of the enemy's batteries had been silenced. But the contest was an unequal one. The enemy numbered nearly three to one. Jackson's line had been pierced upon his left centre. The Stonewall Brigade had expended all its ammunition, and its commander ordered it to retreat. This compelled Jackson to retire from the contest, which took place at dusk of the evening. But little effort at pursuit was made by the enemy. The attitude of the Confederate cavalry was too stubborn. Ashby retired no more than one mile, and held his pickets at Barton's Mill, while Jackson retired with the main body to Newtown a distance of five miles.

Considering the great disparity of numbers engaged, and the position occupied by the enemy, this was one of the most remarkable actions of the war. The loss on the part of the Confederates was estimated at 80 killed, 376 wounded and 260 prisoners, with two pieces of artillery—the total constituting more than one-fourth of the numbers carried into action. The loss of the enemy was never correctly estimated. The Yankee officers computed their killed at 418. According to the common ratio, of five being wounded to one killed—which generally holds good in the list of casualties on battle-fields—the enemy's loss must have amounted to at least 2,090. General Shields was severely woun-

ded in the arm in the action. But, notwithstanding the terrible loss suffered by the Yankees, they claimed it as a great victory. General Jackson retired up the Valley to a position between Mount Jackson and New Market, called Reed's Hill, which overlooks the point at which the North fork of the Shenandoah crosses the great turnpike which connects Staunton with Winchester. Gen. Banks came up the turnpike to look after the daring Confederate chief, who had cut up his command so severely, but finding him strongly posted, with a river between them, he satisfied himself with throwing a few shells at the Confederate position and retired again; while Jackson addressed himself to the work of reorganizing, recruiting, and strengthening his army. While the battle of Kernstown was not attended with the fruits of a splendid victory, still its results were of importance to the Confederate cause. The boldness of Jackson and the manner in which he brought his troops into action, impressed the enemy with the opinion that his forces were five times as numerous as they really were. The troops ordered to Warrenton were recalled, and the whole command of Banks was soon concentrated within supporting distance of Winchester, and according to Gen. Johnston's desire, the whole force was retained in the Valley of Virginia.

A powerful armament of both land and naval forces had been fitted out to operate against New Orleans, which arrived at the Balize in April. The best and most efficient means by which to oppose this attacking force would have been of a naval character. But such had been the policy of the Government at Richmond, and such the apathy of the Navy Department, under the direction of the Secretary, that when the enemy did appear, but feeble and inefficient preparations had been made to receive him. The best and most efficient troops raised in Louisiana had been sent to the Army of the Potomac, under the command of Gen. J. E. Johnston, and to the army of Tennessee. Such troops as were retained for the defence of the State were, to a considerable extent, made up of a class of population among whom the fire of patriotism inspired but little ardour. New Orleans, at the outbreak of the war, was supposed to contain a population numbering about 170,000 souls. But this was made up of nearly all the nationalities of the earth. A vast amount of it had been drained from the

principalities of Germany, and the surrounding nations, while Ireland was at the same time well represented. The defences of the State of Louisiana had been committed to the command of Major General Lovell, who had been an officer in the army of the United States, and who was supposed to have talents and experience to qualify him for this important trust. The attention of the whole confederacy was directed to this point. For if New Orleans should fall it was believed the entire State would fall into the hands of the Yankees; and at the same time, a considerable portion of Texas, with the resources of the Red river country, would be wrested from the Confederacy. About seventy miles below New Orleans stood the Forts, Jackson and St. Phillip, on the opposite sides of the river, mounting a number of heavy guns. About one mile below these forts, an obstruction was placed in the river, by a line of vessels extended across and strongly bound together by chains. Two other Forts, Pike and Macomb, were situated so as to command the approaches to the city by way of lake Pontchartrain, and manned by a small force commanded by Colonel Fuller. The country had a right to expect that the naval defences of the Mississippi river would have been of sufficient force and equipment to present a formidable barrier to the Yankee fleet. But the country was disappointed. The Government had been engaged in building two iron-clad vessels, somewhat after the model of the *Virginia*, of 1400 tons burthen, and designed to carry ten guns each, but the blameworthy tardiness of the Navy Department, was such that although ample time had elapsed for their completion, only one had been launched, and she was so hastily fitted out that she proved of but little service. The fleet, therefore, when the enemy made his attack, consisted only of about ten gunboats, mounting from one to two guns each, with the iron-clad *Mississippi* carrying ten. Immediately below the city of New Orleans a battery was hastily thrown up, mounting about fifteen guns, while the infantry which had been assembled around the city for its defence, did not amount to more than three thousand men.

The enemy's land troops had been assembling at Ship Island for some time; his gunboats cruising about the mouth of the Mississippi; and every movement on his part was calculated to warn the Confederate authorities of the day of attack being near at

hand. The waters of the Mississippi were greatly swollen, and the violence of a heavy storm had broken the obstructions placed in the river below Fort St. Phillips.

FALL OF NEW ORLEANS.

On the 16th of April, the Yankee fleet of forty-eight vessels, carrying about three hundred guns and mortars, appeared before Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and opened a furious bombardment. The forts being under the immediate command of Gen. Duncan fought nobly. For one whole week the bombardment was kept up. Still the forts sustained but little damage, and the garrison but little injury. The Confederate fleet had taken but little part in the fight, but occupied a position which would enable it to perform its mission whenever the opportune moment should arrive.

The bombardment had continued throughout the week without any results, worthy of note; the public mind began to view the defences as impregnable, and multitudes entertained the opinion that the enemy would find himself compelled to haul off and abandon the enterprise. But having discovered the breach in the river obstructions, Commodore Farragut, between midnight and the break of day, on the morning of the 24th, under a heavy pressure of steam, ran past the obstructions and the forts, with all his ships of war—the *Hartford*, a first class steam frigate leading the way—while the forts opened upon them with every available gun. But in the darkness of night, it was impossible for them to be well aimed. A short distance above the forts, the little Confederate fleet was drawn up to receive them, and notwithstanding their inferiority, in numbers, size and guns, they fought like Spartans. The iron-clad *Louisiana* of ten guns, upon which high hopes for efficiency had been placed, proved unmanageable and could only bring a small part of her guns into action. Whenever it became apparent that protracted defence must result in their capture, they were all run ashore—and their crews, setting them on fire, made their escape. But Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, which had been considered as commanding the Mississippi river, had been passed, the enemy's fleet held the river above them, and the little Confederate fleet was no more. While

one part of Farragut's fleet could steam up to New Orleans, and clear the banks of the river of all obstructions, the other could occupy the attention of the two forts, and protect the transports which were intended to bring forward and debark the land troops.

Hope still cheered the inhabitants of New Orleans, until the 24th, when the sad intelligence was received that the enemy's entire fleet had passed the forts, and were approaching the city. This produced consternation and dismay among all classes. They were not prepared for such intelligence. It had come like the unexpected sound of thunder beneath a clear sky. The wildest excitement soon prevailed according to the bulletins of the city. Government Agents, Quartermasters, Commissaries, and officers of every grade, were soon busy. In a few hours the ship yard at Algiers, with all its buildings, including the unfinished iron-clad steam ram *Mississippi*, was in flames. The steamers lying in the river and engaged in the business of commerce, with immense quantities of cotton, were also consigned to the flames, and ruin seemed disposed at once to throw her sepulchral pall over the city. Gen. Lovell hastened to convene a council of the Mayor and city officials to determine as to the best course of policy to be pursued, which might still be within reach. To preserve the city from the bombardment by the Yankee fleet, it was deemed proper for General Lovell to withdraw the three thousand troops from the city and remove them to camp Moore, about fifteen miles above, and not far from the river.

On the morning of the 25th, Farragut's fleet was seen steaming up towards the city. The batteries below opened upon it, but the vessels ran past, suffering but little damage, and took up position opposite the town, with their guns bearing directly upon the most important business portions, so as to rake the streets if necessary. The Yankee commander now sent on shore a summons to the Mayor, demanding a surrender of the city, as well as of the military forces, supposing, no doubt, that such forces were on hand. Mayor Monroe, in order to prolong the question of surrender, declined the proposition believing that the Yankees had no land troops, aboard the fleet, to occupy and hold the city. The correspondence between these functionaries was protracted. At one time the Commodore notified the Mayor to remove the women and children from the city within forty-eight hours, as

he intended to bombard it at the end of that time, neither of which was done. On the 1st day of May, the Commodore sent three companies of marines ashore, who took down the State flag of Louisiana from the public buildings, and thus assumed to regard the city as a captive at his feet.

On the morning of the 28th of April, a meeting took place among the garrison at Fort Jackson, which also had its influence at Fort St. Philip. The causes that produced this meeting, or the instigators that prompted it, have never been made known to the public. But, under the circumstances, it would be difficult to form any conception of a crime more infamous, or of treason more unpardonable, according to the usages of warfare. These ignoble beings, whom it would be injustice to call soldiers, during the night, had spiked some of the guns, and dismounted some others, became importunate for a surrender, and loudly demanded it at the hands of Gen. Duncan. If he could have held the forts a few days longer, of which there could be no doubt, Gen. Lovell would have been enabled to remove a large amount of stores, guns, and materiel of war from the forts and batteries on the lake, as well as from the city of New Orleans. But "rank treason" within his command, had reared its abhorred crest, and the danger from within forced Gen. Duncan to yield the forts. The garrisons from forts Pike and Macomb, and all the batteries at different points, which had been erected for the defence of the passes to the city, were withdrawn by order of General Lovell, for the purpose of being concentrated at Vicksburg. Some of these detachments nobly followed their flag, though in disaster, to the place of destination, ever ready at the call of duty and honor; while others, with a baseness that challenges any description, refused obedience to their commander, abandoned their colors and their ranks, and dispersed to their homes.

Thus fell New Orleans. This fall produced a shock to the public mind which was seriously felt throughout the South. While she remained secure cargoes of arms and supplies were brought in from abroad through some of the channels which were open by the outlets of the Mississippi river, and Lake Pontchartrain, which the blockading squadron of the enemy was not able to prevent; but with the fall of the city, every possible chance for such advantages were cut off—nearly the entire State of Louisiana fell

under the Yankee yoke, and nearly the whole length of the Mississippi which lies within the State.

Thus far the operations of 1862, had resulted, almost entirely in disaster to the Confederate arms, with small exceptions. Kentucky had been abandoned. Fort Donelson had fallen. Island No. 10 had been abandoned and captured. Roanoke Island and Newbern, with all their defences had been taken. The great battle of Shiloh had been fought, and the fall of the lamented General Albert Sydney Johnston, had failed to secure for the country but little of the fruits of victory; nearly the whole of Tennessee, west of the Cumberland Mountains, was in the possession of the enemy, while General J. E. Johnston had broken up his entrenched camp, in front of the "Grand Army at Manassas, and had moved with his forces to Yorktown to the support of Magruder; and the attention of the world was fixed upon that same "Grand Army," which was now on its second march "On to Richmond."

But a new era, was about to dawn. The time had now come when the Confederate armies were to perform such prodigies of valor, and accomplish such brilliant achievements, in the field, as not only to astonish the country, but challenge the admiration of the world. The time had now come when the best material of the Confederacy, led by the choicest spirits that had drawn the sword in defence of freedom's cause, were to be brought forward to look the foe in the face, and seize the crown of victory whenever it trembled in the balance.

All eyes were now turned to Virginia. A desperate effort was about to be made to seize Richmond, the Capitol of the Confederacy. General Magruder had extended his line of defence across the Peninsula, from Yorktown on the York river, to Mulberry Island on the James. Gen. Johnston coming to his support threw his troops into these entrenchments. General McClellan landed an army of about 120,000 men in front and immediately began his operations. The combined forces of Johnston and Magruder amounted only to 50,000. According to the vernacular phraseology of the day, McClellan took to the spade and went bravely to digging; constructing and arranging his parallels according to the most approved and scientific principles of the military art.

The eagle eye of Johnston saw at once, the impropriety of at-

tempting a stubborn defence at Yorktown. If the iron-clad *Virginia* should meet with disaster in Hampton Roads, the enemy's gunboats could flank him on his right, and endanger his situation from that quarter. On the other hand, the enemy's transports could convey troops up the York river to West Point, and, thus turning his left, throw themselves upon his rear; consequently, Yorktown was not the proper place, under the circumstances, to risk the issue of battle. Richmond had been strongly fortified by a line of works, under the skillful direction of Gen. R. E. Lee, and four miles in front of these works ran the Chickahominy, with its marshy grounds and undulating elevations, behind which he could make better preparation for battle; and if forced back from thence, he could gather his entire force within the strong works around the city. Everything being in readiness, Gen. Johnston, on the night of the 3rd of May began to fall back to the Chickahominy. The movement was executed in silence, and proved an entire success. The enemy was deceived. On the 4th, Gen. McClellan was surprised to find that his antagonist was gone, and immediately ordered his whole army in pursuit. The season was rainy, and the roads were wet and muddy. The condition in which Johnston's army left the roads, rendered them more difficult for the troops of McClellan to pass over. But the pursuit was vigorously pressed. Gen. Johnston being fully aware of the manner of the pursuit, made arrangements at Williamsburg to cool off the ardor of the Yankees. Gen. Longstreet, commanding the rear division, was halted in a proper position, and as the leading corps of the enemy came up, it found itself in the presence of Longstreet's line of battle. The firing soon began and in a few minutes the battle became general. Although the enemy brought up brigade after brigade, yet he was compelled to give ground and was driven from two lunettes which he attempted to hold. The fifth North Carolina regiment lost nearly seventy-five per cent of its numbers. Gen. Longstreet brought off nine splendid pieces of field artillery, captured in the action. Yet General McClellan, in true Yankee style, claimed a brilliant victory, and exultingly boasted in his official dispatch that "he was driving the rebels to the wall;" and, at the same time stated his losses at 456 killed, 1400 wounded and 372 missing, making a total of 2,228. Longstreet certainly achieved a great victory.

He held the field all day, and retired only when night had thrown its shadows over the land, bringing off the captured artillery, without any further interruption being offered by the enemy.

The Confederate army retired to a proper position behind the Chickahominy, and General Johnston prepared to give battle to the enemy, if he should attempt to pass this stream.

EVACUATION OF NORFOLK AND DESTRUCTION OF THE "VIRGINIA."

After the splendid feat of the iron-clad *Virginia*, in Hampton Roads on the 9th of March, she was placed in dock at the Navy Yard at Gosport, and soon refitted in a style superior to her condition when she destroyed the *Cumberland* and *Congress*. But a new and untried officer was placed in command of her. For weeks she lay in the river at the naval anchorage, in sight of the enemy's batteries, and camp, at Newport News, and off his shipping at Fortress Monroe, without venturing to molest the arrangements or movements of the Yankees. In a few hours, at any time, she could have destroyed the camp and batteries at Newport News. Yet she moved down but once into the Roads, and, with the aid of one of the gunboats, cut out three small schooners, with supplies on board. It was confidently believed, by many acquainted with the powers of this vessel, and with the naval service, that she could be carried out on any night, under the guns of Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, into the Chesapeake, destroying all the enemy's shipping as she passed, as the *Monitor* had been withdrawn for repairs, blockade the mouth of York river, and destroy the transports landing troops and supplies for McClellan's army, as the enemy had nothing at the time that could withstand her. But nothing was attempted. Her new commander consigned her to inactivity. Upon the retreat of Gen. Johnston from Yorktown, the Confederate Government determined to evacuate Norfolk, and all its dependencies, which was under the command of Gen. Huger. Its fortifications were formidable, and could have made an obstinate defence. The works on Craney Island and Sewell's Point, would have defied the whole Yankee navy, while they had the *Virginia* to assist them. Strong lines of earthworks mounting heavy guns, protected the approaches to the city from the rear. But the evacua-



tion had been determined upon as a military necessity; and surely no evacuation under the circumstances was ever more unfortunately managed. The Navy Yard with its splendid machinery and shops, and several hundred pieces of siege guns, with vast stores of ammunition was abandoned to the enemy. The Yard, with its appurtenances was valued at \$6,000,000.

The iron-clad *Virginia*, lying in inglorious inactivity under command of Commodore Tatnall, had suffered the enemy's gunboats to ascend the James and engage the Confederate batteries on the right bank above Newport News, as if her character was rather that of a neutral than a belligerent, on the very day the evacuation began. Commodore Tatnall declared it was his intention to carry the vessel as high up the James river as possible, and for this purpose ordered the vessel to be lightened by throwing overboard what could best be spared from her stores, her pilots having informed him that if lighted to a draught of eighteen feet of water she might be carried to the vicinity of City Point. During the night, while the work of lightening the ship was going on, and the Commodore was asleep, word was brought to him that her wooden hull below her iron coating was exposed above water, and, according to his statement, the pilots now declared that it would be impossible to carry the vessel above the Jamestown flats. The Commodore, being aroused from his slumbers, under these circumstances determined at once to destroy the vessel. After she had been set on fire, in the roads near Craney Island, she blew up. The Commodore and crew having landed in small boats, made their way to Suffolk, to unite with the retreating column of Gen. Huger. A more wanton and unnecessary act of destruction could not have been committed. The enemy held only the left bank of the James above Hampton Roads. Not a vessel at this time carrying the Federal flag dared to engage her. But the deed was done to the great mortification and disappointment of the best friends of the Confederacy in Eastern Virginia. It is proper here to state that the Commodore and pilots differed very much in their statements with regard to the causes that led to the destruction of the *Virginia*, each laboring to throw the blame upon the other.

A naval court of enquiry was convened at Richmond, which reported that they could find no cause for the destruction of the

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. From the first settlers to the present day, the nation has evolved through various stages of development. The early years were marked by exploration and the establishment of colonies. The American Revolution led to the birth of a new nation, one that was founded on the principles of liberty and democracy. The years following the Revolution were a time of rapid growth and expansion. The United States emerged as a major power in the world, and its influence spread across the globe. The Civil War was a pivotal moment in the nation's history, as it resolved the issue of slavery and preserved the Union. The Reconstruction era that followed was a time of great challenge and progress. The United States continued to grow and develop, and its role in the world became even more prominent. The 20th century saw the United States emerge as a superpower, and its influence reached its peak. The nation has faced many challenges, but it has always emerged stronger and more united. The history of the United States is a testament to the power of the American dream and the values of freedom and justice.

vessel. Commodore Tatnall was then tried for the unnecessary destruction of the ship, and acquitted. But this acquittal failed to exculpate him with the country.

The enemy's gunboats now had no obstructions to fear, and and they began to ascend the James. And it was greatly feared they would reach Richmond, as no preparations of any importance had been made to arrest such a danger. Early on the morning of the 15th of May, Commodore Rodgers appeared before Drewry's Bluff, a high cliff on the right bank of James river, eight miles below Richmond. A few guns had been hastily mounted at this point, upon unfinished works, to meet the emergency. Some vessels, filled with stone and earth, had been sunk in the river, so as to form a line of obstructions to vessels attempting to pass the Bluffs. The position was a good one for the defence of the pass. Owing to a sudden bend in the channel of the river, a short distance below the works, any vessel coming up must come within a half mile of the fort, before she could be in position to bring her guns to bear directly upon the fortification. The enemy's naval force under Commodore Rogers consisted of five gunboats, including the *Monitor* which had fought the *Virginia* in Hampton Roads in March. A heavy and furious cannonade took place which extended from seven in the morning until 11 o'clock. Much of the fighting was done at very short range. Riflemen and sharpshooters from Richmond and other points, operated successfully along the banks of the river, and convinced the enemy that danger infested his path in the direction of Richmond. The enemy was beaten, and driven off. One of his gunboats was severely damaged. He reported a heavy list of casualties.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN RICHMOND.

At this time the alarm and excitement in Richmond was truly great. This alarm not only affected the Government, but the people showed it more largely. Much of the archives of the Government were sent off to some point of safety, and multitudes of citizens sent their families to other places for refuge, and a belief prevailed that the Government intended to yield not only Richmond, but Virginia to the enemy. At this crisis the Legislature passed a resolution declaring that it was important that Rich-

mond should be defended to the last extremity, and Mr. Davis gave an assurance that all the energies of the Confederacy should be exerted in defence of the Capital. Confidence and courage seemed to take the place of panic and dismay, and all classes addressed themselves to the great and important work of defending the Capital. Although the enemy's fleet of gunboats had been beaten off only eight miles from Richmond, yet the army of McClellan, 120,000 strong, was lying within six or eight miles of the city and in view of its spires, consequently the danger to be apprehended was great, and the crisis demanded the aid and support of every man who professed to be a friend to his country; and to this object both men and women addressed themselves, with a patriotic enthusiasm seldom equalled in the history of nations. All classes felt that everything was at stake, and all seemed willing to contribute to the defence of their common country against the approach of the enemy.

Important events were now about to take place in the Valley of the Shenandoah. We left Stonewall Jackson in April, in position on Reed's Hill, and General Banks on the opposite side of the North Fork of the Shenandoah, around Mt. Jackson, with a vastly superior army in hand. About the middle of the month, the waters of the river began to assuage, and as the fords higher up the stream were becoming passable, and thereby affording his adversary an opportunity to turn upon his rear, Gen. Jackson fell back to Harrisonburg, a distance of twenty-two miles. This was deemed a critical period with the Confederacy in this quarter. The whole country so regarded it—all eyes were turned to the Valley of Virginia. By many, each day was expected to bring the news of Jackson's defeat, and the triumph of the Yankees. But the military genius of the illustrious chief was not yet understood by his countrymen. The time for manœuvring had now come. This was his hour and his opportunity. And, with a strong and abiding faith in that God in whose providence he trusted, he addressed himself with energy and zeal to the work before him. The odds against him were fearful, and his surroundings alarming, yet these difficulties only tended to develop in him the true genius of a great military chieftain, and unfold to the world the grandeur of his character. The army under Gen. Jackson amounted in nominal numbers to 8000 men—while

Brig. Gen. Edward Johnston, with six regiments, held a position on Shenandoah Mountain, about twenty miles west from Staunton. In case of emergency, it was possible for these two commands to unite. Opposed to him were 25,000 men under Gen. Banks, posted along the North Fork of the Shenandoah, with a supporting column of 10,000, under Gen. Blencker, at Strasburg, only one day's march in the rear. General Fremont was known to be advancing from Southwestern Virginia with a strong force, while Gen. Milroy with a large force was in front of General Ed. Johnston at Shenandoah Mountain. In addition to this, Gen. McClellan had left a strong force in, and around Manassas, on the south side of the Blue Ridge to cover Washington City.

At this critical period, Banks advanced to threaten Staunton. Gen. Jackson who had fallen back to Harrisonburg moved out from before Banks, in a south-easterly direction, as if he would threaten his left flank, crossed the South Fork of the Shenandoah, and took position at the foot of the Blue Ridge, at Swift Run Gap, a position from which he could either retire or advance with advantage. If Banks should press him with superior numbers, he could retire across the Blue Ridge to the South. If he should attempt to move upon Staunton, Jackson would be upon his left flank and rear, and prepared at any hour to strike. Banks was thus check-mated, and he stood inactive for several days within a few miles of his dreaded adversary. By a concerted arrangement General Ewell moved up to Swift Run Gap with three brigades of infantry and some cavalry, and took up the position which Jackson vacated. This was about the last of April. Gen. Jackson moved up the right bank of the Shenandoah, and crossed to the south side of the Blue Ridge with his command, as if he was bidding farewell to the Valley of Virginia. Passing over the ridge at a place called Brown's Gap, which is on the direct road from Harrisonburg to Charlottesville, he made the impression that he was moving his command to some other and distant point southward. Having crossed the ridge, he turned to the right and after one day's march, reached the Virginia Central Railroad, which runs from Richmond north-westwardly, by way of Staunton. By this route he recrossed the Blue Ridge into the Valley, and, on the 5th of May, united his whole force with Brig. Gen. Ed. Johnston, who had fallen back before Milroy, to a position

called West View, a few miles west from Staunton. On the morning of the 7th of May, Gen. Jackson moved forward to feel the enemy. Milroy's pickets and outposts were soon captured or driven in. The Yankees fell back from all their positions, to a place called McDowell, having a small mountain in front, and planted his artillery so as to command the road in the approach from the mountain. During the night of the 7th, Milroy was reinforced by General Schenck with 3000 men. Early on the morning of the 8th, Gen. Jackson ordered Gen. Johnston to move forward and engage the enemy if his position could be discovered. On the western crest of the mountain, the skirmish lines of the enemy were soon found in considerable force, and disposed to dispute any advance. Beyond the descent of the mountain, around the little village of McDowell, were visible what appeared to be the main body of Milroy's army. Some lively skirmishing had taken place, and the Yankee General had attempted to cannonade the mountain height from his position in the Valley, with indifferent success, whilst Jackson and his officers exerted themselves to ascertain the situation and accessibility of the Federal camp.

BATTLE OF MCDOWELL.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., Milroy moved forward his whole force to assail the Confederates, believing, in all probability, that he had only to deal with the force of Gen. Johnston, which had been confronting him for some weeks. About 4 o'clock the action became general, and raged with great fury. The brunt of the attack fell upon the brigade of Johnson, but the ardor of his troops defied the overpowering numbers that assailed them. The 12th Georgia immortalized itself. Attempt after attempt was made to turn Jackson's right, but every attempt was handsomely repulsed. Darkness alone closed the conflict. The Confederates held their ground, and slept upon their arms. Next morning the fact was revealed that the Yankees had fled. Their dead were left unburied. Many of their wounded had been abandoned. Much of their baggage had been destroyed, and a portion of their stores left behind, and all the indications of disaster and defeat were visible.

The loss of the Confederates in this action was about seventy

killed and four hundred wounded. Among those who fell while gallantly fighting for their country, none were more seriously lamented than Colonel Gibbons of the 10th Virginia. Brigadier General Edward Johnston was wounded in the ankle. The casualties of the enemy were never correctly known, but were believed to be double that of the Confederates.

General Jackson's official report of the battle attracted special attention, and was probably copied by every newspaper in the Confederacy. It read thus:

"VALLEY DISTRICT, May 9th, 1862.

To Gen. S. COOPER:

God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday.

T. J. JACKSON, *Maj. Gen.*"

This is equally as expressive and laconic as Cæsar's *Veni, vidi, vici*, when we compare the circumstances under which it was penned. There was no studied brevity in this report of Jackson. It was the simple and unpretending effusion of a Christian's heart, filled with gratitude to God for his mercies, which he felt it his duty to acknowledge upon all occasions.

Gen. Jackson pursued Milroy until Sunday afternoon, hoping to prevent a junction of the forces of that General and Fremont, but failed to accomplish his object, as Milroy proved better at running than fighting. He then fell back to the vicinity of Harrisonburg to effect a union with the forces under Gen. Ewell, that he might be in condition to meet Milroy and Fremont combined.

(To be Continued.)

[Written for "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

BRISTOW.

To the "*Perquimans Beauregards*," Co. F, 27th N. C. T.

BY S. D. BAGLEY.

Worthy of him whose name ye bear,
 Ye Beauregards, nor cannon's glare,
 Nor screaming shell, nor howling ball,
 Nor death-winged minie's murd'rous fall
 Could daunt your souls. E'en when the beam
 Of light, thrown back from bayonet's gleam,
 Flashed in your faces on that woful day

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and its history is therefore a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a large nation, and its history is therefore a history of expansion and conquest. The third is the fact that the United States is a diverse nation, and its history is therefore a history of conflict and compromise.

The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and its history is therefore a history of assimilation and integration. The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pioneers, and its history is therefore a history of exploration and discovery.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of entrepreneurs, and its history is therefore a history of innovation and invention. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of reformers, and its history is therefore a history of social and political change.

The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of idealists, and its history is therefore a history of high aspirations and noble goals. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pragmatists, and its history is therefore a history of practical solutions and realistic policies. The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of optimists, and its history is therefore a history of hope and faith.

The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of dreamers, and its history is therefore a history of visions and dreams. The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of doers, and its history is therefore a history of action and achievement.

The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of leaders, and its history is therefore a history of guidance and direction. The fourteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of followers, and its history is therefore a history of obedience and loyalty.

The fifteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of rebels, and its history is therefore a history of defiance and resistance. The sixteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of revolutionaries, and its history is therefore a history of radical change and transformation.

The seventeenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of visionaries, and its history is therefore a history of foresight and insight. The eighteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of visionaries, and its history is therefore a history of foresight and insight.

The nineteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of visionaries, and its history is therefore a history of foresight and insight. The twentieth is the fact that the United States is a nation of visionaries, and its history is therefore a history of foresight and insight.

When Warren met you with his bold array
Of countless thousands, and your leader, Hill,
Caused you like water your proud blood to spill
In Bristow's battle; 'twas a fearful thing
To see you charging to the music ring
Of Jones' voice, or Skinner's daring notes,
While rained the death-shower from the iron throats
Of Warren's cannon. And your fiery charge,
Like lightning dashing from the storm-cloud's marge,
Sweeping the foemen from your front away,
Ye sons of thunder, ye brave boys in gray,
Will never be forgotten by the men,
Who met your bayonets in the battle then.
Outnumbered, long ye held the foe at bay.—
Ye boys in blue, that fought them, truly say,
Did you, in all the battles you have fought,
A nobler foe e'er meet, than those who taught
You in the storm of Bristow's murd'rous fight
How Southrons stand before the blazing light
Of roaring cannon and the rifle's flash,
And how, commanded, they to death could dash
In fiery charge, and fiercely dare a foe,
Ten times their number? Your true answer's "no."
Forced back by numbers, dauntless boys in gray,
You struggled fiercely for that hard-won day,
And if a noble courage could have done
The deed, no Warren would have won
That day at Bristow. Honor to the brave
Who died so gallantly their homes to save
From despot's trampling, and a tyrant's knaves
From lording o'er a land of Southern braves!
In vain. By numbers vanquished you were foiled,
And backward from the fight you slow recoiled,
Not conquered, but in battle overpowered
By untold thousands, who like tempest lowered
Upon the little band of noble braves,
Who chose to perish rather than be slaves.
Brave Thomas Jones, would that my humble song
Could flow in murmurs musical along
"The corridors of Time," worthy thy name,
Thou brave boy-captain; truly tell thy fame
As it should be. But my muse fails to tell
How gallantly he fought and how he fell.
Farewell, thou gallant son of noble sire!
No nobler son ever dared expire
Upon the field of battle, than the one
Whom brave Perquimans claims as her own son.
And Skinner, gallant boy, when fallen Jones

No longer cheered the line with his brave tones,
 Rang out in clarion notes his stern command—
 Though wounded, bleeding, still he leads his band—
 And as his voice came floating o'er the plain,
 The storm of battle fierce began again,
 And sternly treading o'er their fallen friend,
 Again the battle-cloud their rifles rend,
 And, fiercely dashing to the fight, they dare
 The charging thousands who oppose them there.
 But all in vain! Brave Warren's numerous corps
 Rushed to the fight, with cannon's ringing roar,
 And the small band, which had so bravely stood
 And gallantly had shed their best and bravest blood,
 Bent back before this iron rain of hell,
 This murd'rous storm of canister and shell.
 No more shall Jones' voice lead on his band!
 He died at Bristow for his fatherland!
 And Robert Lee, the knight "without a fear
 Or a reproach," dropt on his cheek a tear,
 When beaten Warren fled, he saw the dead,
 With whose brave blood the battle-field was red.—
 Farewell, ye fallen ones! No nobler braves
 E'er faced war's thunders, or e'er filled its graves;
 And, 'midst your many virtues, gallant boys.
 To unite upon your monument, rejoice;
 No nobler epitaph than this could be:
Ye won a tear from peerless Robert Lee.

A JOURNAL OF REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

BY W. A. CURTIS.

NUMBER II.

Battle of Newbern, March 14th, 1862.

To day, March 14th, 1874, is just twelve years since I, together with my much esteemed fellow soldiers, of our old Company A, were first initiated in that very interesting part of civil warfare, which never fails to test the mettle of the soldier—an actual fight.

Yes, twelve years,

"Rolling on with march sublime,

have flown and are numbered with the past, since the time that the long looked-for opportunity presented when I could fire my

first shot in defence of our beloved South, the land of flowers and the home of genuine chivalry, for which so many and such noble lives have been sacrificed, only to become the land of the oppressed brave, and subject to the invidious scorn and ridicule of a cruel and heartless foe, whose principal delight appears to be to jeer and insult a chivalrous and intelligent, but unfortunate people. Although the oppressor's foot appears to be placed, for a time, on the neck of our bleeding South, and we have to bear the usurpations and insults, which the malignity of the tyrant chooses to impose upon us, yet our people are sustained by a sense of honor, which enables them to bear, with fortitude, all the ills of subjugation and reconstruction, that the evil passions of the "powers that be" in their iniquity, are disposed to put upon them, trusting to the future to vindicate the immutable principle, that truth and right will ultimately prevail over oppression and wrong.

An honest and virtuous people can never be degraded, except by their own consent, and the intelligent and honorable people of the South, having never consented to their own degradation, are sustained by a sense of honor which will not fail to be duly appreciated by the world.

Well, my object is to celebrate this, the twelfth anniversary of that important event in my life's history, by recording in my "Journal of Reminiscences," my recollections of the battle of Newbern, which was fought against such odds, but at last resulted in the fall of Newbern.

I had been confined to my bed with sickness most of the time for five days preceding the first intelligence of the advance of the enemy, but not wishing to be classed with Company Q during our first chance to have a fight, I concluded to accompany the regiment.

Our first intimation of the approach of Burnside's gunboats, was about ten o'clock on Wednesday night before the fight on Friday.

Most of the men had retired with the expectation of having a good night's rest, but in this they were disappointed, for they were suddenly aroused by the regimental bugler sounding "boots and saddles," and soon the report spread throughout the camp that Burnside's fleet was coming up the Sound.

After a few minutes, all were mounted and ready, and appeared anxious to participate in the engagement, so much so that to every call for pickets or couriers, more than was needed volunteered, and many were disappointed because they were sent back to the ranks and feared they would not get anything important to do.

We proceeded to the line of fortifications near Fort Thompson, which is about four miles below Newbern, on the south side of Neuse river, and after remaining there some time, and stationing some pickets, and furnishing General Branch with a detail of couriers, we returned to our camp and rested until morning. Early next morning we returned to Fort Thompson, where we could see, from the dispositions being made of the troops, that active preparations were making for a bold defence, should the enemy attack, which it was evident he intended to do soon.

Before twelve o'clock our ears were greeted with the booming sound of a large cannon from the gunboats, which sent a huge shell whistling over our heads, and which assured us that the enemy meant "business."

This was the first time the enemy had ever shot at us, and we fully realized the sublimity and importance of the occasion, and resolved to do our duty to our old North State. Other shots followed and we felt proud that the war was not destined to close, without giving us an opportunity to boast that we were under the fire of the enemy at least once. The long looked-for time had arrived and we were proud of it, perhaps more so than we could boast of two years later.

In the afternoon the shelling from the gunboats became general, which was kept up heavily during the remainder of the day, on our breastworks and the woods in the rear, where the enemy supposed our forces were stationed, and although they shelled our position with a great degree accuracy, from their concealed position on the river, yet if any damage was inflicted during the evening, I am not aware of it.

After marching from point to point during the larger portion of the day, the 2d Cavalry regiment was sent down the Beaufort road, and after proceeding two or three miles, met and escorted Col. Sinclair's 35th N. C. Regiment, Capt. Evans' Cavalry and Brem's Battery of artillery, up to Fort Thompson. These troops

had been ordered the previous evening to the vicinity of Fisher's Landing, but the reported landing of a force of the enemy at Fisher's Landing in rear of the the works occupied by the above named troops rendered their withdrawal necessary, together with the 26th regiment, Col. Z. B. Vance, which had been sent down in the morning. After our return to Fort Thompson, Companies A and E were dismounted near sunset, and placed in the fortifications, about half way between the railroad and the Weathersby road, which was situated on the extreme right of our line of works. Here we remained during the night, which was rendered very uncomfortable on account of its beginning to rain before dark, and continuing to rain slowly all night. Although we belonged to the cavalry branch of the service, and had expected to serve only in that capacity, all readily entered the ditch without a murmur, and appeared anxious and willing to do all that was required of them and serve in any capacity which the occasion seemed to demand. The remaining six companies who were held in reserve, were ordered to camp for the night, where they could feed and care for the horses. Very early next morning they returned to a position half mile in rear of the breastworks, where they remained as a reserve during the fight. The horses belonging to the two companies that were in the fortifications, were placed about three hundred yards in rear of the dismounted men, so as to be accessible in case of retreat.

During the night, we could distinctly hear the enemy landing their cavalry and artillery, which kept up an immense lumbering all night.

Notwithstanding we were aware that the enemy was forming in line of battle, in our immediate front, with vastly superior numbers, and that on the first approach of morning the dreadful realities of battle would burst upon us, not a murmur was heard, but all calmly awaited daylight and appeared to be fully determined to do their whole duty, and their coolness and intrepidity were indeed remarkable.

Near daylight we were ordered to the extreme right of our line to support a section of Brem's artillery which was sent there to guard the Weathersby road, as it was supposed that the enemy had found that road during the night, and would perhaps advance on our right. On arriving at the road, we found the posi-

tion entirely unprotected, as no attempt had been made to erect any breastworks.

Our line at that point being extremely thin and the position weak, rendered it necessary for us to go to work and build breastworks, and after the loss of some time we succeeded in procuring two old spades, and with these alone, by working two hands at a time, we had erected, at the time we were ordered to retreat, a tolerable embankment for the protection of the artillery and ourselves. Between our position and that of Col. Z. B. Vance's regiment, there was an unattached company of infantry. While four regiments of State Troops and one of militia occupied the line from the river to the railroad, one mile in length, the space from the railroad to the Wethersby road, one mile and a half, was occupied by Col. Vance's regiment and the unattached company of infantry, and two dismounted cavalry companies, numbering less than one thousand men. Our line on the right of the railroad was necessarily thin, and at some points not manned at all.

The fighting commenced briskly after seven o'clock on Friday morning, along the line between the river and the railroad, and gradually extended further to the right. The heaviest portion of the engagement was along the left and did not extend further to the right than Col. Vance's regiment, the left wing of which was heavily engaged and was compelled to fight under great disadvantages, but did its work heroically. During the time that the battle was raging on our left, we continued work on our part of the line, building our breastworks, until about nine o'clock, our pickets on the Weathersby road came in and reported the enemy advancing on our position. Just to the right of the Weathersby road, our line was flanked by a large swamp extending to Brice's Creek, and effectually prevented the danger of being flanked by the enemy on that side.

Our men were kept effectually concealed on a little point of land extending a few yards into the swamp and sheltered by a heavy growth of bushes. They were instructed to file out in front of the works, in case the enemy appeared, and fire in order. We anxiously awaited the report of the appearance of the enemy for a short time, when the advance guard was announced. We were at once ordered out, and the men marched in front of the works, as coolly and deliberately as if on parade, and awaited or-

ders to fire. At the command of Lieut. Rogers all fired a volley, and the enemy retired without returning our fire, and did not appear on that road any more during the progress of the fight.

About twelve o'clock, when we supposed all was progressing well towards the left of the line, while J. M. Walker and I were using the spades, still improving our position, the fire suddenly ceased, and we could hear the cheering of troops, but, not dreaming of defeat, we were puzzled to know how the fight had terminated. A considerable space was vacant between our position and that of the 26th regiment, occasioned on account of Colonel Vance moving the right of his regiment to support the left which was heavily pressed in front and on flank. A hill intervening we could not observe the movements of his regiment, and when the firing ceased we were unable to ascertain whether our troops were retreating or had repulsed the enemy. For perhaps ten minutes we were kept in fearful suspense awaiting information or orders, and not knowing what to do. All eyes were anxiously turned in the direction of Vance's position, looking for some tidings, or trying to ascertain the situation, until at length Lieut. Rogers, Company A, started to the left to ascertain the results of the battle. After proceeding some distance he met Col. Vance, who informed him of the result, and ordered a hasty retreat, advising him to reach Trent bridge as early as possible, for the enemy had advanced far in rear of our works on the left, and was rapidly approaching the bridge.

It appears that, for a considerable time, Vance was without any knowledge of the disastrous results on the left of the railroad, but as soon as he ascertained the situation, and found his brave regiment nearly surrounded and without a support he ordered a retreat and notified Lieut. Rogers as early as he could to retreat also.

It is evident that Companies A and E, 2d Cavalry, and the section of Brem's Battery, were the last troops to leave our lines on that disastrous day.

After leaving the breastworks, we proceeded as hastily as possible to where our horses were stationed, about three hundred yards to the rear, and reached them just in time to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Mounting, we proceeded

with the utmost dispatch to reach Clermont bridge before the enemy. It was too late for the 26th regiment to reach the bridge. As we passed near our encampment at Camp Fisher, which contained all our camp equipage and clothing, the whole encampment was in flames, fired, I presume, by the orders of some of our officers. We had accumulated a great deal of clothing and blankets, quilts, comforters, etc., which the friends of the soldiers had sent from home to render us comfortable in our winter quarters. All were lost, for we, not dreaming of defeat, had not carried anything except a few rations, with us to the battlefield, thinking everything was safe in camp, or at least that if we were compelled to retreat, we would have our camp equipage removed by wagons, or railroad conveyance.

I have ever regretted the loss of a Bible, sent me by my mother, and two books with notes of events transpiring in camp, which I lost there, and which, if I now had, would enable me to make this article more interesting.

Coming up in rear of some infantry, just before they reached the bridge, they supposed we were Yankee cavalry, became panic stricken, and broke in the direction of the bridge, throwing away guns, knapsacks and everything that impeded their progress. Before the panic became general, however, we succeeded in satisfying them that we were friends, and tried to prevail on them to return and recover the arms, etc., they had thrown off. I think they subsequently did so. The 7th regiment had reached the bridge, and was drawn up in line of battle, under command of Col. Campbell, with orders from Gen. Branch, to hold the bridge as long as possible for our troops to cross, which were continually coming in from the battle-ground, and when it was no longer safe to remain, to set fire to the bridge and retire. A detail of pickets from my company passed over the bridge after it was burning.

On our arrival at the bridge, we learned that our regiment had gone in the direction of Kinston, an hour before, and that we had been reported to the Colonel, all killed and captured.

We crossed the bridge and followed the road in the direction of Newbern, with the intention of gaining the Kinston road at its intersection at the upper edge of the town, but on arriving within view of Newbern we discovered the enemy in possession of the

road at the junction. Knocking down some plank fences and crossing a field which lay between the two roads we were enabled to reach the Kinston road. As we passed near Newbern we saw the town on fire in several places, and the dense black smoke arising from the lurid flames darkened the elements over us. The streets were filled with Yankees, trying to subdue the fires which they had so wantonly kindled themselves. Several gunboats were around the wharves, and in Neuse river opposite the Fair Grounds. The railroad bridge was almost entirely consumed, there being only small portions near the banks yet burning. The railroad bridge was a neat and strong covered bridge 1340 feet long, crossing Trent river at the south of the town, of which I here present a sketch taken early in 1862 while stationed at Camp Fisher. In the middle was a "turn-table" by which a way could be opened for vessels to pass up and down the river.

On reaching the Kinston road we found a perfect stampede prevailed, and had been in progress for some time before. The panic-stricken crowd consisted of a heterogeneous mixture of soldiers, citizens,—men, women, children and negroes leaving the town in the utmost confusion.

Trunks, boxes and household plunder, of all kinds, together with army equipments, were scattered along the road for a considerable distance. Some artillerymen, who were in advance of us, after passing Newbern, saw us coming up and mistook us for yankee cavalry, and cut their horses loose from two guns and left them, which might have been saved with ease, as they were beyond danger of capture. We tried to overtake them and get them to return and bring off the guns, but without success. It was an affecting sight to see ladies, both young and old, many of whom appeared, unaccustomed to hardships and toil, trudging along the road in mud and water, on foot, carrying immense loads of their household articles, perhaps those most highly prized, and with tears, beseeching for some mode of conveyance to enable them to escape from the ruthless invader. An event has attracted my attention which shows the disgrace to which humanity can stoop. Amid the rabble was an ambulance driven by a young man of Newbern laden with a number of women of shamefully immoral character, who were amusing themselves laughing at and taunting honorable and virtuous ladies, whose tears and wail-

ings for help were heard on all sides. Verily that young man must have had an exceedingly perverse heart that would not permit him to assist ladies in great trouble, in preference to harlots.

Many of Newbern's fair damsels, who appeared to have been reared in luxury, now turned their backs sadly upon homes, that a short time before were pleasant and happy, and perhaps could now, for the first time in life, cast a lingering glance back, only to be met by the lurid glare of the fiery element consuming the home, sacred as a home, and as the scene of many of childhood's happiest dreams. Their agonizing cries of grief, and anxious entreaties for assistance, were heard on all sides, amid the din and clatter of retreating soldiery, and the panic-stricken rabble. .

Hastening on as rapidly as possible, in order to rejoin our regiment, we overtook it seven miles from Newbern, formed in line of battle to give us a reception as Yankee cavalry, for we had been reported as such. We were discovered to be friends, and not fired upon, for which, perhaps we ought to have been thankful, for it was not a very desirable time to die, especially at the hands of our own men, and then we all desired to see an end to the retreat. As soon as we came up with the regiment, the Colonel in command, who appeared to have a severe attack of panic, ordered us to *Kinston that night*.

We were thus compelled to march at a furious rate, much to the great fatigue of ourselves and horses, and which was wholly unnecessary, to say nothing of the disgrace of such a stampede. I could not then see, and never have seen the necessity for it, nor any sense in it, but the officer in command appeared to think that the Yankee cavalry would be on us at every turn of the road, with innumerable legions. We reached Kinston at 8 o'clock at night, having made the neat little march of about forty-eight miles in eight hours,—and the Yankees didn't overtake us!

During the night, and next day, the trains continued to bring in the infantry troops from Tuscarora.

For a day or two much anxiety was felt for Col. Vance's Regiment, which failed to reach Trent bridge at Newbern in time to cross, and was reported missing.

On the second day, however, Col. Vance marched his regiment into Kinston in order, preceded by the band playing "Dixie."

Finding himself cut off at the bridge, by the enemy and the

destruction of the bridge, he collected his men and proceeded with great difficulty across Bryce's Creek, and marched through a swampy section of country, which was previously believed to be almost impassible, and, passing near Pollocksville, crossed Trent river above Trenton, and reached the Trent road a short distance below Kinston.

The loss of all our camp equipage was occasioned by a want of means of conveyance to transport them to the depot at Newbern.

The forces of the enemy engaged at Newbern, numbered about fifteen thousand, while the Confederate force was less than four thousand, including an undisciplined regiment of militia. Thus, against about four times our numbers, we maintained the fight, on some portion of the line, at least, from half past seven o'clock till twelve—four and a half hours.

Had the militia held their position, and continued the fight two hours longer, till reinforcements, which were on the way, could have arrived, doubtless the enemy would have been held in check much longer, and, by reinforcements continuing to arrive, possibly Newbern might not have fallen.*

Our loss was about 60 killed and 100 wounded, and perhaps 200 prisoners. The loss of the enemy has been variously estimated, and I have now no means of correctly estimating, but it must have been considerable, in proportion to the forces we had engaged, owing to the character of the ground, in front of our breast-works, over which the enemy had to advance, and the protection which our works afforded us.

Thus I have roughly, and in great haste, sketched the battle of Newbern, and not having time to review it, I consign it to my "Journal of Reminiscences," where those who chance to peruse it will please remember that it is written more for a private journal than for the public eye.

To be Continued.

*This error into which our correspondent has fallen, with others which have prevailed, in regard to the Battle of Newbern, we shall endeavor, to some extent at least, to dispose of in the June number.—EDITOR.

CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE AT COLD HARBOR.

The following letter from Gen. Thos. L. Clingman to the Richmond papers, during the war, explains itself:

HEAD QUARTERS CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE,
COLD HARBOR, June 5th, 1864.

GENTLEMEN : My attention has been called to a statement in your paper that in the battle of the first instant, "Clingman's Brigade gave way for a time." As this statement does injustice to the gallant and patriotic men under my command, I earnestly request you to publish in your next issue this note. My brigade was in line of battle on that occasion and was heavily attacked along its entire front, from right to left. The enemy advanced not only in line of battle, but on the left wing, also in heavy columns masked by the line of battle in their front. This attack was repeatedly and signally repulsed with great loss to the enemy on my entire front. Near our left where they came in columns their dead were much thicker than I have ever seen them on any battle-field. Any force advancing in front would have been destroyed as fast as it could come up, for my men were regularly supplied with fresh ammunition and fought with the utmost coolness, courage and cheerfulness.

There was, however, in the beginning of the engagement, a brigade from another State than my own, stationed on our left. This brigade did gave way, and while the contest was going on in our front, the enemy in large force occupied the ground on our left flank and rear. After we had repelled the last attack in front, and the men were cheering along the line, the 8th regiment which formed my left was suddenly attacked on its left flank and rear. The woods there being thick and the smoke dense, the enemy had approached within a few yards and opened a heavy fire on the rear of the 8th, as well as its left. If this regiment had given away it might have escaped with much less loss, but true to its reputation and its past conduct, it by facing in two directions, attempted to hold its position and thus lost about two-thirds of its numbers. The left wing of the 51st next it, suffered in the same manner, heavily, because it continued to fight by facing in two directions. They persevered in this even after the

time which, seeing that the contest could not be maintained in this mode, I ordered them back and with the aid of their officers withdrew the survivors. They were then formed in line of battle perpendicular to the original one with the 31st and 61st regiments, which had also repelled all the enemy in their front. The brigade was thus under a constant fire from the enemy, formed in a new line of battle across the open field. While it was so doing, the 27th Georgia regiment, of Gen. Colquitt's Brigade, came up from our right handsomely, and advanced in line with us. The enemy were then, after a short struggle, driven back and the whole of my original line was reoccupied, but the position of the Brigade on my left remained in the possession of the enemy, without any attempt ever being made to retake it. I feel confident no brigade from any State in this war, or any other war, ever acted better than did mine under such circumstances. It may not be amiss to state that within the last three weeks it has lost in battle, eleven hundred and seventy-three (1173). It is a singular fact, too, but one that is indisputably true, that in every instance in which it has been engaged, whether attacking or defending itself it has decidedly and signally beaten the enemy in its front, and that four-fifths of its losses have been sustained solely because its flanks have been left unprotected by the troops which should have been there. They have suffered this way on six different occasions.

I will not, however, trust myself further to speak of these things, Having been for a full month in the trenches every night and day, and a part of the time without a single staff officer—all the members of my staff present having been shot down in the late engagements—I have but little leisure to write at length.

As this statement is not long, I earnestly request those editors, whose papers have copied the article above referred to, to publish this, remembering that, next to his country, the true soldier values the reputation and glory of his own good actions.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

T. L. CLINGMAN, Brig. Gen.

THIRD NORTH CAROLINA AROUND RICHMOND.

HD. QRS. 3D N. C. INFANTRY,
BATTLE-FIELD, FRAZIER'S FARM, July 4, 1862.

SIR: It becomes my painful duty to report the casualties in my regiment during the past week, in the great battles before Richmond.

The regiment has suffered severely as the accompanying list will show. About the close of the fight on the 1st instant (Malvern Hill), we met with the most serious loss in the death of Col. Gaston Meares. He was shot in the forehead and instantly killed, while coolly and gallantly moving at the head of his regiment, changing position to reinforce the 1st N. C. Infantry which was heavily pressed. No more brave, cool or gallant officer lived, than he. His memory will be ever dear to every officer and man in his command.

On June 26th the regiment was engaged in the charge upon the works at Ellison's Mills, being under a most terrific fire for over one hour, when we were withdrawn on account of the impracticability of charging the batteries up an almost perpendicular hill. The loss in this fight was, Maj. Savage slightly wounded, and 10 men killed and 54 wounded.

On the following day we were under a fire from the enemy's batteries during the forenoon, and at 4 P. M., we were held to protect our left flank under a heavy fire of musketry, grape and canister. We took no important part in this engagement, and by shielding the men as much as possible, our loss was slight, one man killed and one wounded.

July 1st, (Malvern Hill.) At this place the division of General D. H. Hill, to which Ripley's Brigade, of which we formed a part, is attached, held the centre of our line directly in front of the enemy's batteries. We were ordered to charge the batteries. In passing up the hill, through the densest undergrowth, the men were obliged to file around obstacles, and upon reaching the road (in front of the "Parsonage") 600 yards in front of the batteries, most of the brigade was in a confused state, requiring the lines to be reformed before another advance could be made. While attempting to do this, orders came, from the right, to fall back at

the moment that Col. Meares moved to the left, with a portion of the regiment.

We were exposed for half an hour to a galling fire from the batteries and infantry of the enemy, and through some unfortunate mistake, we received several volleys from one of our own regiments on the flank.

Our loss there was severe—Col. Meares killed by a fragment of shell—8 officers wounded, 24 men killed and 104 wounded—15 men are missing or unaccounted for. These may have been wounded and carried off the field, but if killed their bodies cannot be found. Our dead are all decently interred.

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

Col. Gaston Meares, killed; Major Ed. Savage, wounded slightly; Lieut. J. H. Albritton, Co. A, neck and leg; Lieut. Jno. B. Brown, Co. B, slightly; Lieut. Chas. P. Mallett, Co. C, shoulder and leg; Lieut. W. J. Bivens, Co. D, bruised badly; Lieut. Leander Moore, Co. E, bruised badly; Capt. Wm. M. Parsley, Co. F, neck, slightly; Capt. E. H. Rhodes, Co. G, slightly; Capt. Swift Galloway, Co. H, severely.

ENLISTED MEN.

Company A—	Killed	5,	Wounded	12,	Missing	0
“ B	“	3,	“	16,	“	0
“ C	“	6,	“	22,	“	3
“ D	“	0,	“	11,	“	0
“ E	“	2,	“	19,	“	0
“ F	“	1,	“	10,	“	4
“ G	“	7,	“	18,	“	1
“ H	“	4,	“	18,	“	2
“ I	“	0,	“	15,	“	1
“ K	“	7,	“	18,	“	4
Total,		35		159		15

My officers and men have behaved with great coolness and gallantry, showing that they can be depended upon for any emergency.

I can make no distinction.

Capt. S. D. Thruston has been acting Major since Maj. Savage was wounded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) WM. L. DEROSSET, Lt. Col. Com'd'g.

To Adjutant General State of North Carolina, Raleigh.

OUR CAMP CHEST.

—:0:—

TWO UNKNOWN HEROES.

BALTIMORE, April 7th, 1875.

COL. S. D. POOL,

Lend me a brief space in your valuable Magazine to pay a passing tribute to two unknown heroes. They were not our fellow-statesmen it is true, but they were true men every inch, and belonged to the glorious brotherhood of Nature's aristocracy.

The incident in each case, though of the sublimely heroic, did not occur midst clashing arms, but in the unromantic prison pen of Johnson's Island. I regret that owing to the loss of papers they cannot be identified better, as their very baptismal names have escaped me. All who were there, however, will probably recall the facts. During an age of prison life (from Gettysburg to the close of the war,) I was compelled by severe sickness to pass a long period in the hospital. Although our noble volunteer Surgeons (Drs. Maxwell, Sessions and Steadman) did all in their power to ameliorate the condition of the inmates, it was nevertheless regarded by prisoners in general with a feeling of dread, as affording only a brief halting place between the barracks and "the dead house." The apprehension was well founded, and was due in the main to systematic brutality on the part of "the best Government" in withholding the necessary medical supplies and the most common sustenance for the sick. Whether it was done with sinister design, let others determine. I simply state the fact! May not their withholding from their abundance, outweigh at the last judgment *the crime* of that poor Switzer who was afterwards murdered for withholding what his Government had not to give. Can Dr. Eversman answer the conundrum? *Ap-ropos*: an incident of him. After a week's rigorous fast and rapid sinking whilst in his domains, I felt a craving for porter, and believing that my life depended on getting it, offered the Dutch brute a hundred dollars for six bottles. Unfortunately the tender was made in the presence of others, and hence evoked indignant refusal and a burst of patriotic fervor: "*Our poor fellows*

at Andersonville hav'nt porter, and neither shall you have any." Pardon this digression. I could not resist going out of the path to kick the most unmitigated dog that a long captivity developed. Ahl, of Fort Delaware always excepted. But enough of him.

For a while one of the most serious wants of the establishment was a sufficient corps of nurses, these having to be supplied exclusively by volunteers, details for that purpose being impossible owing to the absence of recognized authority.

During my sojourn in that dismal abode, when almost every bed contained a sick man, the entire work, if I'm not mistaken, including washing, cooking and the more objectionable drudgery still, incident to the place, was performed by *three* brave, noble hearted, but unpretending *heroes*, whose names deserve to be held in eternal remembrance by every man who passed through that "valley of the shadow of death," and held in honor wherever true worth has a home. I regret that only two occur to me, viz : Lieutenant Sharpe and Sergeant Carpenter. I believe they were both from Alabama, although the last was an Irishman by birth. It is of him more particularly that I propose to write. He was a peculiar Irishman in one respect, for unlike his genial countrymen in general, he was one of the most quiet, reserved, undemonstrative men I have ever met. Whilst I'm sure he never drank, I could not swear that he ever slept. During several weeks of querulous illness, when vacillating between life and death, and my only solace was abusing the yankeefied Dutch chief surgeon in charge of the hospital, I am sure I never called at any hour of the day or night that he was not forthwith at my bed side. And I was no special favorite with him. He was unceasing, ubiquitous, unfatiguable ; and better still unirascible. He saved my life as doubtless he did many others, and if this ever chances to meet his eye, I beg he will give me his address.

When convalescing I said to him one day : "What do you get, Carpenter, for what you are doing ?"

I have rarely seen such indignant pride as mounted to his cheek at the thoughtless query. "Colonel," says he, "do you think I would do this work for money ?"

"And if not for money, my good friend, what for ?"

"Because, sir, it's MY duty."

"Your duty, Carpenter, and why so ? There are three thou-

sand other men on this accursed island who do not regard it as *their* duty."

"No sir; but mine is a peculiar case. You see that when it was known, after the third day's fight, that we had to take the back track, they called for a couple of fellows from our brigade to stay and take care of the wounded until the Yankees should come up and take them in charge. Volunteering was'n't very brisk that day, and I, like others, waited some time for some one else to speak. But no one did, and so I said I'd stay. You see, sir, I volunteered to nurse the sick and wounded; do you think it would be honorable in me to shirk the duty now?"

Here was a worthy disciple and follower of our great captain, whose text was *duty* and his life the sermon.

When restored to health, we raised the noble fellow a couple of hundred in greenbacks; but in the expressive language of his country, "divil a cent of it would he take." "Give it to these poor sick boys, Colonel, they need it more than I." I told him then he must consent to be their treasurer, and he did. Fortunately had it been a little later for some of the Southern States if they had found Carpenter's qualities in the men that attained to that and other responsible posts.

"But," he continued, "if it is not asking too much would you and some of the other gentlemen mind giving me a certificate that I have tried to do my duty here. You see I would like to show it to my Colonel when we get out of this, and to my children afterwards."

Be sure, he got a certificate, signed by almost every general and field officer on the island, and one which no man need be ashamed to show to his commanding officer, his offspring, or to a carping world.

Incident number two, is of an Arkansas Captain, Cole by name. He with a number of others undertook to *tunnel* out. This they effected by cutting a hole through the basement floor and sinking a well some six or eight feet deep, from the bottom of which they ran a tunnel at right angles a distance of some fifty feet, bringing it out beyond the fence where the sentries were posted. The night was a dark, chilly, drizzly one. A heavy rain having fallen all day their burrow was half filled with water by the hour agreed upon, leaving just room to keep their mouths and

noses above it. Three had gone through, when it came to Captain Cole's turn. Being a large muscular man he could not get through the outer aperture but in his efforts to do so, wedged himself in, inextricably, with only his chin protruding. In this condition he remained, soaked to the skin and almost frozen until reveille the next morning, when he called the corporal of the guard and had himself dug out. For a long time afterwards he was unable to stand. When asked by Gen. Shaler, the commanding officer on the island, why he had not called for assistance sooner, he replied with noble simplicity: "Because it would have led to the recapture of my Confederates, and would have been dishonorable."

After that, we say to the rear with your old book stories of Curtius and Scævola, Cocles & Co., for here's a well authenticated one of yesterday that will compare favorably with these bright *traditions* of a by-gone age. I said they were heroes; haven't I proved it?

Of the subsequent career of these men, I know nothing, but of one thing feel assured, and that is that in these dark days of *so-called Peace*, they at least have remained as true to their caste, their color and convictions, as they did in war to their colors and high sense of Duty. More *exalted* soldiers have since been led astray by the tempting savor of the flesh-pots and the odd fancy to turn African; but *such as these*, never, never, never. W. J. G.

PATENT ELECTION PROCESS!—In the Spring of 1862, while the 3rd N. C. Infantry was stationed below Goldsboro, and very soon after General Orders had been issued requiring all vacancies in offices to be filled by elections, there came an order from General Holmes, commanding at Goldsboro, to hold an election in Co. G, to fill a vacancy of Junior 2nd Lieutenant.

The views of the commanding officer of the regiment as well as those of the other field, and most of the company officers had been fully expressed, among themselves, as averse to any such proceeding, as tending to lower their standard of discipline, of which they were justly proud.

The passing of the order, then, through the regular channel, to the commanding officer of the company with instructions to carry out its provisions, was the cause of much surprise to all aware of it.

How it was *literally* obeyed is best shown by relating the conversations and acts as they occurred. The Major addressing Lt. R., commanding in absence of the Captain :

"Lieutenant, the Colonel desires the immediate execution of this order," handing him the paper.

Lt. R. having read the order, with the utmost despair remarked—"Goodness gracious, Major! Do you mean to have an *election* held!"

Major: "Lieutenant, you well know the views of the Colonel, as well as other officers of the command, as regards elections. We have no alternative but to obey the order."

Saluting, the Lieutenant departed, calling up his orderly to form the company at once, which was promptly done. Lieut. R. read the order to the company, and remarked:

"My men, you have heard the order of the General commanding read. There are two candidates offered as Lieutenant of the company—Sergeants —— and ——, only one of whom is worth a d—n; and I nominate Sergeant ——. All in favor of electing Sergeant ——, Junior 2d Lieutenant of this company will come to a shoulder—"

"COMPANY! SHOULDER ARMS!"

And turning to the orderly, he turned the company over to him to be dismissed; and within ten minutes after receiving the order he had returned a certificate to the Colonel that "Sergeant —— had been unanimously elected Junior 2d Lieutenant of Co. G."

The gallant Lieutenant proved himself as prompt and efficient in action as in camp, and met a soldier's death on the field of Sharpsburg.

THE LAST MAN OF THE RETREATING ARMY.—The *Petersburg Index*, speaking of the desecration of a burial-lot in Pocahontas, near that city, makes the following interesting mention of the last devoted North Carolinian:

"There is buried here one soldier—a North Carolina Curtius—who, on the night of the evacuation, was left at Pocahontas bridge to fire it, and was killed there,—the last man of the retreating army. He was found dead by the Federal Forces in advancing, and by them interred, a blanket his only coffin, and the apron of a woman, who came there to weep, his only shroud."

We add, disturb him not, but let a monument be erected to his heroic memory!

By all means let a monument be erected to this hero-martyr. His fame should be dear to his native State, and it should be her pride to perpetuate it in stone and brass.

A correspondent of the *Charlotte Times* says his name was Cummings Mebane, son of the late Rev. W. N. Mebane, of Madison, N. C., and adds:

"It affords me pleasure to give the particulars of his death. On the night of the retreat of Gen. Lee's army, Pocahontas bridge was left in charge of a Lieutenant and a small body of infantry, with instructions to burn the bridge as soon as the troops crossed. Before all the troops had crossed over, the enemy had commenced shelling the bridge, and it was exceedingly dangerous for any one to approach it. At this juncture volunteers were called for to fire the bridge, when young Mebane and Lindsay Wall, of Rockingham, stepped forward and offered their services. Young Mebane, notwithstanding the shot and shell were raking the bridge, reached its middle, and while applying the match was shot through the body with a grape shot. He walked back to the bank and expired in a few moments. Although only 16 years old he was as cool, intrepid and daring as a veteran of fifty summers. I agree with you and the *Index* that his remains should be undisturbed and a monument erected to his heroic memory."

EDITORIAL.

THE SOUTH MUST WRITE ITS OWN HISTORIES.

In the January number of this Magazine a brief notice of Alex. H. Stephens' excellent *History of the United States* appeared, from the pen of William Eaton, Esq., of Warrenton, a gentleman of taste and culture. We recur to it for the purpose of insisting that Southern teachers should use in their schools only such histories of our country, as they know from personal and careful examination to be fair and trustworthy. Pliny, the Younger, has said that oratory and poetry are of little value unless they reach the highest perfection, a remark which we believe has much of truth in

it. But he further says, that "history, in whatever way it may be executed, is a source of pleasure." Now, we confess, to us this is a hard saying. We have examined some works, and there were some North Carolina productions among them, that were as bad as bad could be, that were so irredeemably stupid and worthless as to deserve no better fate than to be relegated to the limbo of insipidities and inanities. It would require the most pertinacious efforts of the most inveterate archæologist or antiquarian, to extract any juice from such very dry bones. Pliny himself had never met with such works in his day, or he would have modified materially his statement. Whether some of the Yankee school histories of the U. S. belong to this category we will not pretend to say, but *certainly* they are generally as unreliable as poorly written. There are a half dozen or more works of the kind that have come under our eye, that literally teem with blunders, falsehoods and slanders. From them our Southern youth can never learn the truth. In them the people of the South are systematically maligned, are stigmatized as traitors and rebels, whilst the facts of history are deliberately perverted to meet the peculiar views and antipathies and prejudices of the Northern people. We have not been fortunate enough to meet with a solitary so-called school history of our country from a Northern pen, in which the war of the States is treated, that we have not found to contain the most inexcusable ignorance, or to be a mere tissue of misrepresentation and untruth. We might put velvet in our mouth or sheath our pen in wool to characterize it differently, but it is well sometimes to call a spade a spade. We know it is easy to err, but a man can scarcely be excused if he states that General Washington was born in London, or that Christopher Columbus was a Norwegian. We have seen statements in some of these so-called histories that were as stupid and untrue, as would be such an account of the nativity of the discoverer of America and of the *Pater Patriæ*. When we read such travesties of the truth we are surely tempted to use the vigorous language of that corrupt minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and to declare that "all history is a lie." No man can intelligently examine such works without believing that the sweeping charge brought against history by Napoleon is at least true when applied to this school, that in *their* hands "history is a fable agreed upon."

The parents and guardians of the South should see to it that no such caricatures of our people—no such historic abortions and literary knavery—should find patrons in them. As among fungi there are some species that are poisonous and will destroy life, so there are among histories some works that are positively vicious and destroy all truth, while poisoning the minds of the badly informed or the incautious. Our children should not be exposed to such malign influences. Never consciously believe a lie or subject children to a discipline that inculcates error for truth, and immorality for pure ethics.

The work of Mr. Stephens is fair, clear and truthful. We have not been able to detect a single instance where he has allowed his sectional favoritism or dislikes to warp his judgment or control his statements. He seems to have undertaken an important work with an eye single to truth and candor.

That the reader may see how important it is to have the right kind of books in our schools, we will instance a recent experience of our own. A daughter of the writer is studying "The Great Events of History, from the Creation till the Present Time." The volume was prepared by William F. Collier, LL.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, a gentleman of erudition and of wide acquaintance with literature. We chanced some weeks ago to pick the book up, attracted by the authorship, being familiar with another work of much value by Dr. Collier, when we ascertained that there had been large additions by an American editor, who writes himself "An experienced teacher." We found two chapters devoted to the "American Rebellion." The title of these chapters was suspicious; so we turned over and began to read what this Northern "teacher" had to tell American youth concerning "the great events" of the great "rebellion." We will quote one brief paragraph to show you how much reliance can be reposed in this "teacher," who is doubtless a fair representative of that tribe of literary adventurers who have undertaken to tell the "truth of history."

This "experienced American teacher" of youth is writing of the "Battle of Bull Run," or Manassas as we call it in the South. Here is the result of this important and hotly contested conflict, as given by this historical Munchausen:

"After several hours fighting, *the contestants being nearly equal,*

having about *twenty thousand men on each side*, a reinforcement arrived from the South, and secured the victory for the South."

That is to say, the South was victorious because its reinforcements made it *outnumber* the Union army. This "experienced American teacher" takes the flattering unction to his soul that he is really writing history when he pens such a monstrous falsehood. This is the way that one of "the great events" is to be made a part of the "History from the creation to the present time." This is the sort of stuff upon which Southern teachers must feed the minds of their pupils when they seek their historical pabulum at the hands of "experienced American teachers" of the pronounced Yankee type. The Northern army was routed and driven in disgrace to Washington by not more than half its numbers. It will never do to let this "great event" thus go into "history." Facts and figures must be manipulated, truth must be perverted or suppressed, a Blucher for our Wellington must come to the rescue in the very nick of time, and thus the victory was won to the Confederates. And this is history! This is the sort of history our boys must be taught! These are the creatures who are to tell coming generations what their illustrious ancestry did. These are the ignoble fellows to whom we must look for the vindication of the cause for which the South raised her mailed hand and for which her noblest sons laid down their lives. These are the penny-a-liners who are to describe the "great events" of one of the most unequal and heroic struggles belonging to the domain of history. *Procul, O! procul este profani.*

Of course in 1861, every body North and South knew that the Yankee army was quite twice as large as the Confederate army under Generals Johnston and Beauregard. It was a great source of mortification to the Northern people that after the tremendous flourish of trumpets, and the gasconading of carpet-knights, their army that was so excited with an "On to Richmond" fever should be so signally overthrown and scattered by less than half its numbers. It was not the only instance of record where the deeds of the war failed to equal the blatant pronunciamento issued in advance of the war. Mr. Paris, in his serial history now appearing in these pages, gives the strength of the Northern army under General McDowell at 54,000 men, and the Confederate strength at 20,000. It is quite certain that not more than that force was

ever brought into action. It is true that about 2 o'clock reinforcements numbering several thousand became engaged with the enemy and hastened greatly the splendid victory, but there were several thousand of the original 20,000 troops who never fired a gun during the day, being in position several miles from the battle-field. Mr. Stephens places the Federal army at 60,000, and the Confederates at 30,000. From official statistics, it appears that Mr. Paris' figures are nearer the mark.

Such a blunder as we have noticed is in keeping with the accounts of the battles to be found in the ordinary school history of the day of Northern manufacture. We could fill a dozen pages with the bare enumeration of the abounding errors. It will be remembered how utterly unreliable were the Yankee bulletins giving the results of battles. Every defeat was heralded to the country as a tremendous victory. Most of their writers since the war appear to have imitated the bad example set during the war by mendacious Generals and super-serviceable newspaper correspondents. Even Swinton, their most reliable writer, is not always fair and trustworthy. It must be admitted that some Southern writers upon the war have not always been just and reliable. Whilst in the main they may have given a fair account of the battles as between contending armies, and have summed up correctly the results, they have been sometimes careless or ignorant when they descended to details. In this way injustice has been done to troops from particular States. We may hope that hereafter there will be no cause for complaint on this score, when other writers shall essay to tell the story of the great conflict.

We would like to see more care manifested by Southern teachers in the selection of school books, and school *histories* specially, and a greater disposition to patronize those authors of our section who have prepared books of merit at least equal to those of the North. This surely is the only way to develop and foster our home publications. When a work has reference to our special wants and has value, it should be introduced into all of our schools. In the case of school histories of the United States it would seem too plain to require appeal or argument. We cannot afford to patronize those who traduce our motives, slander our characters, and falsify the plainest facts. If their books were



free from the glaring imperfections which disfigure them, we would still insist that Southern histories should have the preference, and because of the imperative necessity of doing all we can to sustain our native writers and educators. Is any Southern man verdant enough to suppose that a New England teacher or parent would use Southern publications in preference to his own works unless they are incomparably better? Does he imagine that any severely *truthful* history of the late war would be tolerated in the latitude of New England, specially if written by a man of the South? Much less, then, would they allow the use of any history in their public schools that perverted the truth continually to magnify the prowess of our people and to cast a deeper reproach upon universal and irrepressible Yankeedom?

Mr. Stephens has given the South an excellent history of the whole country, who will write a *popular* history of North Carolina? We have no such book that begins to answer the purpose. We need a well written, carefully arranged history in a volume of four or five hundred pages for the use of schools. A work of larger scope, intended more especially for libraries and scholars, should also be prepared. Massachusetts has a work of this sort that is a model. The person who will write the first one mentioned would be a public benefactor. Such a book would be invaluable and would sell by thousands for decades to come. Who will undertake for the children of North Carolina such an important educational work?

T. B. K.

COMMEMORATIVE NOTES.

—Virginia deserves to be held in the highest honor. She not only produces great men—patriots, statesmen, scholars, orators and soldiers—who are

“On Fame’s eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed,”

but she cherishes their memories with maternal fondness and devotion, and freely employs the sculptor’s art and the painter’s skill to perpetuate their form and lineaments. She seems to realize the grandeur of virtue, and that its memorial “is immortal,

because it is known with God and with men"—that "when it is present, men take example at it, and when it is gone they desire it." One of her native sons, Edward Virginus Valentine, whose right hand is so cunning and who is so much a master of the plastic art, has just completed a recumbent figure of ROBERT E. LEE, larger than life, upon which he has been engaged for the last four years. The statue is said to be of exquisite design and workmanship, and is a most admirable likeness of the foremost man of our times. It will be mounted on a sarcophagus, which in turn will rest on a granite base course of three members. It will be taken in a few months to Lexington where the Christian-hero sleeps, and will be placed in a Gothic mausoleum thirty feet long by twenty-five feet wide. There it will stand for ages to come at the Mecca, of the South, telling generations unborn of him who "weareth a crown and is triumphant forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards." There Virginia will place this fitting monument in a Memorial Building because she loves to honor those who reflected undying glory upon her name. Sleep on in peace grandest, honest, gentlest Knight of all the ages! As long as virtue and honor and courage and nobility of soul are numbered among the highest bestowments of heaven, thy memory will be green.

"Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

—Our State, during Gov. Clark's successful administration, took one step which, if it had been repeated, would have been of much service to our future State historians, and would have contributed no little in perpetuating the names and deeds of many of our gallant boys who wore the gray. After the seven days battles around Richmond, Mr. P. F. Pescud, by authority of the Governor, if we remember aright, visited the various hospitals in Richmond, and obtained a list of all of our North Carolina wounded. Their names were published in a pamphlet. According to our recollection, (our copy is mislaid) exclusive of those confined at the Brigade Hospitals and those whose wounds allowed them to be sent home, there were three thousand and three hundred. The probability is there were at least four thousand wounded from North Carolina alone, and, we suppose, at least one thousand killed. There is but little doubt but that this State sus-

tained a loss of five thousand in those battles—a loss much greater than that borne by any other State. At Chancellorsville our loss was probably equally as great.

—We propose in our contributions to the Historical and Biographical Departments to do what we can to rescue from oblivion the memory of men of mark, who achieved place or fame in various scenes of activity and rivalry. We are preparing a sketch of a Confederate Captain, a modest Christian soldier, who fell at his post a martyr to duty and country. We hope, too, during the Summer, to write a brief memoir of the late judge Robert B. Gilliam, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. We are also gathering some facts preparatory to writing an account of the skirmish in which Col. George B. Singletary was killed. This will be followed by a sketch of the brilliant little fight at North Anna, in which Col. T. L. Hargrove, the present Attorney General, bore himself so heroically.

Whilst we shall do all that is within our power in this direction, will not the educated and practiced writers of North Carolina, male and female, aid us in behalf of our soldiers, and of those illustrious men who became famous as statesmen, jurists, clergymen, educators, &c.? We would like to publish sketches of every eminent North Carolinian in whatever arena he made his name. We have a right to expect that our best pens will not be idle when an appeal is made to them as North Carolinians? Surely, they will not withhold their hands in a cause that claims both pride and gratitude.

T. B. K.

GEN. M. W. RANSOM'S SPEECH.—We are indebted to Gen. Ransom for a pamphlet copy of the speech delivered by him in the Senate on the Louisiana question. We shall in the June number make copious extracts from this great effort of the Senator. Extracts in defence of our beloved South, of her noble soldiers, of our peerless commander, and of North Carolina especially, will ever be welcome and find an appropriate place in our columns.

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT.

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NORTH CAROLINA NECROLOGY.*From March 10th to April 10th, 1875.*

March 10. Dr. Joseph A. McDowell, a leading citizen, near Asheville. 12. A. V. Sullivan, a prominent citizen of High Point, shot himself in the head. John H. Faulkner, a highly esteemed citizen of Person county, aged 47. Wesley Hodge, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of Buncombe. Dr. E. H. Goelet, a highly valued citizen of Wayne county. 13. Maj. J. M. Saunders, near Warrenton, Va., brother of the late Judge Romulus M. Saunders. He was at the battle of New Orleans, and was a native of North Carolina. 17. Capt. Alexander Roberts of Hyde county. 24. F. B. Satterthwaite, an eminent lawyer, suddenly, at Washington. April 2. Hodgins Fentress, a highly respectable citizen of Randolph county, accidentally killed himself with a pistol.

RECORD OF EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.*From March 10th to April 10th, 1875.*

March 11. Supreme Court decided that Richmond and Danville Railroad under the lease, has a right to alter the guage of the North Carolina Railroad. Democrats elect Municipal ticket at Wilmington. Convention Bill passed the Senate, ayes 37, nays 12. A woman in Eastern North Carolina gave birth to three children. She has had eighteen at eight births. 15. The guage on the North Carolina road from Greensboro to Charlotte changed. 19. The Convention Bill passed the House—ayes 81, nays 33. It becomes a law. The Convention to assemble in Raleigh on Sept. 6th, 1875. 20. A colored insane asylum to be located at Wilmington, the citizens giving the Marine Hospital for

the purpose, and the Legislature appropriating \$10,000 annually for its support. A branch insane asylum is to be established at Morganton, or within three miles thereof. The most destructive storm that has occurred in a great many years passed over Chat-ham, Orange, Wake and other counties. One person killed and many houses were blown down. The Court-house at Pittsbóro was unroofed, as was Wake Forest College building. 22. The Legislature adjourned *sine die*, after a session of 86 days. Explosion of mine, at King's Mountain, killing Mr. Mooney and two negroes. Accident on North Carolina Railroad, killing Mr. Womble of Greensboro,' and severely injuring two others. Snow at Oxford. 24. Store of Mr. J. W. Hardy burned at Chimney Rock—no insurance. 27. Three convicts of the Penitentiary wound the guard, Mr. Ford, and make their escape. April 2. Gov. Brogden instructs the Solicitors of 7th, 8th and 9th Districts to commence proceedings against persons who altered the guage on North Carolina Road.

THE WORLD.

NECROLOGY—*From March 10th to April 10th, 1875.*

March 10th. Bishop James Richardson of the Methodist Church., at Toronto. 15. Field Marshal, Sir Wm Maynard Gorum, constable of the tower, in England. Daniel Dickson, at Oxford, Ga., a famous farmer. Samuel Hairston, of Pittsylvania, Va., 87 years of age, the wealthiest citizen of his State prior to the war. John Mitchell, at Dromalane, Ireland, aged 60. 23. Count de Jarnac, French Ambassador at London. Col. Richard Thomas, a well known Confederate, in St. Mary's county, Maryland. He was known as the "French Maid" of war times. Hon. John Hickman, a famous politician, at West Chester, Penn., aged 65. 27. Louis Amidee Achard, a gifted French author, aged 61. 28. Edgar Quinet, an eminent French author and politician, aged 72. Rev. Dr. Jos. C. Stiles, a distinguished Presbyterian minister, at Savannah, Ga., aged 80. Prince Blucher, son of the celebrated Field Marshal, at Radnau, Austria, aged 78. April 4. Col. John R. Chambliss, a distinguished Virginian, at Hicksford, aged 66.

IMPORTANT EVENTS—*From March 10th to April 10th, 1875.*

March 12th. John Mitchell re-elected to the British Parliament. Archbishop McClosky, of New York, created a Cardinal by the Pope. New French Ministry formed under Buffet. New Hampshire election shows slight Republican gain in vote for Governor. Democrats gain one member of Congress. 15. A terrible tornado passed over Rienzi, Miss., killing several persons, wounding others and destroying many houses, among the number the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. 17. Immense damage done in Pennsylvania by flood. 20. Terrible tornado in Georgia with fearful loss of life and destruction of property—105 killed and 123 wounded. Spain demands the extradition of Don Carlos' brother, Alfonso, from Austria, for heavy crimes. Oxford for the first time in six years beats Cambridge in the boat race. 21. Carlists defeated before Olot, losing 900 prisoners. 30,000 Irishmen hold a mass meeting in Hyde Park, London, in regard to home affairs and the course of the British Government. Marquis de Lafayette appointed President of the French Commission to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. 22. Loss by the Susquehanna flood \$1,500,000. Andrew Johnson addressed U. S. Senate on Louisiana matters. Gen. Cabrera, the leading officer under Don Carlos, declares in favor of King Alfonso. 24. U. S. Senate passed a resolution endorsing Grant's Louisiana policy. U. S. Senate adjourned. 25. Dioceses refuse to confirm the election of Dr. DeKoven as Bishop of Illinois. The German Chamber of Deputies passed a bill withdrawing the State grants from Roman Catholic Bishops. Judge Emmons, U. S. Court at Memphis, decides the Civil Rights law unconstitutional. 26. 85,000 men idle and on a strike at the Pennsylvania mines. Large meeting at Nashville, Tenn., held in behalf of the Mecklenburg Centennial. 27. The miners destroyed cars and burned depot and telegraph office at Locust Gap, Penn. Delaware Legislature passed a bill to evade Civil Rights law. The Khan of Khiva has offered to become a subject of Russia. 29. 100,000 people favoring Tichborne's release assembled in Hyde Park, London. April 2. 200,000 people attended John Mitchell's funeral in Ireland. Disturbance among the miners of Penn. Gov. Hartranft issues a proclamation, ordering evil disposed persons to disperse. The Hartford (Conn.) *Churchman* office destroyed by fire, loss \$60,000. Snow

4 inches deep at Ogdensburg, N. Y. 244 officers have left the service of Don Carlos. 5. Democrats carry Connecticut by an increased majority, electing the Governor, and gaining two Congressmen. A collision between whites and blacks at Annapolis, Md. Two whites and five negroes wounded, and three negroes killed. 7. Snow in New York City. Meeting of Emperor of Austria and King of Italy at Venice. Court of Claims decide that amnesty does not include restoration of forfeitures. 8. Unfriendly correspondence between Prussia and Belgium. Troops sent into the turbulent districts in Pennsylvania. Spanish Government will send 15,000 soldiers to Cuba, additional.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."

A SUMMER IDYL.

—
BY CHRISTIAN REID,

Author of Valerie Aylmer, Morton House, A Daughter of Bohemia, etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"LOVE WAS IN THE NEXT DEGREE."

How pleasantly the days go by, those who have spent such days of golden summer need not be told. It is like an idyl—and one of Nature's own telling—only to sit on the rocks, in the mellow sunshine and watch the great white billowy clouds sailing athwart the sky, their soft shadows falling over the far-stretching land, over plantations that look like gardens, over hills like mounds, over distant towns with steeples shining, over wooded mountain sides on which the blue haze of distance lies. Fragments from "The Earthly Paradise" rise unconsciously to Charlton's lips. It is scarcely possible for any one of this generation

to be in such scenes without remembering those sweet strains.
When

“The soft south-wind, the flowers amid the grass,
The fragrant earth, the sweet sounds everywhere
Seem gifts too great almost for men to bear,”

it is to Morris that we must turn for the most melodious expression of such a feeling.

There are various expeditions to the different points of interest around Cæsar's Head. Each of these expeditions occupy a day, and even then Flora confesses to Charlton that the result is unsatisfactory. “I am half stupified by the beauty that I have seen, and half dissatisfied because, of necessity, so much has been left unseen,” she says. “I should like to be perfectly free to take time to see it *all*. Should not you?”

“There is certainly an uncommon degree of sympathy between us,” that gentleman replies meditatively and, as it seems rather irrelevantly. “I have exactly that feeling. The proper way to see such a country as this would be on foot, with a knapsack, a sketch-book and—don't be shocked!—a fishing line.”

“Why should I be shocked?” asks Flora. “Fishing is very pleasant. I like nothing better than to land a large trout. And all these mountain streams are full of them. Is it not strange that this country should be comparatively unknown—especially by artists and sportsmen? I don't wonder that fashionable people should not come here, but I cannot understand the absence of those two classes.”

“It is on account of ignorance,” says Charlton. “They have not the faintest conception of what an Arcadia it is. I had not the least.”

“That is not strange. You are—one might almost say, a foreigner.”

“No more foreign to the Blue Ridge than to the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada—but I know all about *them*.”

“People say that the country ought to be made more accessible; but I shall be sorry when it becomes so. Railroads will seem a desecration of all this wild loveliness.”

“Mr. Ruskin, if he was here, would agree with you. Have you ever read any of *Fors Clavigera*?”

"Only a few extracts here and there in newspapers and magazines."

"Among those extracts did you chance to see any expression of his hatred of railroads? He detests them because they destroy all natural beauty. As an instance, he relates that there was once a rocky valley between two English towns—Buxton and Bakewell, I believe—where Apollo and the Muses might have been seen 'walking in fair procession.' But the stupid British public thought that they could make money of it, a railroad was carried through the valley, rocks were blasted away, thousands of tons of shale were heaped in it's lovely stream. 'The valley is gone, and the gods with it, but every fool in Buxton can be in Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton, which you think a lucrative exchange, you fools everywhere!' concludes the indignant philanthropist."

"He would say something of the same kind—or worse—about the gorge of the French Broad, if he could see it," says Flora with deep sympathy. "There is nothing grander, wilder, more beautiful, than that gorge this side of the Yosemite—and if it were not for lack of money, *our* stupid public would have had a locomotive shrieking through it long ago."

"I hope your stupid public may continue to lack money," says Charlton.

"I am afraid they would mob you if they heard you," says his companion smiling. "But I have long hoped the same thing."

This conversation takes place out on the rocks near the Head. There are innumerable nooks and pinnacles here which might be haunted—to borrow Mr. Ruskin's phrase—by Apollo and all the Muses. Winding paths lead to them—paths made by the adventurous pleasure seekers—trees, bushes, flowers, mosses, cover them. On one of these crag-like points Flora sits—the azure world spread below her, beside her a great chasm, a rift in the mountain down which the gaze is lost. Charlton is on a rock at her feet. They have been talking idly—now and then silence settles over them. It does so now. Several minutes elapse before either speaks again. Finally voices float to them, and Charlton stirring slightly, frowns.

"Some people are coming," he remarks. "What a bore! Perhaps they want to propose another expedition. Something was said at breakfast about Table Rock."

"I shall not go," says Flora. "I am tired of expeditions for the present. Especially I am tired of making one of a large party. Now, as we went to Coneste—"

"Ah Coneste!" says Charlton smiling. "I shall never forget it. Not even the beautiful falls of the Saluda and Little River have eclipsed the recollection of it."

"Recollection often flatters and magnifies," says Flora shaking her head, but smiling too—a smile which has in it much of playfulness though nothing of coquetry—"you must not go back to Coneste, else you might be dissatisfied. If one has a pleasant memory I think it is best not to endanger it by bringing it in contact with reality again."

"I wonder where you learned such philosophy," says Charlton. "You must have learned it somewhere, for you are not naturally morbid?"

"And you consider that morbid?"

"I consider it inclined that way. By all means bring recollection as often as possible in contact with realities, and if they won't stand the test—let them go! Don't live in a world of shadows. It is the worst thing that can befall any one."

"You talk of letting memories go as if, in that case, one would not have to let a great deal of one's self go with them," says Flora almost resentfully.

"Even in that case it is best for them to go. They are not healthy food," Charlton answers.

She shrugs her shoulders lightly and, without answering otherwise, takes her straw hat which lies beside her and begins to tie it on. "Those voices are coming nearer," she says, "and I don't think I am in the mood for society. You said the other day that you would like the view from the other side of the mountain—the side overlooking Jones' Gap. Should you like to go now?"

"Very much indeed," he replies, rising with alacrity.

"You must walk a mile—a very long mile."

"Do you think I shall mind that—if you do not?"

"Your ankle may suffer, however."

"My ankle is almost entirely well. It only gives a twinge now and then, and I am sure it is quite equal to your long mile."

"Then we will go."

She rises—or at least attempts to do so. But her dress is caught

by a stone, she turns to release it and her foot slips. In another instant she might have gone over the precipice, down to a death too awful to contemplate, if Charlton's arm had not encircled and drawn her back. It is only an instant—but an instant that he never forgets. Some moments contain within themselves the principle of eternity. This is one of them. Her slight figure clinging to him, her soft hair blowing across his lips—these things thrill him suddenly with a consciousness which is like a revelation. It is new and yet old, familiar and yet unknown before. Man of the world as he is, and well trained in self-control, he cannot utter a word. It is Flora, who, drawing away, speaks.

"Thank you very much. That was exceedingly awkward of me—and one cannot afford to be awkward on such a pinnacle as this."

"You came very near falling into the chasm," he says, a little hoarsely.

She turns her head and looking down into the chasm, shudders. "If I had," she says, "how terrible it would have been—for me and also for you! I should have been killed, and you would have been haunted by the horror of having witnessed such a thing. I am glad you caught me."

"I am very glad to have been able to do so."

Then without saying anything more, they turn and scramble back over the rocks to the top of the mountain. Skirting around the large bowlders which cover the Head—or Lookout, as it is sometimes called—they avoid the party gathered there, but do not avoid certain scraps of their conversation.

"Floy and Mr. Charlton ought to be here somewhere," says Minnie's voice.

"Perhaps they are down in the cave—engaged in the amusement for which it is famous," suggests Mr. Brandon.

"Do you mean flirting?" inquires a lively young lady. "I should not suspect either of them of knowing anything about such an amusement."

"They don't!" says Minnie a little indignantly. "At least, I know nothing about Mr. Charlton—only I should think he was too old for anything of that kind—but I *do* know that Floy never flirted in her life."

"It is never too late to begin, my dear," says the young lady with a laugh.

"They certainly seem uncommonly partial to each other's society," remarks Mr. Brandon.

The two involuntary listeners who thus exemplify the old proverb by hearing no good of themselves, look at each other as they pass out of the sound of the voices. Charlton is doubtful what Flora may think, but she only smiles.

"How do you fancy the imputation of being too old to flirt?" she asks. "You must excuse Minnie. In the eyes of fifteen, thirty is the border of middle life."

"She is quite right," says Charlton. "I *am* too old to flirt—too old in mind if not in years. In my youngest days, however, I was not partial to the amusement. I had always a sense of austere, and no doubt uncharitable, contempt for men who make it the business of their lives. But then I was never a society man, and so, perhaps I could not estimate their temptations. When I was young society did not recognize me. Of late it has been graciously pleased to acknowledge my existence—after a certain patronizing fashion—but I cannot say that its favours have been very gratefully received. Hence I am like yourself—I never flirted in my life: We stand on that much common ground, at all events."

"Why are you sure that I never flirted. Minnie does not know."

"I know—just as I know that St. Agnes never waltzed or whatever was the Roman equivalent for waltzing. There is fitness in all things."

"But not consistency in all characters."

"No, not in all—only in some, Yours for instance, is thoroughly consistent and harmonious."

"You are determined to think better of me than I deserve," she says, "but perhaps I ought not to quarrel with you for that."

"Perhaps I know you better than you know yourself," he answers. "But where are we going! Yonder is the hotel, and I thought we were to see the view—or is it over?—Jones' Gap!"

"We turn by the spring. Are you thirsty? The water here is so cool, so clear, so delightful, it tempts one to drink merely for the sake of drinking. Last summer I had a fever, and during the whole time I longed inexpressibly for water from the spring on Caesar's Head."

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The second was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The third was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1880. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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They approach the spring which is very large, limpid and beautiful. On one side great flat rocks lead down to it, on the other the bank rises abruptly, trees shoot upward, and green shade droops over. "There is nothing but this out of which to drink," says Flora, taking up a huntsman's horn which is lying near the side of the spring—left by some thirsty and forgetful hunter.

She kneels down on the gray rocks—a graceful unconscious figure, over which the flickering shadows fall. All things fresh and Arcadian seem to meet and center in her. To Charlton at that moment she appears like an incarnation of the sylvan sweetness which surrounds him. It is the Flora of mythology who is kneeling there, with Diana's horn in her hand—fair, tender, wild, the music of the streams in her voice, the blueness of the skies in her eyes. Are *his* eyes enchanted? It may be—but sometimes such enchantment is not only better, but also wiser than all the wisdom of earth.

After he has drank from the horn which she holds to him full of liquid crystal, they leave the spring behind and enter the forest. There is a road for some distance, then a path, and finally merely a trail which eyes inexperienced in woodcraft would not observe. Flora sees and follows it without difficulty. Charlton loiters by her side—for they do not overheat themselves by fast walking—and thinks that he has never before been so near the perfection of existence. Their way is level, for this is the summit of the mountain over which they are passing, and the forest around them is as still and green as if no human presence had ever entered it.

"It looks as if it was enchanted, does it not?" says Flora. "Everything is so wild and beautiful! Do you not notice how few birds there are? I have observed that birds are comparatively rare on the tops of mountains."

"There are flowers enough to atone for their absence," says Charlton. "I should not think the flora of this region had ever been thoroughly classified. It seems inexhaustible."

"It never has been," says Flora. An eminent botanist who stayed with us for some time last summer—and from whom I learned what little botany I know—told papa that he was continually making new discoveries. He was delighted with the

country," she adds, with an air of charming pride. "People of good sense and good taste always are."

"I am glad to have such excellent authority for considering myself a person of good sense and good taste."

"Did you ever doubt that you were?" she asks laughingly.

Talking this way they walk on and on. It seems to Charlton as if the winding trail which they are following leads endlessly into the fair, green forest. Once they sit down to rest on a log covered with soft rich roses. Flowers are springing all around them—white stars, blue bells, beautiful purple blossoms that might serve for a fairy couch, strange-shaped petals delicately veined. Flora's hands are full of these, and she lays them tenderly in her lap to count them. "I have thirty-six varieties," she says, looking up at her companion, "and you know I only gathered them carelessly as I walked. Fancy how many one could find if one tried!"

"It is a wonderful country," says Charlton, "and you are wonderfully devoted to it."

"Of course I am," she says. "How could I be anything else? Would not you be devoted to it if it was *your* native country?"

"I think I might become so—if I stayed here long enough—even without that advantage," he replies.

"I have never been out of it but once," says Flora. "Then I was sent away—down to the low-country—to school, and thought I should die of home sickness. I pined for the great blue hills till they were forced to bring me back. Of course I should not be so foolish now. I should try to content myself wherever I was forced to live; but my heart—Ah, I know that *it* would always 'flee as a bird to the mountains.'"

"It is a very tender and constant heart," says Charlton.

After this they proceed on their walk. It ends after a time as all things do—even the long and loosely-reckoned miles which are a peculiarity of this country. The two pedestrians suddenly emerge out of the shadow of the woods and find themselves on the verge of the mountain. It slopes down on a precipice about as abrupt as that on the other side—but without the rock formation. Here the wonderful forest covers every rood of ground, and the eye rests on that sea of green, melting gradually into blue, to which the traveller in these virgin solitudes soon grows accustomed.

Flora advances to the edge of the precipice, and passing one arm around a tree, sinks down on it's moss-covered roots. "Look!" she says to her companion—all her heart in her eager voice—"Is it not grand?"

Certainly it is. Far below lies the narrow path, extending miles in length; on each side of where they stand the range of the Saluda Mountains stretches away to dim distance; while immediately before them—not more than a mile distant as the crow would fly from crest to crest—is the great chain of the Blue Ridge lifting it's stately peaks to Heaven. The grandeur, the silence, the wildness of the scene is beyond all expression. The glory of towering heights, the shifting beauty of lights and shades and tints, the lucid sky, the floating clouds, the great Presence of absolute solitude—there are no words in which to speak fitly of these things. On that wide expanse which lies beneath the massive rocks of Cæsar's Head, there are signs of man's presence, man's labour, man's habitation. But *here* Nature is alone with God. No woodman's axe has ever rung on these majestic mountain sides, no foot but that of the hunter has ever trod their solitudes or climbed their steepes. Here is no break in the luxuriant verdure which clothes them as they recede away, deepening through every shade of purple and blue to faintest azure.

There is a long silence before Flora speaks again. Then she says softly, "I saw some verses the other day which made me think of this scene. Now that I am here, the scene recalls the verses. Listen, and tell me if you do not like them :

'What now to me the jars of life,
It's petty cares, it's harder throes ?
The hills are free from toil and strife,
And clasp me in their deep repose.

They soothe the pain within my breast
No power but their's could ever reach ;
They emblem that eternal rest
We cannot compass in our speech.' "

"Yes," says Charlton, "I like that very well. It is true that the deepest charm of these mountains—that which makes them sometimes a very balm to the sick spirit—is their fixity and repose. But there is much besides that. For instance, in such a scene as this there is so much diversity, and such overwhelming immen-

sity, of beauty, that one is forced to realize the poverty of one's emotions. We have not only a limited capacity for expression, but we are also cursed with a limited capacity for *feeling*."

"I know what you mean," says Flora. "More is given than we can enjoy and appreciate—even with our utmost effort. I suppose every one who feels at all, must now and then feel that. But is it not the same old note of disappointment which enters into every chord of pleasure? One grows to expect it after awhile. Nothing is perfect. We are vexed either by the poverty or the aspirations of our souls. You spoke of Schiller's 'Pilgrim' the other day. It seems to me that expresses the feeling as well as it has ever been expressed."

"I understand now why you like Schiller so much," says Charlton. "But you spoke of a note of disappointment in every chord of human pleasure. Do you not think that there are some things which prove satisfying?"

"Yes, I think so if we are content to take them as types—if, like these mountains, they emblem what 'we cannot compass in our speech,' nor in our lives."

"I am afraid you are inclined to be mystical," he says, turning his gaze from the mountains to her face.

She laughs as her eyes meet his own. "What will you tell me next?" she asks. "A short time ago, I was inclined to be morbid—and mystical. What an odd—and not particularly admirable—patchwork my character seems to be."

"You know better than that," he says. "It is not your character which is in fault, it is I who blunder in reading it, who indeed have lost the power of reading it. And I wonder"—here he pauses for a moment—"if you know why I have lost it."

"No," she answers simply. "I should think that if you chose to read it, nothing would be easier than for you to do so."

"Nothing probably would be easier," he says quietly, "if I did not love you."

CHAPTER X.

"SWEET IS TRUE LOVE, THOUGH GIVEN IN VAIN, IN VAIN."

After this declaration there follows a minute of silence. Flora is so much astonished, so thoroughly disconcerted, that she al-

most doubts the evidence of her ears. It cannot be that Charlton has really said that he loves her! She must have misunderstood, have made a mistake— The blood which rushed to her face subsides, the sense of sudden confusion leaves her, she turns and looks at her companion.

"I do not understand," she says.

Charlton on his part is perfectly quiet and cool. He had no intention of making such a confession two minutes before he did make it, but he has no idea of receding from it now that it has been made. Though he has never had very much to do with women, he is one of the least shy of men, and his self-command in all emergencies is a proverb with his friends. The hazel eyes meet the blue ones steadily. He smiles:

"Shall I make you understand?" he says. "I wonder if it is worth while. Rather—I know it is not worth while so far as I am concerned, and perhaps you wonder why I do not shrink from useless pain and mortification. But then, luckily, *amour-propre* has never been with me a very troublesome sentiment. Few men would tell a woman whom they know to be thoroughly indifferent to them, that they loved her. Their vanity would be naturally averse to that which is called a 'rejection.' But my vanity does not trouble me on such a score. In fact I am not foolish enough to make any proposal which you would be forced to reject. I simply tell you as something which concerns and may probably interest you a little, that I have learned to love you."

"But—why tell me?" asks Flora. She is so much surprised that the question rises involuntarily to her lips. Her experience of declarations is not great—indeed many young ladies would consider it pitifully small—but she is aware that this is a very strange form for such a thing to take, and the sense of it's strangeness overpowers any other feeling with which she might regard it.

"I scarcely know why I have told you," Charlton answers, "unless it be, that it is an impulse to tell you the truth. It seems the natural and straightforward thing to do. You are so frank, so simple, so direct, yourself. Then you are that rarest of rare things—a woman free from coquetry, and free also from that love of tormenting which is strong in some of your sex. Therefore I am sure you will hear me reasonably and kindly. It may be a misfortune, it is certainly not a fault, to love you."

"A fault!" repeats Flora. Her voice trembles a little. "It is certainly not a fault," she says very gently, "but it may be—do you not think?—a mistake. Why should you love me? You know very little of me, and that little is commonplace in the extreme. I could never have imagined that that you would care for me—you who have seen so much of the world."

"It is impossible for me to explain why I care for you," says Charlton. "Who can analyze love? As you say, I have seen a great deal of the world, and I have come in contact with many women—some of them beautiful, a few of them clever. But I never met any woman before who was to me so sympathetic as yourself. My idea has been that when a woman entered a man's life, she entered it to disturb it—and, valuing above everything the calm necessary for the intellectual life, I have consequently avoided women. But wherever *you* are, there is serenity. You are always harmonious, you are gentle, you are tender, and yet you are strong—Do I vex you by speaking in this manner?" (as she shrinks a little and a flush comes to her face;) "I did not mean to do so. I thought we might discuss the matter quietly, but if it troubles you—"

"It does not trouble me," says Flora, more and more surprised, "but I am sorry that you over-rate me so much. I cannot understand it. Why should you have conceived such an idea of me?"

"Why indeed—if it is not a true one? I have been studying you attentively and dispassionately for weeks—why should I have imagined you to be all of these things if you are none of them. Nothing in my life has ever surprised me more than to find myself in love with you. The knowledge has come to me very gradually. I did not grasp it—or at least I did not realize it in its completeness, until an hour or two ago."

"In that case," says Flora—he is speaking so much as usual that almost unconsciously she glides into the same tone—"what has come so quickly may pass as soon."

"You misunderstand me if you think it has come quickly—so far from that I could go back to our first meeting and trace its steady growth to the present time—. But such a retrospection would not interest you. One must be moderate even in egotism. I am not presumptuous enough to fancy that you give me a

thought beyond kindly friendship now. But may I try to win something more from you—in time?"

If he does not speak eagerly and passionately—as Flora has perhaps imagined that lovers always speak—there is at least no room to doubt that he is in earnest. The eyes which meet her own are full of an expression that, for the time, make them very attractive. They are grave, tender, pleading—and much beside which it is difficult to describe. As she hesitates—not knowing in what words to frame her reply—he goes on :

"Don't mistake me—don't think that I desire any pledge of encouragement. I only ask leave to *try* to win your heart. Probably I shall fail—I have a suspicion that nature did not fit me to win a woman's fancy—but I should like to try. May I do so?"

Over the last words his voice falls. It is gentle—it is almost beseeching. Flora is inexpressibly touched. She is not a young lady of much experience and many seasons, to whom an "offer" (if not sufficiently eligible) is only a pleasant triumph—on the contrary she is amazed, melted humbled. All this to *her*! It seems incredible. What glamour has come over Charlton's sight? She asks the question in honest sincerity. When she looks at him there is a dewy moisture in her eyes, and her lips when she speaks, quiver a little.

"Why do you think of me in this way?" she asks. "You must forgive me if I say that it is very foolish. I am not what you imagine—not at all. As for this which you bestow on me, it is a very great gift—nothing on earth is more great or precious—but I am sorry, very sorry that you give it to me. You should keep it for some one else who could value it and make it the crowning jewel of her life."

"I would rather give it to *you* for a play thing—if you have no other use for it," says Charlton. "Nobody is ever likely to value or make it a crowning jewel, I fear. Don't look grieved! There is no reason why you should. If I have a mind to give you something for which I expect no return—whose affair is it but my own? I shall be sorry that I said anything about it if you let it annoy you in any way."

"You must think me very selfish if you imagine that I could possibly not be grieved," says Flora, with a cadence of indignation in her voice. "I have liked you so much, and now—"

"I hope you don't mean to stop liking me?" he says smiling. "Why should you be distressed by what is no fault of yours?—why should you change in your feeling towards me, or let a cloud come between us? I have told you frankly what I feel towards you—but this binds you to nothing. You are only asked to receive—not to give. In time, perhaps—"

But here she interrupts him. "I must not let you count on what can never be," she says. "Time can work no change. As I like you now, I shall like you always—but I can never love you."

"Are you sure of that?" says Charlton. He asks the question with a wistfulness which touches her afresh. He is startled by the positive form of her declaration. She is not a woman to talk at random, he knows. In love a man continually advances from one discovery to another: Charlton at this moment discovers how much he hoped.

"I am sure of it," she answers. Her eyes turn away from his face to the steadfast mountains. She looks at the outlines of their splendid crests with a shadow of doubt and trouble in her glance. Charlton feels it, and speaks with what she feels to be great gentleness. "I cannot tell you how sorry I am to have pained you in this manner. Do not think of it any more. Let us fancy that we have been amusing ourselves with the rehearsal of a little comedy, and now we will go back to our pleasant friendship. I have only one thing to ask—don't let my folly bring any constraint between us. I shall not forgive myself if it does. You cannot tell how much I value your kindness—and I shall not misinterpret it."

"It is you who are kind—very kind!" cries the girl. Then she turns to him suddenly. Her eyes expand, a glow of resolution comes into her fair face. "I can make only one return for all that you give me," she says, "but that return I *will* make. I can tell you more than I have told any one else—about myself."

"Not unless you are sure that you will not regret having done so," says Charlton quickly. "You can tell me nothing of yourself that will not interest me, nothing I shall not be glad to hear—but you must not do so from any mistaken idea of owing me an explanation. There is not the least necessity for anything of that kind."

"I think there is," says Flora. "Am I to make no return for all that you give me? You say that you only ask me to receive—but surely that is an ungracious *role*, to receive so much, and make not even an acknowledgment. I would rather tell you everything—but you must promise not to repeat it."

"Is it possible you think that I could—"

"No, I don't think you could, but still I will feel more safe if you promise."

"I do promise, then, to hold all that you may choose to tell me, absolutely sacred—but I beg you again not to tell me anything that you are likely to regret afterwards. At all events, don't speak hastily. Wait till to-morrow. In the meantime think a little—will you not?—of what I have said. I put myself in your hands. I am your friend or your lover, as you choose. All that I ask is permission to try and win your heart. I hope—I think—that I might make you happy if you could learn to love me; and I am sure that you would make me much more than happy."

"You cannot tell," says Flora. "I am not half that you think me. "You would soon find that out. But nevertheless, I must thank you for thinking so well of me," she adds. Then with a very gracious impulse she extends her hand.

Charlton lifts it to his lips. "You are my queen," he says—slightly smiling—"Do with me as you like, but don't try to take the crown from your brows."

She draws back her hand, looking at him with an expression almost pathetic. "Will you forgive me if I say that I should never have suspected you of such folly?" she says. "*I a queen!* My poor friend you are blind."

"Very likely I am," says Charlton coolly, "but it is a pleasant state—therefore, if you please, I will remain so."

At this Flora smiles—as perhaps he intended that she should. And then they rise. The idea occurs to both of them that it is time to set out on their homeward road. So, with a lingering look they bid adieu to the solemn beauty of the great pass, and the unchanging grandeur of the mountains, dappled softly with cloud shadows moving across their massive shoulders, and turn away.

During their walk back to the hotel Charlton endeavors—and not without success—to prevent anything like the constraint

which he dreads between Flora and himself. He makes no farther allusion to the confession which startled her, but leads the conversation to other subjects. Nothing has interested her more in the intercourse between them, than to learn in what manner Art regards Nature, so he begins to speak of this now. She listens with attention, and presently talks with freedom. In this manner they go back through the enchanted forest—with glimpses of soft, beautiful mountains far away, with still greenness all around, and a buoyant exhilarating quality in the atmosphere which reminds them that they are more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The evenings at Cæsar's Head are very pleasant. After sunset the air grows so chilly that fires are necessary for comfort—and no one can deny their cheerful, picturesque effect. A bright blaze flickers up and down in the chimney of the large hall, the guests gather around it if they choose, or wander into the parlours or passages. The long piazza is always full, and who can describe the glory of the iris sky that arches overhead, thick-sown with brilliant stars? Visitors are coming and going constantly. This evening the house is crowded to its utmost capacity. A party of tourists from Asheville arrive in time to see the sunset from the Head, and talk of it rapturously at supper. They are so full of enthusiasm, so overflowing with admiration of the country through which they have passed, that the mountaineers present incline to them kindly, and volunteer a great deal of information. Mr. Brandon advises them strongly to go to the Balsam Mountains. "I took a stray artist who had wandered to this region up there last summer," he says, "and I thought the fellow would lose his senses. 'Great Heaven!' he exclaimed—only he was more emphatic—that such a Paradise should be unknown!"

"This is your country, then?—you live here?" says a dark-eyed young lady—with something of French vivacity in her manner—turning to him.

"Yes, it is my country, and I wouldn't exchange it for any other in the world!" returns the young Carolinian proudly. "When it comes to be known, it will be such a resort for America as Switzerland is for Europe."

"It has been called the Switzerland of America, has'nt it?" asks the young lady.

Brandon laughs. "Some foolish people have called it so," he answers. "Comparisons are always odious—and generally absurd. There is no resemblance between the two countries except that both are mountainous."

One of the gentlemen of the party is meanwhile talking to Col. Tyrrell. "We came by Flat Rock," he says, "but we have been advised to return through Transylvania. There is said to be some beautiful scenery in that country. The upper valley of the French Broad, and the valleys of Davidson and Mills Rivers—I met a gentleman in Asheville who seemed to know all this country intimately. He spoke of Transylvania very highly. His name was Markham."

"I wonder if it is *our* Mr. Markham," says Minnie to her father. The latter smiles. "My daughter means," he says, "a gentleman of whom, for two or three summers, we have seen a good deal—he is a great hunter, and something of a naturalist. His name is Eric Markham."

"It is the same person," says the gentleman. "He is with a large party. They are undecided in their plans, but I heard one of the ladies mention Transylvania."

"One of the ladies!" says Minnie amazed. "O Floy, do hear this! Mr. Markham—our Mr. Markham is in Asheville with a party of ladies!"

"And pray who is your Mr. Markham?" asks Charlton, who at this familiar mention of some unknown man, feels a slight thrill of possible jealousy.

"He is a person whom I should *never* have thought would be travelling with ladies!" says Minnie. "He did not seem to care for anything in the world but hunting and fishing and climbing mountains and rocks. He and Harry were together in the army and that is how we came to know him."

"Minnie, you are talking too loud," says her sister in a low voice. Then she turns to Charlton. "Mr. Markham was very pleasant," she says, "but he certainly cared chiefly for the things of which Minnie speaks. He often said that he liked to travel alone, to be free to go where he liked and do what he liked. I too, am surprised to hear that he is with a party."

"There is one very pretty lady in the party," says the gentleman to Colonel Tyrrell, with some significance.

"But she is his cousin—if you mean Sylvia Norwood," says the girl who has been talking to Brandon. "I went to school with her. By the bye, Mr. Markham told me that he knew that charming Mr. Sunderland who advised us to come here."

There is a minute's silence, then Colonel Tyrrell says, "If you mean my nephew, Harry Sunderland, Mr. Markham knows him very well."

"Of course I mean Harry Sunderland," says the young lady. "Is he your nephew? How glad I am to meet you—I have heard him talk so often of his uncle who lives on the French Broad! Are you that uncle? How delightful! I am Miss Dupont, from New Orleans. We came up to Asheville from the Warm Springs. Gertrude Preston is my most intimate friend. Your nephew is engaged to her is he not?"

"If so I am not aware of the fact," says Colonel Tyrrell a little stiffly.

"Suppose we beat a retreat?" says Charlton in a low voice to Flora.

She assents, and they quietly leave the table—not so quietly, but that Miss Dupont's dark eyes follow them. "*Ciel!*" she says, "what a sweet face that girl has! Your daughter, Colonel Tyrrell? O! I beg pardon—but pray introduce me."

This introduction does not take place very soon. When Miss Dupont and her party leave the supper-room, Flora is not to be found. Charlton also has disappeared, as Mr. Brandon remarks. "What do you think *now*?" he says to Minnie. "It is either a case of flirtation or something very serious. Take care that you don't lose your sister—though by Jove! it will be too bad if she throw herself away on that fellow! I always thought she would marry Sunderland, or I should have asked her to marry *me* long ago."

"She would n't have dreamed of doing it," says Minnie uncivilly. "As for Harry, I don't know what Miss Dupont means by talking of his being engaged to anybody. We should certainly have heard of it if he was."

"That might not follow," says Mr. Brandon. "But I'll go and find out all about it."

He goes off for this purpose—and his own amusement—leaving Minnie disconsolate. It is not pleasant, she reflects, to be only fifteen, liable to be treated like a child, while one has the aspirations of a young lady.

Meanwhile, when Charlton says to Flora, "Come out and avoid those people. Let us go over to the knoll and see the moon rise," she is unable to refuse. Despite his efforts to the contrary, his declaration of the morning has brought over her a sense of constraint. She is no longer at ease. She does not like to be alone with him, and yet she does not like to refuse to do anything he asks. So she wraps a shawl round her and they go out to the knoll in front of the house, from whence they look eastward. In daylight the view is beautiful. The blue plain stretches away southward and westward, but in the east and north mountains on mountains rise, cloud-girt, azure-robed, melting into lovely distance.

Just now all the landscape is veiled in obscurity except along the crests of the far heights there is an alabaster glow which shows that the moon is behind them. "She will soon be here," says Charlton—and they sit down to wait for her coming. She does not long delay. First the edge of her disc appears. Then by degrees the whole silver shield rises into the cloudless hyacinth sky. The world is bathed in mystic beauty—dark outlines and silvery mist make up the scene, but nothing could be fairer.

"I remember that we saw this same moon when she was a mere thread of silver," says Charlton. "Do *you* remember? It was down on the river-bank one evening."

"Yes, I remember," answers Flora. "You asked me—or I asked you—about Harry. However it was, we talked of him. I knew then that he was in love, but I did not suspect that he would be engaged without telling his old friends."

"I do not believe that he is engaged," says Charlton. "He certainly was not when I saw, or when I heard from him last. Gossip generally outstrips fact. Don't trouble yourself about it. If it is true, he will certainly tell you."

"But there is no doubt that he is in love with Miss Preston, I suppose?"

"He fancies that he is," says Charlton, who has no very high opinion of Harry's stability.

"What is she like?" asks Flora a little timidly. "You have never said anything about her, and Harry has merely mentioned her name."

"I never saw her but once—at a concert with Sunderland. She is a handsome brunette, with a marked air of style, but no great degree of intellect in her face."

There is silence for a few minutes, then Flora says in a low voice, "Do not be vexed with me if I tell you now, instead of to-morrow, what I spoke of this morning. I have thought it all over, and it is best. You say that you only ask permission to try and win my heart. But I must make you understand that I should be wrong and dishonourable if I gave you this permission—and I can only make you understand this by telling you frankly that I gave my heart away long ago, before I ever saw you."

Charlton's own heart gives a great throb and then seems to stand still for a moment. "I feared it!" he says to himself. Somehow he knows that he has felt a foreboding of this all along.

Flora goes on quickly—perhaps she does not wish any reply. "No one was to blame," she says, "and I do not think that any one suffered except myself—and one's own pain does not matter. That can be borne easily enough. But to cause pain to others—it seems to me that I should never forgive myself if I did that knowingly, or even carelessly. It was not Harry's fault—I never thought so for a moment—"

"Harry!" says Charlton. He is thunderstruck. "Do you mean," he says breathlessly, "that it is Sunderland for whom you care? Good Heavens! what have I—"

"Done" he would have added, but stops himself in time. Even in the midst of his surprise and bewilderment, he feels instinctively that he must not let her suspect in what manner Sunderland has spoken of her to him, nor what a mission was laid on him when he came to Transylvania.

The half darkness conceals the blush which rises to Flora's face—yet she speaks bravely.

"Yes, it is Harry. I learned to care for him so long ago—or I never learned, it seemed to be a natural instinct with me—that I do not think I shall ever be able to put it away from me. At least I shall never be able to care for any one else in the same manner. You said once that it was a misfortune to be too constant. That may be, yet I cannot help it."

"But on that evening of which I spoke a minute ago, you told me that Sunderland was not your lover," says Charlton.

"He never was," she answers simply, "but I thought at one time that he might be. It was natural, I cannot blame myself. He was very fond of me, and I was too young to draw distinctions. I was never so happy as here on this mountain two years ago; but he went away—and never came back. So it was all a mistake."

The proud tender voice ends abruptly, and silence falls—for what can Charlton say? Can he tell her that it was not a mistake, and that Sunderland, nevertheless, has forgotten her? He feels that such a revelation can serve no good purpose. What has he done? Might he have brought happiness to this constant heart, and has he ignorantly and presumptuously turned it away. Is it too late even yet? As if she read his thoughts, Flora speaks.

"That is all," she says. "I have given you confession for confession, and we will never speak of the subject again. I am very, very sorry that you should care for me, but I hope it will prove a fancy which will soon pass away. In order that it may do so I have told you what no one else ever heard from me."

"I shall never forget your kindness or your confidence," he says in a low voice. "If I could serve your happiness in any way, believe me I should not think of myself."

"But you cannot!" she says quickly. "Remember, you have given me your faith. You can never repeat to any one what I have told you."

"I could cut out my heart sooner than repeat one word of it," he says—so earnestly that her fears are set at rest. "But you are mistaken when you talk of my love for you being a fancy that may soon pass away. Men at my age do not entertain fancies. It is a passion which will endure—but there is no reason why you should be sorry for this. I am not. It is no little thing to love a woman who is worth remembering. And then I have your friendship. That is very much."

"I am glad you think so," says Flora. She is much relieved by this unemotional quietude. It is something quite new in her experience of love affairs, but more agreeable than any amount of passion or pleading. Silence falls again. They hear the wind sighing softly among the trees at their feet—for the forest here, as everywhere, clothes the precipitous mountain. From the hotel behind, gay voices and laughter float out on the night. Sud-

denly a practiced hand sweeps the strings of a guitar. There is a prelude of a few chords, and then a clear, sweet voice rises. These words are clearly borne to Flora and Charlton where they sit:

"I will not dream of her tall and stately—
 She that I love may be fairly light ;
 I will not say that she must walk sedately—
 Whatëver she does will be sure to be right.
 She may be humble or proud, my lady,
 Or that sweet calm which is just between ;
 But whenever she comes, she will find me ready
 To do her homage—my queen, my queen !

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
 Pure in her spirit this maiden I love,
 Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
 I care no more than the spirits above.
 But I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
 And ever her strength on my own shall lean ;
 And the stars may fall, and the angels be weeping,
 Ere I cease to love her—my queen, my queen !"

"It is something to have found that, is it not ?" says Charlton, as the singer's voice dies away. "You and Goethe were right—'On every height there lies repose.' Though I love you, and though you tell me that there is no hope for me, I am content. It is so much to be here with you."

To be Continued.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

MARGARET ROSSELYN.

BY MRS. CICERO W. HARRIS, of *Wilmington, N. C.*

CHAPTER X.

The promised visit was rendered impracticable on account of the rain. Continued showers had fallen throughout the week, much to the delight of the hard-fisted farmers and busy housewives in the neighborhood. The undulating fields of Granville were rapidly becoming sufficiently moist for the deep furrows of

the plow, and the tiny tobacco plants were springing up fresh, and green from the ashen surface of their bush-burned beds. The gardens were ready to receive the seed of the lettuce, radish and other early spring vegetables. Some of the habitual grumblers had commenced to complain of an excess of rain, forgetful of the fact, that He who sends the rain to water the earth supplies the wants of all the children of men, and not of one to the exclusion of the rest.

At last, however, a band of gold and crimson light belted the western horizon. Above it was a huge black cloud which slowly rolled away in thick, heavy masses, and myriads of nimbi were tossed about the heavens by the mighty winds. The moon rose clear and scattered the flying clouds which crossed her path. The long-hidden stars shone out,

"The Pleiads rising thro' the mellow shade
Glittered like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid."

The breath of violets and daily roses was in the air, and moonlight quivered on the wet, glistening leaves and pendant drops of crystal.

Leaning against one of the large pillars which supported the roof of her father's house, Margaret Rosselyn enjoyed the scene. The house was silent. Nine strokes had just sounded on the tall old-fashioned clock which stood in the hall. The other members of the family, excepting Mr. Rosselyn, had retired. A negro boy, with a tinkling banjo, was singing and playing for a delighted crowd of his own color, in a distant portion of the large enclosure at the rear of the house. Occasionally, his auditors would join in the choruses of his wild songs. The effect of their sweet and strong, but uncultivated voices, seemed to harmonize with the picturesque landscape on which Margaret dreamily gazed.

A small Carolinian village is a slight improvement on the the country proper. The majority of these towns can boast of more magnificent distances than the Capital City of the country. The smoke from a neighbor's chimney can be seen with difficulty in many instances through the intervening trees, which are allowed to grow up wherever they will,—sometimes in the middle of the street.

The different tints of the foliage which crowns a series of hills,

can be easily distinguished until the pale blue of the most distant height is almost lost in the far distant ether. Broad, rich lowlands lie between the hills. The beholder is at once reminded of the grand mountains of Western North Carolina, and of the beautiful savannahs of the eastern portion of the State. The streams are as clear as the impetuous currents of the mountainous sections, but they flow on so leisurely, the ripple of these waves would not disturb a Lotus-eater's dream. And along their banks, although they nourish surrounding acres of grain,

"Are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss, the ivies creep,
And in the streams, the long-leaved flowers weep."

As Margaret stood and looked out upon the night, the all-seeing stars seldom shone above a prettier picture. Moonlight exposed the graceful folds of her dress, with its cluster of white hyacinths at the throat; the dark eyes, changing with the heart's varying emotions; the velvet cheek, showing its sympathy by the rising and paling blush; the red lips and high brow. A fair girl on the threshold of womanhood! The Past held for her no remorse; the Present, no serious trouble; that mysterious, untrodden Future, alone occupied her thoughts. The jingling banjo, the grotesque songs and the absorbing reverie, made her oblivious to the fall of horses hoofs and the murmur of voices.

Gilmer had called at Hardington for Maxwell, and as they fastened their bridle-reins to an overhanging bough of one of the trees which grew on the sidewalk in front of Mr. Rosselyn's front yard, they saw the object of their visit standing where the lights from the house and the moonlight made her features visible to them.

"Does n't she remind you of a picture? You compared your life to a painting on one occasion, but in all your extensive acquaintance with real and imaginary portraitures, did you ever see a fairer than the one before us? Did a lovelier one ever bless a poet's or a painter's fancy?" asked Gilmer, pausing before he raised the clanging iron latch which fastened the gate.

"You have, my friend, what I would call a chronic case of love," replied Maxwell. "I have seen a great many pretty women and some of them in much more romantic situations. But I

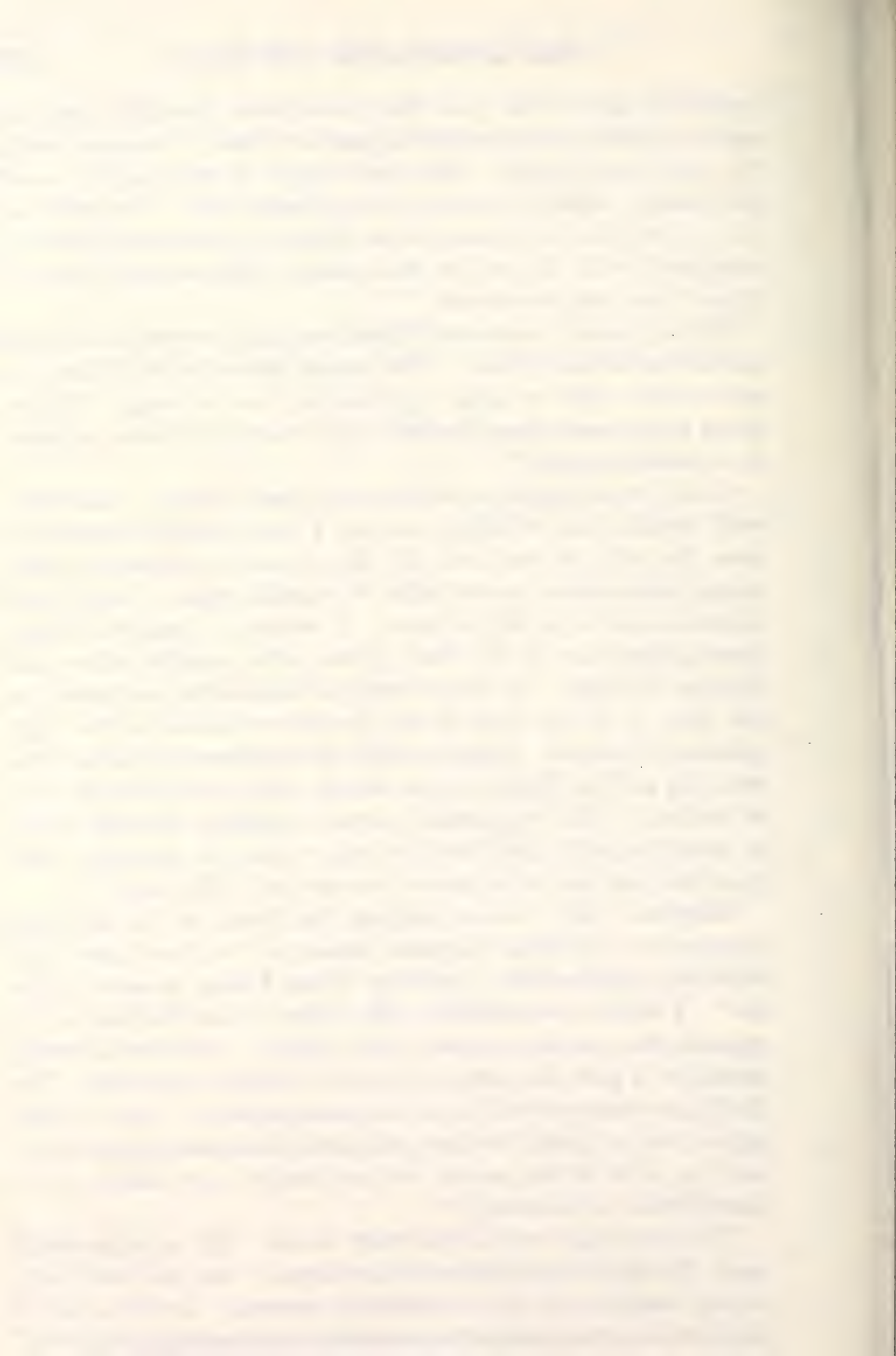
would not dare to tell you they were more beautiful than the one on which your enthusiastic gaze now rests. I care too much for your good opinion. She does suggest a painting by one of the masters, which is intended to represent night. Do you want me to give you the outlines of the picture, in order that you may compare it with the one on that pretty, pillared porch, and arrive at your own conclusion?"

"If you please," answered Gilmer, keeping his eyes fixed on the motionless tableau vivant. "But speak low—she might hear us, and wonder what we mean by standing here so long. The distance to the porch from the gate is not enough to insure our safety in criticising her."

"And I've no doubt you wish to add 'speak quickly,'" said Maxwell, "which I am willing to do, for I am almost as anxious to meet the lady as you are. In the picture I alluded to, a full moon casts a sheen over a lake of peaceful water. Not a cloud throws a shadow on sky or wave. A woman, a beautiful Greek, leans against one of the Doric pillars of a marble palace and watches the night. A look of mingled inspiration and awe is on her face, as if she were in the presence-chamber of the high priestess of nature. It may be that the artist saw his innamorata standing as Miss Rosselyn now stands, and seized upon the idea of making the fair, suggestive picture, a medium through which to hand his genius and her fair beauty down to posterity. But open the gate and let us have a nearer view of the lady."

"Maxwell," said Gilmer, keeping his hand on the latch and turning his eyes from Margaret Rosselyn, "do you know that whenever you describe a painting to me I seem to see it before me? You are a wonderfully gifted man. I am inclined to the opinion that you have missed your calling. You were assuredly meant for a poet, an artist, or what is better, an orator. You thrill me whenever you leave the commonplace. I can well imagine how you could fascinate, magnetise both men and women—and yet, with all this power, you are, forgive my candor, only a heart-broken misanthrope."

"You have only spoken the truth, friend. My epitaph should read, 'He died a heart-broken misanthrope.' But don't stop here, to pay compliments or to be critically personal. I wish to have at least two hours to spend in the presence of your beautiful lady-love."



As Gilmer lifted the sounding latch and the heavy foot-steps struck the brick walk, the motionless figure in the porch straightened up. In a moment more the gentlemen received a cordial welcome from Margaret, and her father, who came out when he heard the gate open. As they entered the parlors, Gilmer playfully remarked, "Miss Margaret, did you not see us standing at the gate about five minutes before we entered."

"I did not. If I had done so, I would have sent Papa to see what two suspicious characters you were, and on what evil deeds intent."

"We were simply comparing you to a picture," answered the young man. "Rather, Mr. Maxwell, who has seen the works of greater masters than I have, obliged me by giving me the outlines of a painting of which you reminded him, as you stood leaning against the pillar and watching the moonlight."

"And he is really under obligations to me for so doing, Miss Rosselyn," said Maxwell, as he seated himself near her, "for although I prefer to examine paintings at a distance, I was impatient to have a closer view of the real, living picture. I must also assure you and my friend Mr. Pickett, that I have not seen pictures painted by a more masterly hand than he has. Nature has never been excelled by Art. The lights and shadows which morning, noon or evening throw upon the plainest meadow land could not be blended on the palette of an Angelo. It requires a vast amount of artistic training to be able to fully appreciate a pastoral scene, with its blue sky and subtle breezes, a rippling river, a quiet lake, a crumbling ruin or a towering mountain. Every day, in this part of the State, you, Mr. Pickett, and I, see landscapes whose genuine reproduction on canvas would bring to the artist immortality.

"I agree with you," said Margaret. "I have been thrilled with the exquisite beauty of many an out-of-the-way spot in this neighborhood. And I have often wondered why human faces did not wear as many differing expressions, as there are changes on the face of our Mother Earth. Every portrait, almost every face seems to express the same thing."

"I differ with you, Miss Rosselyn. When you have seen more of men you will see into what an error you have fallen. Above all others, I think the portrait painter's is the most difficult task.

Many artists and connoisseurs do not admit this. But I have seen countless human faces which expressed feelings, thoughts, emotions, differing more widely from each other than the frozen ice-fields of the poles and the sun-scorched deserts of the tropics. I have known human beings who have attempted to conceal Promethean agonies under a composed exterior. As the gifted Castellar says, I have seen faces which 'seem to have sprung like Cytherea, from the foam of the ocean, in a pearly shell, with a smile on the lips, the rays of Aurora on their heads and heaven in their eyes.' There are other countenances on which constantly play mingled emotions of woe and happiness. And there are some as incomprehensible and fathomless as the eternal sphinx. May you never come in close contact with one of these last named, Miss Rosselyn, for like their wonderful and mystic prototype, they gaze with hard, stony eyes on an endless and desolate waste. If you have never paid attention to the study of the human face, it will amply reward you to commence at once."

"Your remarks are plausible," she responded. "I have never thought of it before. But" she continued, glancing at Maxwell and smiling, "I cannot commence 'to study the human face' immediately, as you advise, for then I would be forced to take your own into consideration."

"I did not mean to be taken literally," he replied pleasantly. "But if you will really condescend to permit me to be your first subject I will consider myself a fortunate man." This last sentence was accompanied by one of the rare smiles which seldom came to his lips, and his dark eyes shot forth one of the magnetic, fascinating glances which Gilmer had sometimes noticed. Gilmer frowned when he observed it, and Margaret laughingly replied:

"Thank you. I would prefer a simpler subject to begin with. I imagine you would prove fathomless as the sphinx. By the way did you ever see the sphinx?" she asked as she saw him wince at the last remark, she endeavored to suddenly change the drift of the conversation.

"I have visited it and its adjacent pyramids. Egypt is my favorite part of the globe," he replied.

"Then will you tell me about some of the wonderful places you have visited?" she naively asked.

"With pleasure," he answered, "if you will play and sing for

me, while I recover from what you said about me. You remarked that I reminded you of the sphinx and I think the sphinx is more hideous than Juggernaut. Ah, do not try to make amends," he said, amused at the earnest way in which she commenced to disclaim any intention of comparing him to a monster. "The only reparation you can make will be to favor me with some music. You may call me anything you choose, if you will let me hear you sing some of your sweetest contralto songs."

He lead her to the piano and for half an hour she charmed her listeners with her exquisite rendition of difficult vocal and instrumental compositions.

"Now, one sweet ballad on the guitar," said Maxwell as she turned around to leave the piano. He rapidly tuned the guitar, and placed a low ottoman by the open window for her.

"Sing my favorite, will you not Miss Maggie," asked Gilmer who had been talking to Mr. Rosselyn about the crops, politics and general news—and at the same time had watched Margaret and Maxwell closely.

Margaret nodded assent and running her hands over the strings commenced the prelude to *Mary of Argyle*. Maxwell joined her in singing the pretty Scotch ballad. As Margaret's sweet strong voice filled the room with melody and the tender, pathetic words distinctly pronounced, awoke the better emotions in the hearts of those who listened, Mr. Rosselyn saw that Gilmer Pickett loved his daughter devotedly. Whether his love was returned or not he could not decide from any expression on Margaret's face. But he determined that Gilmer Pickett should never claim Margaret Rosselyn as his wife.

When the song was finished Margaret said to Maxwell, "Now your part of the entertainment begins."

"And if I succeed as well as you have done, I shall esteem myself most happy. Where shall I begin? I have been an insatiate wanderer. Italy, Greece, Germany, Great Britain or the Holy Land?"

"My life has been so retired, Mr. Maxwell, that I scarcely know how to discriminate. I will allow you to make your own selection. Any country where the ivy and mosses climb on walls centuries old, where legends of love, of bravery, of murder, may be, are told by superstitious peasantry, wherever Romance or An-

tiquity throw their glamour of mystery, any such country will be of interest to me. It is strange, Mr. Maxwell, that your nature should have so changed. If I had once seen as much as you have, I would never consent to become a hermit."

"That would depend on circumstances, Miss Rosselyn," he answered, a little surprised at such a direct and personal remark from a comparative stranger. "I can scarcely recognize myself in a dull, plodding planter, with my daily bread only to look forward to, and an eventful past to keep me company."

"A dull, plodding planter!" exclaimed Margaret feigning indignation. "Do you hear that, papa? I resent it, Mr. Maxwell. A planter's life is the most pleasant and most independent of all. Beware how you deprecate them. Papa spends one half of his time reading about the new society called the Grange, and he thinks they are destined to become a power in our land."

"You misunderstand me," he answered. "I referred to myself alone. A farmer can, indeed, afford to be more independent than any other man. But I must keep my promise to relate some of my wanderings to you."

Mr. Rosselyn and Gilmer drew near the window where Margaret and Maxwell sat, and listened to the graphic descriptions of various ruins, cathedrals, castles, rivers, lakes and palaces which flowed from the ready tongue of Edmund Maxwell. As Gilmer had justly observed, whatever Maxwell described seemed to be before his auditors. Margaret listened to him entranced. When fatigue and the lateness of the hour warned Maxwell to propose leaving, Mr. Rosselyn, insisted on seeing more of him.

A tourist when he becomes known as such, is at once welcomed into any family circle in Granville. He is expected to pay for the amount of condescension he receives by relating his adventures and travels.

His position reminds me of the Scotch minstrel, who, in olden times, sang the deeds of border chivalry, and to whom every door was thrown open.

Maxwell was glad to accept the invitation because he was pleased with Margaret Rosselyn, and because he knew that his social position would henceforth be all he could desire.

CHAPTER XI.

"My daughter," said Mr. Rosselyn, as soon as the sound of the receding foot-steps died away, "I see for the first time that Gilmer Pickett loves you. And you are blushing because I tell you so! The time will soon come when the damask on your cheeks will not come and go as such a declaration falls on your ear. Many will tell you they love you. You have everything to recommend you to man and woman. I tell you this because I desire to prepare you for what will surely happen. Gay, learned, rich and poor, will join your train of admirers. You will doubtless marry. I do not think every attractive woman is compelled to marry, but I have observed that as a general rule they do marry. In the selection of a husband, I shall not presume to dictate to you. But I do ask you to give me sufficient confidence and love to enable you to respect my wishes."

"You have, papa, my entire confidence. I could not do otherwise than love you, as I have always done, with all my heart. I have, in a measure, respected what you have said. It is perhaps incumbent upon me to tell you that Gilmer has already addressed me."

"Mr. Pickett addressed you without first consulting me on the subject. Wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the gentleman, taking his eyes from Margaret's blushing face, and looking thoughtfully at the figures in the carpet. "They say this is an age of progress, daughter, and I admit I call that very progressive. In my day, a young man won the consent of the girl's parents or guardian, before he broached *love* to her. But what did you say to our Young America?" he asked, again looking at Margaret closely.

"I discarded him," quietly replied the girl. "Rather I told him I had not the most remote idea of marrying any one at present."

"In other words," resumed the father somewhat stiffly, "you gave him a reason to hope that at some future day you might encourage his suit. Is that it?"

"I do not think, sir," responded Margaret, a little nettled, "that he received any encouragement from what I said to him. I tried to answer him truthfully and as my heart dictated. However, if I should ever become a convert to his theory of life and love, al-

though, conscientiously, I do not love him now, I would marry Gilmer Pickett. He is a good, true man. He loves me devotedly. I think a woman has a right to choose for herself, and I should assert that right."

As she spoke the curved lip grew firm and the bright eyes rested on the father's face. He regarded her a moment, smiled and said:

"Bravo! little woman, I like your spirit. But I am sure my Margaret will never do anything directly against her father's wishes. Remember, my lassie, I trust you for that much."

"No, papa, I will not do anything to wound you. I would tease you and coax you, and love you until you would agree with me. Forgive me for being so independent a moment ago. I forgot who my father was, and how he had humored, petted and caressed me all my life. I do not care particularly for Gilmer, and I will try to love any one you may select."

"Don't be too humble, Maggie. That characteristic is not accustomed to rule Margaret Rosselyn's heart. I have no prospective suitor for you. But, for your future, I am intensely anxious. I am ambitious for you, Margaret. The result of the late war crushed out my own personal aspirations. The blooming womanhood of my eldest daughter has revived them. I would have my future son-in-law such a man as I would have striven to be, but for untoward circumstances. I do not think a well-to-do farmer a suitable husband for you. You might, I admit, grace a pretty, pleasant home, and be the pet of every motherly old lady in this neighborhood, if you married Gilmer Pickett. But a hundred years hence, a marble slab, a family, perhaps, of respectable, moderately well-educated grand-children, and a lingering remembrance of a handsome, accomplished old lady, would be all that remained of Margaret Rosselyn, my daughter, my pride, the prop and hope of my old age," concluded the gentleman as a look of pure love and pride rested on the girl who stood near him.

"Thank you, papa," she said with some emotion. "I am too proud to disappoint you. And I love you too much. I suppose Uncle Arthur knows your views on this subject, and will not permit me to receive an introduction from any one of whom you and mamma would disapprove."

A bland smile was on his face when she finished speaking. He arose from his chair, straightened himself and with all the pompous mannerism of an old-school Southern gentleman, he prepared to impress what he considered one unalterable fact on her young mind. It is true, History makes no special mention of the "old-school southern gentlemen," but local tradition will not let their memories die. Posterity will remember that their names were synonyms of hospitality, true politeness, and chivalry in the highest sense of the abused word. Those who know some of the few remaining types of the "old-school gentleman" can well imagine Mr. Rosselyn's manner as he said,

"My daughter, there you are, unfortunately, very much mistaken. It should be as you naturally supposed it would be. If it were possible for your mother to be your chaperone during the summer and winter, you might be more select in making your acquaintances. But the ladies, to whose care your Uncle Arthur will commend you, are thoroughly imbued with the idea, that the aristocracy of wealth has equal claims with the genuine, time-honored aristocracy of blood."

"But, papa, my favorite aristocracy is that of merit," replied the young lady, with a touch of sauciness in her tone, as she smiled at her father's earnestness. She continued, more thoughtfully, "I like the man who depends on himself for his position better than I do one who is forever referring to his ancestry."

"You are right. I agree with you there. I grant you the aristocracy of merit is the only one, the mention of which never provokes the sarcasm, the contempt, the envy and the malice of the world, at large. But I spoke to you a moment ago from a society standpoint. My sentiments may be more clearly expressed in this way: You will probably become 'the fashion,' as they term it, either at Long Branch this summer or at Washington next winter. 'Tom, Dick and Harry' will seek and obtain introductions to you. The ablest Senator in Congress will stand no better chance of securing that introduction than the shoddy fop with his diamond studs, costly broadcloth, Havana cigars, fast horses, and, I may add, with his empty skull. Another peculiarity of society at the National Capital will impress you, Margaret. It is this: You will find a vast difference in the mental calibre and breeding of the Congressmen you will meet next winter."

"Now papa," she poutingly said, for Margaret had been humored too much by her father, "you are in a fair way to repeat what you have told so often about the 'good old times' when Lady Washington wore a checked apron, and when your mighty triumvirate, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, flourished. Papa dear, you brag too much about what used to be, and do not always think enough of what is. I verily believe, as a people, we are just as good and just as clever as we ever were. Look at my great aunt Margaret, yonder,"—she pointed to a portrait on the wall—"with her waist about three inches long and her hair piled up a quarter of a yard on top of her head. And look at her husband"—she pointed to another portrait—"and tell me if you would not prefer being just as you are to setting up with that huge ruff around your throat and with that long powdered queue hanging down your back? I know you would," she said, putting her hand caressingly on his arm. She continued, "They are specimens of the people of the 'good old times.' Ah papa, if we haven't a Webster, I believe we are even better off than we were then."

"I do not try to defend all the practices of our forefathers, child. But I do think you young people can learn a great deal from them."

"May-be so, papa. I cannot stay here to talk much longer with you. I am so tired and sleepy."

She approached her father for the good-night kiss which she had always been accustomed to receive. He drew her nearer to him and looking down into the upturned face said :

"Good-night, my daughter. Remember what I have told you this evening about Gilmer Pickett. I do not wish you to marry him."

"I never will marry him unless you are willing," she answered confidently. "No one ever loved me as you have done, and although you have petted me so much, I know my duty to you, and I will do it."

As she left the room his eyes followed her lovingly and his lips murmured, "God bless my daughter."

She tripped lightly up stairs to her own pleasant room. The servant girl had forgotten to light the candles, and the apartment was flooded with moonlight. Margaret drew her arm-chair near the window and soon forgot she had been "tired and sleepy."

From that window she had listened to the strange, wild, sad anthem from St. John's half-opened windows. The same view which had charmed Maxwell on that eventful night, was before her. She could, from her high position, see the white walls of Hardington gleaming amid the distant trees, and she was almost sure she saw a light blazing in the attic windows. The distance was, however, too great for her to be certain.

"Dear old St. John's," she thought as she caught a glimpse of the building which lost every trace of age beneath the sheeny veil of moonbeams, "I feel a romantic attachment for the old church. I was baptised and confirmed within its sacred walls, and, perhaps I will be married there. And in the low churchyard, I will probably rest with my kindred. I am sadder when I think of leaving it than when I think of leaving any other place. There is many a pleasant reminiscence connected with it. The long summer afternoons and the cold winter evenings, with the warm sunshine dying away adown the aisle, or the flickering shadows from the old fashioned stove and blinking candles, will all come back to me, even amid the glitter and the glare of the scenes in which I will soon mingle. And the thoughts, the feelings, the prayers of my guileless childhood, will they ever be all forgotten? And I love to dream over the sunshiny hours which have flown winged with the sweet chords from the sweet old organ. And that mystery connected with the unknown grave which," she sudded as she thought, "I can see even now, lying low in the shadow of the church. If I remember rightly, Maxwell was the hero of the mystery! I wonder if he will speak of it to me? I like the man, and yet, I do not like him. There is a something about him which fascinates me while it repels me. What can he mean by being such a recluse? He has evidently been a man of society, and of very elegant society I should judge. He reminds me more of some old magician than anything else. He is so totally unlike Gilmer Pickett. Poor Gilmer, I wish papa had not told me he was not a suitable husband for me. I do not love him. I presume I do not know what love is, but Gilmer seems to be a link which binds me to the purity and innocence of the Past, and to the peacefulness of the Future. If I could only lose sight of the fact that I am a Rosselyn, papa's pride, and that he expects so much of me, I might, perhaps, mar-

ry Gilmer and be happy. But no, I could not. I must not think of what might be, I must prepare for what shall be. Papa must never feel he is not proud of his Margaret. As he says, a few years hence Gilmer and I will be no more. The suffering or love, the woe or happiness of one life time amounts to but little in the end. However, I am sleepy and tired. I will be as pale as a ghost to-morrow from setting up so late."

In a few moments her simple prayer had been repeated and she was sleeping. The pure face, with the dark lashes kissing the soft cheek, was scarcely visible in the shadows of the room. A stream of moonlight poured through the open window. A balmy zephyr stirred the rustling curtains, bringing on its wing a faint odor of spring flowers. The old town was as silent as the city of the dead. Not even the tread of a night-watch was heard in the deserted streets. Sleep, twin-sister of Death, seemed to rule man, beast, and the drooping flowers, heavy with the fresh fallen dews of night. Next morning soon after an early breakfast, Margaret was in the front yard looking at a favorite rose-bush to see if the recent rains had benefitted or injured it. She was startled by hearing a loud voice behind her exclaim:

"Good day, Miss Margaret! Up with the birds are you?"

"Good morning, Mr. Barham," she said turning around. "I was compelled to be up with the birds. It is so nice and fresh after a long spell of rainy weather."

"Yes, so it is, but you did not go to sleep with the birds. What two horsemen stopped at your gate last night? I was on my porch smoking, saw them go by and heard them stop about here, I thought."

"Could not you tell who they were? You used to know everybody's horse in the neighborhood," she said without answering him.

"I think they were Gilmer Pickett and Ned Maxwell," said the merchant. "Come into the house a moment," he continued. "I want to have a talk with you. I knew all the time who the men were."

"I thought so, or I would have answered your question," said Margaret.

"I came to find out, Miss Margaret, whether you have any notion of falling in love with Ned Maxwell," said Mr. Barham, as they entered the parlor.

"Take this chair, sir," she said, repressing a laugh and pushing a large chair towards him. "Are my love affairs to become the common talk of the village?"

"Miss Margaret," said the merchant looking at her kindly, "I never meddle with other people's matters unless I have a good reason for doing so. Answer me, is there any danger of your ever loving Ned Maxwell?"

"Last night papa took me to task about one young gentleman and this morning you come to find out if I love another! I think I satisfied papa and now I suppose I must satisfy you in regard to Mr. Maxwell. Therefore, I assure you I never met Mr. Maxwell before last evening, and it would not grieve me particularly if I never saw him again. To be explicit, there is no possible danger of my falling in love with him. Besides, he does not care one iota for me."

The merchant's face was aglow with smiles as she concluded. He said heartily: "Glad to hear it. Hope you will not see too much of him. Somehow I fancy that he would please a woman. I didn't mean to say anything to you, but this morning as I sat in the store door smoking, I saw a cat watching a bird on the limb of a tree. The cat kept his great, green eyes on the bird so fixedly that in a few moments, as if there was a charm in the glance, the bird came nearer and nearer. The next moment the cat had the bird in its claws. Then I got up, put my pipe away, and said—'I'll go and warn Margaret.' That is why I had the impudence to speak to you. I know Maxwell better than any one in this town knows him."

"Thank you, Mr. Barham," replied the girl still smiling. "I am not in any danger from associating with Mr. Maxwell."

"Glad to hear it. Don't you think he is one of the most top-loftical men you ever met? I mean," he said, noticing her puzzled expression, "don't you think he expresses his would-be grand thoughts in the longest words you ever heard?"

"There is a trace of the Byronic hero about him," said Margaret. "But he is quite pleasant and entertaining. May-be he fancies himself a hero of some kind and has tried to act his part until it has become natural for him to disguise his true character."

"You are a sensible girl. Perhaps that is the truth of the matter. He is always up in the clouds whenever I talk to him. I

don't think there is a probability of your loving him. I'm not so sure about his not loving you! It would help him amazingly to be your father's son-in-law. But I rather think I could break it up. Yes, I am sure I could break it up. In the end you will know why I have taken upon myself to warn you. Come, finish fixing your flowers. Can't stay any longer. Am sorry I interrupted you, but it would have worried me all day if I had not come and talked to you."

The busy merchant bustled off very much gratified at the manner in which Margaret had taken his warning. He felt assured that Maxwell held no place in her heart.

If he could have seen the bright face under the broad-brimmed, daisy-wreathed hat as she flitted among the clustering rose-bushes, or bent over the budding hyacinths and blooming crocusses, he would have known that no thought of mis-placed love threw a shadow over her young life.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

BURIED ALIVE.

BY THEO. F. KLUTTZ, *of Salisbury, N. C.*

To all appearance I was dead.

So complete was the semblance, that it occurred to none of my friends, to doubt its reality. Unable to move a muscle, lying cold, rigid, and pulseless, I heard the lamentations of loved ones around me, and felt to the heart their unavailing grief. My body was properly prepared for burial, kind friends kept silent vigil through the lone watches of the long night, and on the morrow arrangements were made for my interment. The Man of God, and the sombre undertaker came, the hour for the funeral service was appointed, and gently I was placed in the coffin.

Imagine the horror, the awfulness of my situation? My sense of hearing was preter-naturally acute, and even with my eyes tightly closed by the silver coins placed upon them, I could plainly see all that went on about me.

I was fully alive to the imminent danger, aye, to the absolute certainty, of the wretched fate of being *buried alive*, for notwithstanding the most frantic exercise of Will, I could not so much as move an eyelid. O! the horror of that time! My soul sickened within me, and I had well nigh succumbed to my dread doom,—when lo! the heavens opened before my inner vision, and plainly I saw assembled, the august court of the higher spheres. Glittering with a dazzling light of glory appeared cherubim and seraphim as jurors, shining hosts gathered in bright array as auditors, and most terrible to behold was the great Judge of All who sat silent, yet majestic, upon His resplendent throne. Such things are not lawful to be seen of men, and with fear and awe, I looked and listened.

To my amazement, I found that *I* was the subject of interest, and that it was *my* fate, which this mighty tribunal was convoked to determine. Clad in light, appeared a mighty personage, who plead my cause with persuasive eloquence, and at length He prevailed. I was to have a chance, but a slender one, for life. The judgment of the court was pronounced in words which rang out through space, echoing and reverberating throughout the vaulted domes of heaven, and sounding louder to my strained ear than the thunders loudest tones:—"Let the great Clock of Time be suspended in the heavens, and let the stars quit their places one by one, and if this earth-worm can, by sound, sign or token, make known to those about him that he lives before the clock strikes twelve, and before the last star disappears in blackness, then shall he live and his faculties be restored to him; if not, then shall he die indeed and truly."

Slowly and with tone of gloom and doom, the ponderous clock began striking. With fearful rapidity the stars shot from their places and went out in night. With a tumult of horrible fear and emotion I watched and listened.

Meanwhile, friends came, and the funeral services were proceeded with. I heard the soft tread of feet, and the rustling of dress, as friend after friend stepped up to look for the last time upon my rigid features. The lid was screwed down, and I felt myself placed in the dismal hearse, conveyed to the church, carried in and deposited in front of the pulpit. There I had—what probably never happened to any other man,—the exquisite tor-

ture of listening to my own funeral sermon ! Its eloquence and pathos, as its exaggerated recital of my few virtues, had little of interest to me in my fearful extremity. Fools ! dolts !! idiots !!! don't you know that you are burying me alive ? was what I was thinking, and vainly exerting myself to cry out ; but even in my dire agony a ridiculous fancy suggested itself to my mind, and I could not help thinking what a fright it would give them all, if I could kick the coffin lid off. At length the services were concluded, and once more placed in the hearse, I was conveyed to the cemetery.

When the coffin was set down on the brink of the open grave, I looked, and the great clock was nearly done striking, the stars were almost all gone ; a few more thunder tones, a few more dark places where stars had been, and all would be over with me.

Oh ! reader, may you never know one ten thousandth part of the awful, sickening sensations of despair and horror which now took complete possession of me !

A brief address, a prayer, the burial service read, and I was lowered into the grave. I felt the tramping of the sexton as he placed the boards above me, boards which were shutting me out forever from light and life, and then I heard the solemn words, "we commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." As the clods commenced falling, I heard an awful sound—it was the last stroke of the clock ! I saw a vivid flash—it was the last star disappearing—and then all was dark, and I felt that I was indeed *dead* !

O, the darkness and death-damp of the grave ! I no longer wonder that man shrinks with horror from death, for the realization is a hundred fold more dreadful than our instinct paints it.

No sooner did I realize that life was indeed gone, than I felt my soul leave the body, and, lighter than a breath of air, begin to ascend. Upward, upward, and still upward. I felt myself impelled through space, past the clouds, past the visible heavens, upward still, with a speed swifter than the lightning's flash,—when suddenly I seemed to meet with some impassable obstacle.

A colossal figure of threatening mien, motioned me back with imperious gesture, and downward I felt myself going, down, down, downward still, until I found my progress again impeded, and with a start I fell headlong, I knew not where.

I felt a rough hand seize me, heard a loud voice in my ear, and sprang up and away with convulsive energy, and found myself—in the dentist's chair!

(I had taken chloroform by inhalation, for the extraction of a painful tooth, and during the few moments I was under its influence had passed through all this horridly vivid experience. It was on Sunday morning and the church bells were ringing, which accounts for my fancy of the great clock's striking.)

THE ROUND TABLE.

"SKIMBLE-SKAMBLE."

The most of our readers no doubt remember the familiar couplet of Dean Swift:

*"Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down."*

This is very significant. That most vigorous of all modern satirists knew how it was in his day. Hence the couplet. Those who have ears know how it is in our day. Scandal-mongers and gossips have prevailed in every age of the world, and poor fallen human nature remains the same, however much times have changed. It was rather scandalous in Adam the way in which he tried to get rid of the responsibility of having disobeyed God, when he adroitly said: "She gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And so on from our first father down to this day, the dealer in scandal has flourished, and

"At every word a reputation dies."

That wittiest of all court divines Robert South, proposed a very speedy cure of such evils. Said he: "The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be both hanged up, back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear."

The Athenians were the most highly endowed and highly cultured of all the peoples of antiquity. And yet they were eternal gossips, and were forever dealing in the meanest "skimble-skamble stuff," to use a phrase of "rare Ben. Jonson." When St. Paul

went from Berea to Athens, he not only found that city "wholly given to idolatry"—thus showing how the learning and skill of the greatest philosophers had failed, and how ignorant after all was the most enlightened people of the world—but we are expressly told in Acts xvii, that they were guilty of another kind of folly most grossly inconsistent with true philosophy, and deeply injurious to the welfare and happiness of the soul. Here is the record: "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

Now who would have believed such a statement unsupported by inspiration? Can it be possible that the highly-polished, the erudite, the philosophic Athenians have fallen so far? Have they too, become retailers of gossip and dealers in "skimble-skamble stuff?" It was terrible that the streets, public places and private houses of the most famous city, whither Grecian and Roman and Egyptian youth flocked to receive instruction in all manner of knowledge from the lips of the profoundest philosophers and sages that this world has yet seen, should be filled with idols. It was indeed awful that the only rites and ceremonies of a religious character were offered to dumb stone, instead of to Almighty God. But we were not prepared to be told that the people who were the disciples of Plato and Socrates and Aristotle were the veriest busy-bodies and idle scandal-mongers—that they actually "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some *new thing*." And, yet, according to unerring truth, such were the boasted and highly intellectual Athenians, the leaders of thought.

Let us skip all the intervening centuries and come to almost the last quarter of the nineteenth century. How is it in the year of grace 1875? With the light of divine truth shining upon the pathway of our country, we yet see educated people following the absurd and injurious habit of the Athenians—spending much of their most valuable time in either telling or hearing some new thing. Perhaps we should say, in "reading" some new thing, as the newspaper has usurped the function of the lecturer and reciter. The more highly spiced the "new thing" is, the more appetizing and grateful it is, and the more industriously and anxiously it is sought after.

Now, we take it that this love of the exciting, the prurient, the impure, the new and the strange—this delight in reading of it, and telling of it, as it is spread out daily in the great papers, is a very bad symptom. In whatever age or country it may prevail, and in whatever heart it is established, it is a feverish and unhealthful symptom, and indicates disease.

It is an absolute cheat. It encourages a man in indolence by the semblance of activity. He is *so* very busy: he has his daily rounds to make hunting news. He has no time for more useful or profitable occupation. He flatters himself he is really at work.

His mind is highly excited, whilst his hands lie idle.

It seriously injures a man's benevolent nature. He is so accustomed to read of misery that he fails to feel or remember that he ought to relieve it. He reads so much of horrible crimes that they become familiar and unimportant. He reads so much of agonizing scenes that he has no ear for the cry of ordinary distress, and his own heart feels none of the pangs that visit the hearts of the great sufferers. Such harrowing recitals merely contribute to his mental excitement without stirring the depths of his soul. His mind is stimulated, his moral nature is deadened.

Are we of the number? How is it with you, reader? Are you a mere news-hunter and dealer in tittle-tattle, or do you weep with those that weep, when you hear or read of disaster and suffering? It is far more profitable to seek what is true and beautiful, and just and of good report, than "to spend our time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." It is far wiser in matters of morals and religion to avoid new and strange doctrines than to seek novel and untried paths. He is a wise man who clings to the truth amidst the very deluge of error that would engulf the soul and drag humanity into the mad vortex of scientific atheism and irrational materialism. He is a wise man indeed who diligently avoids the hidden shoals of senseless gossip and impurity, and seeks continually for the faith once delivered to the saints, and abides therein to the end.

We confess this line of reflection was suggested by the great scandal that has filled the mouths of so many people, and has burdened the columns of the "great papers" for the last nine or ten months. Never before was the press of any country so given

up to the wholesale "skimble-skamble" business. Never before in the history of journalism has the press been so converted into the scavengers of nastiness, and been so prostituted to the shameless work of corrupting the public morals and of catering for the morbid appetites of those who are only satisfied with the most highly-seasoned garbage. No wonder an able Southern editor, nauseated and indignant, should exclaim: "It is a burning shame that so insignificant a thing as this (the Beecher matter) should stop the wheels of civilization and roll us backward." He asks with honest disgust in which we fully participate:

"Must the whole fabric of our society be turned topsy-turvy to reach the bottom of this matter, only to find out at last that there is 'nothing in it?' Must all our great and all our little papers be turned into sewers to flood the dwellings of the land with the sickening odors and deadly atmosphere of the gutters, to taint and poison the very fountains of social health and life?"*

The whole thing is radically wrong. Papers have other missions surely than to corrupt and debauch the public taste and life. They should be educators and purifiers in the best sense. They should be employed only as a vehicle of legitimate news; as a great means of influencing the minds of men for good; as instruments for the promotion of pure morals and good government, and as a medium for the expression and enforcement of thought.

We are glad to be able to record that the sins of Southern papers in the matter in question have been very light in comparison with those of the North, and that the North Carolina papers have devoted but little space to the great shame of the century. In this last expression, we advance no opinion of the guilt or innocence of the very able man who is the defendant in the case. We are only characterizing the great crime in giving such unnecessary publicity to the details of a noisome and disgusting scandal. Let the curtain fall on the drama of filth, and let the lights be extinguished,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

T. B. K.

*Richmond Enquirer.

WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The early marriage among the Anglo-Saxons was of a very primitive character; it consisted merely of hand fastening (*hund fæstnang*), or taking each other by the hand, and pledging love and affection, in the presence of friends and relations. The bridegroom paid the father a sum of money, called a *fostea lean*, or payment for nourishing. At a later period, the early customs of espousals was reduced to a regular system, and the lover was required to give a *wed*, or security for the performance of his contract; hence our word *wedding*. Under the influence of Christianity, the bride was allowed to have a voice in her contract before her tenth year; and the father had not to return the money paid by the lover. If the lady wished to refuse before the twelfth year, the father had not to return the money or pay a fine. By this means a father could espouse his daughter to several lovers, obtaining their money, and persuading her to cancel the contract. The Church soon saw the impropriety of this, and ordered the girl who had refused the husband provided for her, to retire into a convent. Rather a harsh measure! The clergy soon introduced more formalities into the marriage ceremony. The Anglo-Saxon bridegroom put a ring on the maiden's right hand at the espousals, which, at the marriage, was moved to the left, on the fore-finger. The father at the same time delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom; and the latter touched her on the head with it, to show his authority. The ceremony is still preserved now in the popular custom of throwing shoes after a newly married couple. It has been supposed that the gift of the shoe had its origin in that of placing the foot on the neck of the prisoner or slave. The morning after the marriage, the husband presented the wife with a valuable present, called the morning gift; and in the later times the amount was stipulated before the ceremony. At the close of the tenth century, the Lady Wynflæd left an estate to a relation which she states had been her morning gift. When Athelstan's sister, Eadgith, married Otho, Emperor of Germany, he gave her the city of Magdeburg as her morning gift. If a widow married within a year of her husband's death, she forfeited everything she had received from him—the origin, doubtless, of our feeling that a widow ought to wait a year before marrying again.

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EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

TRANSMISSION OF MORAL TENDENCIES.

It has been observed by teachers of youth, that the children of classical scholars exhibit an unusual aptitude for learning the classics. Children of mathematicians possess unusual readiness in mathematical studies. Poetical talent is hereditary. In the family of Æschylus were eight poets. Parents of marked mental ability usually have children of ability, while people of simple minds impart to their offspring a like quantity of intelligence. The facts are so numerous, and the evidence so conclusive, as to prove the inheritance of mental aptitudes and capacities, and to entitle it to be admitted as a well-established law of nature.

The hereditary transmission of moral powers, and immoral or vicious tendencies, has not been so generally admitted as an established truth. It is often considered that the moral capabilities of individuals are equal; that the tendencies to virtue or vice are alike in the dispositions of all; that every one and all may attain to equal excellence of moral character. No difference is recognized by many in the original moral constitution of the virtuous and vicious; they might mutually have exactly changed places with each other; the vicious might have become equally as virtuous as the most moral, equally as vicious as the most degraded.

It may be admitted that all may become virtuous. Yet it is not true that the most viciously inclined can reach the same degree of moral development as those morally inclined by nature. There is a difference in the natural moral endowments of individuals—differences that are not just as marked as are the differences in intelligence. It is just as impossible for the person born with weak moral sensibilities to attain to the highest position of moral excellence, as it is for the simple-minded man to become developed by education into one of the most illustrious intellectual men of the age. Genius in morals is inborn as well as is genius in intellect. There is an inherited difference in the moral capacities of men, while all are possessed of sufficient moral capacity to enable them, under favoring circumstances, to become virtuous citizens; yet some of these, if exposed to vicious surroundings, imbibe vice through every pore as a sponge takes in water. Vice is their natural element, and if anything different is made of them, they must be transplanted to a purer atmosphere.—*Science of Health.*

THE NECESSITY OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS IN CONNECTION WITH INTELLECTUAL TRAINING.

*Delivered before the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School of Newbern, by
Capt. W. T. R. Bell, of Carteret.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—One of the sweetest of English poets has said, that “Heaven lies about us in our infancy.” We feel the truth of the remark when we see its sunlight still sleeping in childhood’s tresses, its glory still gleaming in their eyes. The philosophic Richter, in language which does credit alike to his head and heart, declared that “he loved God and little children.” Sometimes when we listen to the rippling music of the artless laugh ; when we witness the unsuspecting outburst of infant hopes ; when we meditate upon the purity and innocence that warm and vivify their wildly throbbing bosoms, we can understand somewhat why a Saviour should design to bless them, and liken his kingdom to a child. From my very soul, I pity the man who nurses not an affection for children—who delights not in associating himself with their innocent sports, and mingling with their unstudied mirth.

There is about childhood a divine-like charm ; and after life has little to repay us for the loss of childhood’s trust and confidence. It may be Imagination that paints its skies in resplendent hues ; that peoples its paths with fairy congenial forms ; that fringes with never-to-be-forgotten beauty the foliage of its every familiar grove. If so, we have a quarrel with *Reason*. She is a heartless disenchanter. With the art of a malignant magician, she mingles the ingredients of doubt with our hopes, distrust with confidence, and often substitutes in place of sunny halos, sad, somber scenes.

But like the recollection of a pleasant dream to which the heart still fondly clings do we cherish vivid memories of childhood’s happy hours ! Thank Heaven, they are never forgotten. Sometimes they are buried ’neath a weight of after cares ; but events will transpire to touch with secret hand the spring ; and in a moment we wear again our youthful smiles, and cherish our earlier hopes. There is about us a strange mysterious power of reproducing the beautiful.

It is a saying not more trite than true, and deserves to be remembered, that earliest impressions are most lasting. Life is, indeed, a circle; and he who describes it with his "three score years and ten," lays him down, eventually, in "second childishness." In more senses than one is the cradle near the grave; for in that sad, final hour, when the weary eye is closing upon all earthly scenes, the last pictures upon which memory gazes, will be childhood groups; the last tones to rouse the failing sense, will be the soft sweet strains of the lullaby, that fell long ago from a mother's lips, as she soothed to slumber our infant cares.

But I meet you this afternoon, my friends, to mingle no cypress nor sad colored yew with the blooming fancy-wreath these tender hands would weave. I have no disposition to touch with unhallowed brush the bright pictures which their sunny imaginations paint. Let them cull from childhood's rosy walks its beautiful flowers to garland and festoon the future. Upon us binds the duty of striving by all proper means, to make these children happy. Recollections of childhood's home and the holy, blessed influence of a mother's love, they will carry with them through all the long years of after life, to cheer, to soothe, to strengthen, it may be—to *save*. "And when life's long day is closing," thoughts of that home and that mother will come back as gleams of sunshine to illumine the fearful twilight which precedes the night of death!

But I turn to address myself upon this occasion to those who, as parents and Sunday School teachers, are clothed with the responsibility of nurturing and training these young minds; who have the God-given charge of guiding their impulses, governing their propensities, and developing their affections. I approach with diffidence the task to which you have been pleased to call me. The numbers of your school, the earnestness exhibited, and this manifestation of interest on the part of the public, evince most clearly that you are scarcely in need of advice, were I a suitable one to impart it. You are evidently alive to your duties, and under the watchful eye of a faithful pastor, are leading these little lambs into the fold of the Great Shepherd.

The Sunday School is perhaps the most important of moral

and religious agents. In its behalf, then, I offer you as a basis of brief remark :

"The necessity of religious training as the foundation of a perfect system of education."

Man is not merely a thinking being, but a worshipping creature; and the great end of all education should be the harmonious growth and development of the spiritual nature.

An All-Wise Creator has made at least two great revelations to man, the one His Works, the other His Word. The first addresses itself more particularly to the intellect, and challenges the investigations of the perceptive and reasoning faculties; the second, through the medium of consciousness, and the exercise of intelligence, enters the sacred temple of the affections, and demands the worship of the heart. The one, Nature, through the operations of her unchanging laws and the display of a combination of harmonious effects, invites us to search out our relation to external things; the other, God's blessed Word, by spiritual agency, turns the eyes of mind in upon itself, awakens meditation and reflection, and asks the startling questions in the ear of the soul, "Who are we? Whose image do we bear? To whom should we pay tribute?"

We are naturally thinking beings. Our senses are avenues through which outward objects convey impressions to the mind. Curiosity, or desire to know, is an original propensity; and the mind of the infant expands as readily for the reception of knowledge as the flower unfolds its beautiful leaves to catch the first rays of the life-giving sun. The intellect rejoices with as much delight, and certainly with a higher and more exquisite pleasure, when Reason has grasped some hidden truth, as do the grosser sensibilities when the possessory principle has obtained a material object of desire. It is right that the reason should be cultivated, the intellectual faculties trained, and their investigations of truth stimulated and encouraged. It is right that we should seek God in his works; but he who relies upon reason alone, who trusts to the guidance of his own feeble intellect in the investigation of the phenomena by which we are surrounded, follows an *ignis fatuus* that will decoy him on, springing up ever and anon with ghostly glare, and vanishing at last, leaving him in the "Slough of Despond" or buried in the abyss of despair.

I lay down, then, the proposition, that *no system of education that ignores the moral and religious element, can result in the highest development either of nations or individuals.*

Greece was literally "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms;" and rose to as sublime a height of intellectual eminence as any of the nations of antiquity. The early system of Greek education was purely physical and intellectual. Under Lycurgus, children were regarded as the property of the State, and fed at a common table; and we may judge of the want of moral culture, when we remember that the Code of Sparta's most celebrated law-giver encouraged them to steal, and punished only the detection of the theft. Solon and Pythagoras and Plato and Socrates did certainly labor to give the training of the mind pre-eminence over the gratification of bodily propensities. They ever saw and taught the necessity of what they termed "purifying the soul by self-knowledge and devotion,"—but all these philosophers walked by the faint light of reason alone. They offered their pupils nothing to oppose to the baser lusts in the human bosom, but the faint feeble efforts of the human will. The consequence was that while Greece scaled the heights of intellectual eminence, and evinced even high æsthetic culture,—while under the inspiration of art, she worshipped at the shrine of the beautiful, and sculpture and painting and poetry embalmed the products of her genius, yet for want of the true religious element, she gathered her only knowledge of the future from the ambiguous responses of a crafty priestess; her altars were reeking with sacrifices to "Unknown Gods," and her greatest wonder was a heathen temple. What would not the light of Revelation have done for this people, furnishing its motives to morality by means of grace! Homer, the acknowledged "father of song," would then have risen in his conception of the spiritual world to the sublime height of Milton, Pythagoras would have ranked with Newton, and if Socrates, under the persecution of his age, had been called to drink the fatal hemlock, he would have been associated to-day with Wicliff, Cranmer and Ridley in the great army of Christian martyrs.

The absence of the moral and religious element in her system of education, was the prime cause of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Her high physical and intellectual training produced Scipios and Cæsars, who bore her standard in imperial

garments of desolation, a helpless suppliant at the feet of a foreign foe, with her vine-clad hills smoking with the ashes of once happy homes,—did France remember that period in her earlier history, when under the infidel teachings of her so called philosophers, she set aside the time-honored customs of Christianity, abolished the Sabbath, inaugurated an “Age of Reason,” and wrote on the tombs of her murdered slain, “*Death is an Eternal Sleep?*” Did Paris remember when under the fearful reign of the Commune her gutters flowed with the blood of women and children at the hands of a ruthless soldiery—pillaged and plundered and bleeding from suicidal wounds—did Paris remember when the Goddess of Liberty was personated by a miserable prostitute, crowned and worshipped in her streets? Who will say that the men who have for nearly a century controlled the destinies of France—the men who have swayed the passions of her populace, led her armies, and governed her councils—have not been *intellectually great?* In all save the moral and religious element their education has been complete. What might not to-day have been the destiny of France, had the principles of revealed religion—instead of a skeptic, utopian philosophy—shed their light upon the path of her Revolution! Eliminate the effects of early false religious training from the works of Victor Hugo, and scatter his volumes among the multitude, and they would become angels of mercy, to succor the unfortunate, elevate the lowly, and relieve the oppressed. And yet his sympathy for “the miserable,” which, tempered by a sound religious feeling, might have been a blessing, may yet poison their minds and prove a curse to the peasantry of France.

Had Marat and Danton, and Robespierre been taught moral lessons in the family circle, and to pray at a pious mother’s knee, they would never have lived profligate lives, nor perished at last by the hand of a hired assassin, or heartless executioner amid the fearful forebodings of the damned.

Thus far I have endeavored to show, *negatively*, the necessity for moral and religious training as a constituent element of education. It would be pleasant, did the occasion allow, to take up the proposition *affirmatively*, to prove that the best and leading spirits in all Christian ages are those who have conducted the tide of human progress into legitimate channels, founded their mis-

sion upon a desire to benefit mankind, and thus embalmed their memories in the imperishable repositories of the human heart. It would be easy to show that these were blessed with early religious culture—familiarized from childhood, with the precepts of that blessed Book—taught from a conscientious duty to conform their lives to its requirements.—“Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God.”

Do I address parents earnestly desirous that these little ones may grow up to be honored men and women, useful citizens, ornaments in the higher walks of life, above all, pious devoted Christians? Would you have them become great in goodness? “Then in the morning sow thy seed,” and while you train their intellects you must assiduously cultivate their hearts.

As important as is early intellectual culture to future usefulness and glory, it is a thousand fold less necessary than that young minds be stored with moral truths, and impressed with correct religious principles. Remember that a natural propensity of imitativeness will prompt your children to follow in your footsteps. Guard well, then, your examples. Breathe about your children at home and in your daily walks a moral and religious atmosphere, in whose purity flowers of affections and of love will spring up in their young breasts, and bud and bloom and shed their fragrance around you. It is your duty to make every reasonable sacrifice for the intellectual improvement of your offspring; but remember that could you fill their minds with all earthly knowledge, it would not satisfy the craving of the immortal soul. There is a limit beyond which mere *science* can never go. The human intellect may essay to solve the mysteries of nature and “claim a kindred” with the stars, mounting the car of its own creative genius, it may explore the heavens until the “powdered belts of light” that gird our skies expand into vast systems of worlds like our own, all rolling on in beauty and harmony amid the trackless fields of unbounded space; but it must return at last wearied and dissatisfied with its own achievements. Even Newton admitted that *he* felt like a little child wandering along the shore that had gathered here and there a pebble or a prettier shell, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him. But, my dear friends, parents and teachers, when you have been instrumental in planting the germ of God-given

faith and trust in a human heart, you have plumed an immortal spirit that, shaking the dust of earth from its wings, will sweep with untiring pinions above the toppling battlements of time, and while worlds and suns and systems pale and mingle and disappear beneath it, will soar upward and onward and still onward until it rests finally in the bosom of its God. The importance then of a Sunday School as an agent of religious instruction !

I have but one word specially for the teachers of this promising school. It is a high, a delicate, a holy office, my dear friends, to assume the religious culture of a child. You dare not attempt it, relying on your own strength. Make it, I beseech you, a work of earnestness and zeal, of patience, hope and prayer.

I should feel, my dear young friends, and especially those of you who amid the intellectual studies of advanced youth, have already acquired a taste and thirst for knowledge, I should feel that I had but poorly discharged my duty did I not address the conclusion of these remarks to you. I know how young breasts pant for earthly honors and earthly fame. I know the high estimate you place upon mere intellectual achievements. Pardon me for quoting to you the language of One who "spake as never man spake :—" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things shall be added unto you." Store well your minds with heavenly wisdom, for it is only by blended education of head and heart, that you are to become fitted for the inner courts of the temple of knowledge and to minister at her sacred altars. Take the Bible as your greatest text book. It will teach you to embrace the true, love the beautiful, and worship the good. Then, with this early preparation of soul, you may securely tread the vale of science and drink from its silvery streams. Ready to measure every recorded thought by the standard of eternal truth, you may safely ramble amid the fields of literature and cull its sweetest flowers. Without a fear you may then walk with Horace amid Laconian groves ; with Homer revisit the scenes of Troy ; accompany Æneas in his flight and wanderings ; with Dido descend to the lower regions ; or roam in Paradise with Milton. You may enjoy the songs of Moore ; weep with Byron ; rove with Scott ; muse with Cowper in his Melancholy ; trace the Seasons with Thompson ; soar in imagination with Ossian, and study human nature with Shakspeare.

But then, with a soul full of blessed faith, if you mount to starry heights with Newton, it will be like him, to evolve fresh evidence of a Saviour's love ; and if you go down with Miller unto the lowest strata of the earth, it will be like him, to take the "Testimony of the Rocks," and trace the "foot-prints of the Creator."

Earth offers at best but *perishable* honors—crowns that are "glittering griefs, and shining sorrows :"

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven !

I have no means of telling you what is promised as the reward of a life of faith and trust in God. The human mind fruitlessly exhausts its powers in efforts to grasp the infinite. I have seen the soft sweet smile playing upon the face of the sleeping babe, and felt that it was a type of heavenly beauty. I have gazed upon the rainbow as it spanned the arching sky and painted its blended hues upon the bosom of the retiring cloud, and felt that it was a reflection of that which encircles the throne of the Eternal. I have listened to the melting tones of the human voice as it poured "the thoughts that burst their channels" into song, and imagine that its notes were akin to seraphic strains, I have meditated upon the visions of the apocalyptic seer, as he describes the descending city with its pearly gates, its jasper walls, and its golden streets ; but just when the mind is full of enraptured conceptions, a voice whispers, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things that God has prepared for them that love Him."

I might borrow a term, my dear young friends, and tell you that the reward of virtue was "Eternal Glory." But, then, I should use an expression which I cannot comprehend, the words of which even I could not define. Oh ! the meaning of the word *Glory* ! We may search the works of the lexicographers, and no dictionary affords a satisfactory definition—it belongs to the mysterious vocabulary of the soul. I can simply, then, beg you to profit by the lessons here imparted. "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth," and thus secure at last, a title to that inheritance "which is incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away."

"GOLDEN RULES" FOR TEACHERS.

From "Young's Infant School Manual."

1. Endeavor to set a good example in all things.
2. Never overlook a fault; to do so is unjust to the children, since you will, no doubt, soon have to correct them for a repetition of it.
3. Spare no pains to investigate the truth of every charge; and if you cannot satisfy yourself, make no decision. Leave it to the future to develop.
4. Never correct a child in anger.
5. Do strict justice to all, and avoid favoritism.
6. Always prepare for your lessons by previous study; never attempt to teach what you do not thoroughly know.
7. Try to bring forward the dull and backward children; the quick intellects will come on without your notice.
8. Teach thoroughly and do not try to get on too fast. Remember that you are laying the foundation of knowledge.
9. Attend strictly to the personal cleanliness of the children.
10. Attend to the cleanliness and neatness of the school rooms, and to the order and neatness of the play-grounds.
11. Attend to the ventilation and heating of the rooms. In Summer, when warm, keep the windows constantly lowered from the top; and in Winter, or in inclement weather, always open them when the children go out to play.
12. Do not be tempted to give undue attention to the elder, to the neglect of the younger classes. Such a course would be fatal to the general advancement of the school.
13. Strive to cultivate a spirit of true politeness in all your dealings and associations with youth. Remember that children cannot be properly educated until they catch the charm that makes the gentleman or the lady.
14. Take every opportunity of moral training. Consider that it is better to make children *good than clever*.
15. Constantly seek self-improvement, and try to enlarge your own stock of information. Remember that *knowledge is your stock in trade*.
16. Let your intercourse with children be regulated with LOVE.

Remember that our Blessed Lord loved little children, and "took them in his arms and blessed them."

From "Parish's Manual of School Duties."

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS TO PUPILS ON FIRST ENTERING SCHOOL.

1. Resolve, on being received as a member of this school, to cheerfully comply with all the requirements of the teachers, and faithfully perform every duty assigned you.
2. Always manifest and cultivate a kind and accommodating spirit towards schoolmates, and respect towards teachers.
3. At all times let the school room be regarded as sacred to study and mental improvement.
4. Never indulge in rudeness, childish trifling, loud and boisterous speaking, or anything that would be considered unbecoming in genteel company.
5. Resolve to lend your influence in every possible way to improve the school and elevate its character.

DEPORTMENT.

Maxim.—"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

Remarks.—It is as much a part of your education to correct bad habits and obtain good ones, to cultivate good manners, and learn to conduct yourself with propriety on all occasions, as to be familiar with the studies pursued in school. Read carefully and remember the following particulars :

STILLNESS.

1. On entering the school pass as quietly as possible to your seat, taking care to close the door gently, and avoid making unnecessary noise with your feet in crossing the room.
2. Take out books, slate, etc., from your desk with care, and lay them down in such a manner as not to be heard. Avoid making rustling noise with papers, or noisily turning over the leaves of books. Never let the marking of a pencil on your slate be heard.
3. Be careful to keep the feet quiet while engaged in study, or, if it be necessary to move them, do it without noise.
4. In passing to and from recitations, observe whether you are moving quietly. Take special care if you wear thick shoes or boots, or if they are made of squeaking leather.

5. Avoid the awkward and annoying habit of making a noise with the lips while studying.

6. Scuffling, striking, pushing, or rudeness of any kind, must never be practiced under any circumstances within the school building.

PROMPTNESS.

1. Be punctual at school. Be ready to regard every signal without delay. To commence at once when study hour begins. To give immediate and undivided attention when the teacher addresses you, either individually, with the class, or with the whole school.

2. On appearing in the school room after an absence from one or more exercises, your first duty is to give an excuse, specifying the time and cause of the absence.

NEATNESS.

Maxim.—"A place for everything, and everything in its place."

Remarks.—The habit of observing neatness and order should be cultivated as a virtue.

1. Let your shoes or boots be cleaned at the doorsteps. Always use the mat, if wet, muddy or dirty.

2. Never suffer the floor under your desk, or the aisles around it to be dirtied by papers, or anything else dropped on it.

3. Avoid spitting on the floor, it is a vulgar, filthy habit.

4. Marking or writing on the desks, walls, or any part of the building or school premises, with pencils, chalk, or other articles, manifests a bad taste, or a vicious disposition to deface and destroy property. None but a vicious, reckless, or thoughtless person will do it.

5. Knives must never be used in cutting anything on a desk.

6. Particular care should be observed to avoid spilling ink anywhere in the school building.

7. Let your books, etc., be always arranged in a neat and convenient order in your desk, or upon it.

8. Be ambitious to have every part of your school in so neat and orderly a condition, that visitors may be favorably impressed with this trait of your character.

SCHOLARSHIP.

Motto—"Knowledge is Power."

Remarks.—Three things should ever be sought for by every pupil, in all his studies and recitations. They are the true index of scholarship :

1. Aim at perfection.

2. Recite promptly.

3. Express your thoughts clearly and fully.

1. Let the tone of your voice be distinctly audible, and perfectly articulated. Let your words be chosen with care, so as to express your thoughts precisely.

2. Resolve to solve every difficult point in your lesson yourself (if possible), rather than have assistance from any one.

3. Scholars are in no case to assist each other about their lessons in study hours. This is the duty of the teacher.

RECITATIONS.

1. A scholar must never stay away from recitations because "he has no lesson." If you have a good excuse give it to your teacher, and go and hear the others recite.

2. A scholar must never have anything in his hands during recitations, nor during study hours, except what strictly belongs to the exercise in which he is engaged.

3. Do not rest satisfied with learning your lesson so as to "guess you can say it;" be able to give a clear and full account of it when you recite.

MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS.

1. All communications with scholars are to be avoided during hours of study and recitations. This comprehends whispering, writing notes, or on the slate, signs, etc.

Every pupil should study as if there were no one else in the room, with perfect silence.

2. Ask questions about lessons of teachers to whom you recite, as they are responsible for your improvement; otherwise one may be overburdened with business which properly belongs to another.

3. No books are to be read in school hours, except such as belong to the studies and exercises of the school.
4. No scholar should go off the school grounds during recess, except by permission.
5. Never meddle with the desk or property of another scholar without permission.
6. Caps, bonnets, and all outer garments, must be placed on the hook or place assigned to each pupil, immediately on entering school.
7. Always be in your place, and busy about your own duties.
8. Finally, bear constantly in mind how short may be the time allotted you to enjoy the privileges of school, and how important an influence they may exert on all your future life.

"TOTE."

The following interesting communication comes to us from Tarboro. It is evidently from the pen of a scholar, and we would be glad to hear from him again. We regret our inability to oblige him by giving the desired reference to Chaucer. Having lost the greater part of our own library, and living in a village that boasts of but indifferent collections, we have no copy of the "Father of English poetry" at hand. We cannot, therefore, confirm our impression that "tote" occurs several times in the *Canterbury Tales*. It has been quite twenty years, according to our recollection, since we first met with "tote" in those remarkable poems. We do not think we are mistaken in this. About 1852-'3, we were examining an edition of Webster's Dictionary for 1849, when we were arrested by his definition of "tote" as a Southern provincialism, &c. Soon after, whilst reading Chaucer, (if our memory is not at fault,) we were delighted to find the word used by the great poet and precisely in the same sense in which educated Southerners sometime use it. But we may be mistaken, and as soon as we can have access to a complete edition of Chaucer, we will examine into the matter thoroughly and test the truth of what we have said, unless our intelligent correspondent, or some one else, should relieve us of the necessity.

One of the great services that Tennyson has rendered to letters has been the preservation of good old English words that had become obsolete. At another time, we may refer more particularly to some words that retain their place in the folk-lore of England,

and that richly merit a place in the colloquial vocabulary of every Southerner.

T. B. K.

Oxford, N. C.

"Under the head of "Marginalia" I notice in the January number of your valuable Magazine, some observations on the colloquialism "tote." I agree with you that the derivation from "*tal-lo*," through the Law-term "*tolt*," is unsatisfactory, since that term never appears to have been of common or popular use; and the idea of *lifting* or *taking up* a cause from a higher to a lower court hardly conveys the meaning of "tote." I think the author you quote must be mistaken when he says that the word *tolt* has in law any meaning other than of *taking up* a cause from a lower to a higher tribunal.

It is a matter of some interest that the etymology of so common a word should be made known to the thousands who daily use it; and, I for one, would feel myself under many obligations to the Literary Editor of your Magazine for some further light on the subject. Could you not quote the passages from Chaucer, where you say the word occurs, or give a reference to them? So far as my memory serves me, I have never met with "tote" in Chaucer, nor in any contemporary writer, nor indeed in any English Classic. There is an Anglo-Saxon verb "*toten*," meaning "to look," "to pry about," common in the English; but I do not remember to have met with such a root having a meaning from which we could derive our "tote." I am quite sure it is not found in Chaucer's contemporary and friend, Gower, a very voluminous writer; nor in those earlier poetical works *The Vision* and *The Creed of Pier's Plowman* which present the Saxon tongue much freer from foreign admixture than either Gower and Chaucer, both as to its forms and structure.

It is no argument against the antiquity of the word that it has been generally considered a provincial vulgarism, for it is a remarkable fact that among the illiterate of this country, and even more so in England, we find Saxon forms in use which have entirely disappeared from literature and polite language. Not to speak of "*holp*," "*clomb*," and such preterites, fast disappearing from our written language, but which the vulgar tongue sturdily refuses to give up, we sometimes hear country folk speak of "*housen*" for houses, and "*sistren*" (corresponding with brethren) for sisters, clear cases of the Anglo-Saxon plural in *en*. Perhaps some of your readers may have noticed other such uses, which are interesting as characteristic, in their endurance of the stubborn race from which we are sprung, and not inappropriate to the pages of an historical Magazine.

Hoping that I am not asking too much of you, and regretting the length to which I have unwittingly run,

I am, very truly,

A SUBSCRIBER AND READER.

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL.

BY WALTER P. WILLIAMSON, EDITOR "TARBORO' SOUTHERNER."

ONE OF THE few things in this State which seems to be permanent, which is old and yet endowed with perpetual youth, is the BINGHAM SCHOOL, a sketch of which I give at the request of the editor of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD, my facts having been obtained from headquarters during a very recent visit to Mebaneville.

ITS ORIGIN AND FOUNDER.

From the last circular I quote the following paragraph, giving a brief sketch of the school, in the language of the proprietors :

"This School was established in 1793, more than 80 years ago, by the Rev. Wm. Bingham, grandfather of the present proprietors, who taught first at Pittsboro', in Chatham county, and afterwards, till his death in 1825, at "Mt. Repose," in Orange county. The late Wm. J. Bingham took charge of the school at his father's death, and shortly afterwards removed it to Hillsboro', where he taught until 1843. Being unwilling to educate his own sons in a town, he removed to Oaks, twelve miles south-west of Hillsboro', where he continued to teach till 1865, his sons, William and Robert being associated with him after 1857, and his nephew Wm. B. Lynch after 1862. It being difficult during the war to get supplies so far from the railroad, in the hands of the late Col. Wm. Bingham, the School was again removed, during the winter of 1864-'5, to its present location, three-quarters of a mile from Mebaneville, a station on the N. C. R. R."

Of the late Rev. Wm. Bingham, the founder of this School, but few of the present generation remember anything. He died 50 years ago. A few of his pupils are still alive, *rare nantes in gurgite vasto*—but almost all who were school-boys fifty years ago have passed away—and the boys of to-day, where will they be in fifty years? Suffice it to say of this first Bingham that he was a Protestant Irishman and was regularly and thoroughly educated in the old country. Towards the end of the last century his family became involved in one of the many unsuccessful efforts for Irish independence, an uncle, and perhaps other relatives, were put to death by the British soldiers, and he and at least one of the broth-

ers, despairing of liberty at home, came to this country where the liberties of all were secure then, and for more than half a century after that time, whatever may be said of the present. His learning secured him employment, first in Wilmington, for several years at Chapel Hill, our State University,—then in its infancy—where he was associate Principal for some time. At length he settled down in Orange county; was first Principal of Bingham School, which he taught with great success, for those days, till his death in 1825. He lies buried at Cross Roads Church, and his memory, like that of the just, is blessed.

THE LATE WM. J. BINGHAM.

The late Wm. J. Bingham, the oldest son of the Rev. Wm. Bingham, had just graduated with the highest honors at Chapel Hill and was studying law with Judge Murphy, when, about the middle of a session his father died. He left his law books temporarily as he supposed, and taught till the unexpired session ended—and at the earnest request of his pupils, he taught another and another session, till at length the law was abandoned and he determined to devote his life to a business in which he felt sure he could be most useful, if less honored in the general acceptance of the word. His success was pre-eminent; and his reputation, though less brilliant than that of some of his cotemporaries, was more extensive than that of any one of the men of his day, and while he was a stern and rigid disciplinarian, I may say truly, though upon the testimony of others, that his pupils loved him like a father, and trusted him as a tender and sympathizing friend. His deeds of unostentatious charity are almost numberless. I venture to say he was the means of putting more teachers upon the rostrum, more professional men into the various professions, more preachers into the pulpit and more missionaries into the field than any ten other men in the State; and this beneficiary work is one the strongest precedents in the Bingham School, it being a fact that during the eighty (80) years of its existence no young man of good habits and of good capacity, has ever been refused admission for want of means to pay tuition. It is hardly possible that any other man can ever again be so pre-eminent in the State as Mr. Bingham was in his profession. He

occupied an unoccupied field, and to remarkable opportunities he added remarkable ability. He raised teaching from an almost disreputable employment to an honorable profession. He raised tuition fees from \$20 per year at the highest, to \$150 per year. He refused 300 applications in a single year, and though he conscientiously avoided accumulating money, he became in spite of himself and his numerous charities, a man of comparative affluence. His pupils who became prominent in the various walks of life are legion. Many of them became successful teachers in this and other States. On this specific point, I need only add briefly, that Mr. Horner, of the Hillsboro School, was prepared for college by Mr. Bingham, and that Mr. Faucette, of the Lenoir School, received all of his education, if I mistake not, from the same hand; and the Bingham School in the centre, with the Hillsboro and Lenoir Schools on the right and left, occupy mainly the whole ground in North Carolina, and are all controlled by men of Mr. Bingham's training.

W. J. BINGHAM & SONS.

In 1857, Mr. Bingham, associated his sons, William and Robert with him, they meantime having graduated with the highest honors of our then noble and flourishing, though now prostrate University. The number of pupils received was increased from thirty (to which number Mr. Bingham had limited himself for years), to sixty, and the tuition fees were raised from \$80 to \$150, which was then, as is the present tuition fee \$125 per year, the highest, I think, in the South, and the fact of being able to command the highest tuition fees, simply indicates the pre-eminence of this school then, as the same fact indicates the same pre-eminence now.

In the new firm the father took the beginning classes, the sons carried them on after he had given them their initiatory training. The system of rigid, test examinations, which still continues, was introduced, conducted in writing, strictly private and lasting often for ten hours. All inferior material was thrown over by this means and the best results were obtained. The first class that went to college under the new order of things is a fair test of the methods practiced. For many years, as many I suppose as two-thirds of the first honor graduates at the University

had been pupils of Mr. Bingham's. This first class from the hands of the new firm held a still more honorable position. The class consisted of five members. Four of them took the first distinction and one the second, and in a class of over eighty, there were besides these four "Binghamites" but one other first honor man, he being from Mr. Horner's. The new firm built a new, handsome and commodious academy, and seemed to be starting upon a career of great success and usefulness when the war broke out.

DURING THE WAR.

Soon after the war broke out, Maj. Ro. Bingham, the present Superintendent, then junior member of the firm of W. J. Bingham & Sons, buckled on his sword and went to the front, where he gallantly fought and remained till the war closed, surrendering at Appomattox C. H., with that glorious remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia. And as Maj. Bingham is now the head of a school with a military organization, it may not be amiss to say a word as to his army record, which I get direct from a fellow townsman, who was also a very gallant officer in the same regiment :

"The Superintendent of the 'Bingham School' is the only head of a military institution of the kind in the State who went to the war in the beginning and remained there until the end. His character as a commander of men and his gallantry in action were surpassed by none. His regiment was never under fire without him,—except for a few months when he was in a Federal prison—and his company stood at the head of the list in point of discipline. In enforcing obedience it was done in kindness and his conduct was such as to gain not only the respect of his men but their affections also. When in command of the regiment, which was often the case, the result was equally the same.

"It was unfair for himself and Maj. C. M. Steadman to do all the duties of the regiment without promotion simply because the Colonel was at home sick most of the time, and the Lient. Colonel in prison till the end of the war. Efforts to promote both of these gallant officers in their regiments failed, only because promotion was by seniority and not by merit.

Experience is a dear lesson. It is the best qualification for the head of a military school to have. It makes the possessor both a soldier and a disciplinarian."

But to return. As the junior member of the firm was in the army, and as the health of the senior member, who was now get-

ting to be an old man, began to decline and continued to do so till after his death soon after the end of the war, a very heavy burden fell upon Col. Wm. Bingham, who had always been a delicate man and on that account was restrained from going into the army. But the burden only served to develop his innate qualities of head and heart, and he proved equal to, and superior to every emergency. Amidst the difficulties of a depreciated currency, of a chronic state of excitement, of anxiety and distress, and amidst the frequent calls upon him and his pupils to do military duty as a home police force, the school went steadily and successfully on. Several wounded officers from the army, among them Capt. Thomas L. Norwood, a member of the present faculty, assisted temporarily in the teaching and still later, Major Lynch, one of the present proprietors, then Professor of Greek at Davidson College, came into the school. He was also a first honor graduate of the University of North Carolina in its best days, and being a grandson of the first Wm. Bingham, a nephew of the second, and a first cousin of the third, he has a blood right to the teaching capacity which seems inherent in the Bingham family. After continuing the school successfully, though under great difficulties, it became impossible to sustain it longer at Oaks, its location at the time and ten miles from the railroad; and so the school was placed under a regular military organization, its officers were commissioned by the State, its cadets were exempted from duty as Junior Reserves till they were 18, and to procure supplies, &c., it was removed to its present location, three-quarters of a mile from Mebaneville depot on the North Carolina Railroad.

PRESENT LOCATION—ITS ADVANTAGES.

For reasons sufficiently explained in the quotation made at the first of this sketch, the Bingham School has been somewhat migratory. Its first Principal moved it from Chatham to Orange and seated it at Mt. Repose, some five miles from Mebaneville depot. Its second Principal moved it thence to Hillsborough, in '27, and in '44 from Hillsborough to Oaks, ten miles in the country. Its third Principal moved it again to its present location; and as a location for a school Mebaneville is all that can be desired by parents who wish to secure for their sons freedom from

detracting influences of all kinds, but especially freedom from temptations to vice and extravagance. On the point of location the words of the last school circular may again be quoted, the language of which is as follows :

“Having had long personal and much traditional experience in teaching boys, both in town and in the country, we greatly prefer the country for a male school, as affording the fewest possible causes of diversion from study, the fewest temptations to extravagance, and lastly and especially the fewest temptations to dissipation. In this view of the case Mebaneville cannot be surpassed as a location for a school like this. Being on the N. C. R. R., it is easy of access ; the surrounding country is exceedingly healthful ; the community is noted for its morality : the sale of ardent spirits is prohibited by law within two miles of the station ; so that parents may rest assured that their sons are as safe here from all external and distracting influences as it is possible to be anywhere.”

Being thoroughly acquainted with the neighborhood from a sojourn of several years as a member of the Bingham School, I must fully endorse this statement. And this choice of location was made and persisted in, in the face of numerous and flattering and repeated offers from other points. The Charlotte building was several times offered. The Hillboro' building was also repeatedly and very lately offered. From several points in the State offers have come to put up such buildings as might be desired on condition of their being occupied by the Bingham School. But these offers have always been from towns and have therefore been uniformly declined. With their convictions of their duty to God, to their patrons and to their pupils, the proprietors say that for the advantages of “society,” &c., which at last are very questionable for boys, whose business at a school is to *learn*, and who have ample opportunities of society at home, in vacation at any rate, that for questionable advantages of this kind they cannot expose their pupils to the unquestionable and very greatly increased temptations to extravagance and vice which are inseparable from towns. And also so long as they can sustain themselves in the country, that they cannot agree to an influx of local pupils, which a town of any size would supply, comfortably enough for their income, but unsatisfactorily for the discipline and animus of a school, where external and distracting influences, such as a considerable local patronage must introduce, will al-

ways do harm and cause trouble. And so, to secure a maximum of application, morals and general good conduct at a minimum loss of freedom and legitimate enjoyment on the part of the pupil, and at a minimum exercise of authority and severity of discipline on the part of the teachers, and at a minimum expense in the way of spending money on the part of parents, the Bingham School despite numerous and flattering offers to the contrary, remains in the country, greatly to the advantage of its students in all respects, tho' doubtless at a pecuniary sacrifice to its proprietors.

THE BUILDINGS.

Just before the war as already stated, a handsome academy had been erected at Oaks, which of course could not be utilized at Mebaneville. The transfer to Mebaneville was in the last year of the war when it was impossible to get materials for suitable buildings; and so temporary single story quarters were erected of logs, in shape of a hollow square—which plan for a boys' school has the greatest advantages over a three or four story building. Any unprejudiced judge must be convinced of this by a very cursory examination. The greater convenience of single story quarters, for a school under a military organization, where servants are allowed to a very limited extent if at all, is obvious. The advantages in the way of health from the freer access of air and sunshine is equally obvious. The diminished danger from fire, epidemics, &c., and from such dangers as falling, somnambulism and the like, which must be considerable in high and crowded buildings, are worthy of note by parents. But perhaps the greatest advantage of a hollow square of single story quarters is the ease with which quiet and order can be secured, not by severity, but by the certainty of any disorder's being observed, as the whole campus and the door of every dormitory can be commanded at a glance by school and cadet officers. Thus the studious have least interruption in their work, even necessary noises in quarters being over nobody's head, while the idle and disorderly, if there are such, are restrained in all school and study hours when order and quiet are enjoined, by the certainty that a serious disorder must be observed. But to return to the present buildings. They are comfortable enough, as I can say from personal

experience, but have always been considered merely temporary. Permanent buildings were about to be erected in '67, when the cotton crash paralyzed the country. Again in 1871, the buildings were in contemplation, when Col. Bingham's ill-health and subsequent death postponed the work. I am glad to be able to say that the necessities of the school require, and its prosperity justifies the outlay for a new academy, to contain recitation and school rooms below, and society halls and an audience hall above—and for new quarters. These improvements will almost be certainly made by the beginning of the next session, July 15th. The plan of the present school buildings will be retained, namely: a hollow square of single story dormitories connected by a continuous gallery. The rooms will be large, airy, thoroughly comfortable; and the plan of the buildings will secure to an eminent degree, quiet, good order, convenience and safety against fire and accidents, while the academy buildings will be commodious and sufficiently handsome for all practical purposes. And as this school has so fully sustained itself under the great disadvantage of inferior appointments, which I doubt if any other school could have lived under at all, its friends may expect for it a new and greatly increased tide of usefulness and success, when its appointments in all respects but for the merest show shall be equal to, and in many important respects, superior to any others in the State.

ITS CHARITIES.

Under this head I need not do more than quote Art. 18, from the last circular:

"We make a standing offer to such Ministers of the Gospel of all denominations as are engaged in regular ministerial work to educate their sons *free of tuition*. We offer the same terms as to tuition to the orphans of Ministers of the Gospel; to candidates for the Gospel Ministry, irrespective of denomination; to the sons of deceased Masons who are without means; and also to any worthy and indigent young man whose board any Church or Masonic Lodge will pay. And further, we have never refused to teach *any* young man of good habits and good capacity who desires an education and can only pay board, taking his note for his tuition, which note shall be payable when he shall have made the money himself to pay it. Every candidate for the ministry will give the same kind of note for tuition, which note will be

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became a great center of population. The second was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Colorado, and the state became a great center of population. The third was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became a great center of population. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Idaho, and the state became a great center of population. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Montana, and the state became a great center of population. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Wyoming, and the state became a great center of population. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Utah, and the state became a great center of population. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Arizona, and the state became a great center of population. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878. This discovery led to a great influx of people to New Mexico, and the state became a great center of population. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1880. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became a great center of population.

THE GOLD RUSH

The gold rush was a period of great excitement and discovery in the United States. It began in 1848 with the discovery of gold in California, and it continued for many years. The gold rush led to the discovery of gold in many other states, and it led to the discovery of many other valuable minerals. The gold rush also led to the discovery of many new cities and towns, and it led to the discovery of many new industries. The gold rush was a great period of discovery and excitement in the United States, and it was a great period of growth and development. The gold rush led to the discovery of many new cities and towns, and it led to the discovery of many new industries. The gold rush was a great period of discovery and excitement in the United States, and it was a great period of growth and development.

cancelled upon presentation of license to preach. All such as accept the terms offered in this article *must be docile and must enter one of our regular classes.*"

This gratuitous work is one of the strongest precedents of the school and the offer is published, not ostentatiously, but that those who might be benefitted may be informed that such an offer is made—and it is a sad comment upon the condition of the country that but few are able to take advantage of an offer made to the same extent by no other school in the country, and which puts an education within the reach of even limited means.

AVERAGE EXPENSES.

This has been considered an expensive school; but as compared with schools of the same grade, such a notion is not correct. The tuition is somewhat higher, but other expenses are somewhat less than at other first class schools. Besides this, every effort is made to repress extravagance. There are no extra and unexpected charges made. There are very few temptations to spend money, there not being even a soda fountain at the station. Patrons are requested not to supply pocket money too freely, on which head I again quote the circular, which makes no doubtful sound:

"But little pocket money is needed here. Its unrestricted use is everywhere and to all boys injurious, and to many ruinous, supplying as it does the temptation to, as well as the means for, dissipation: and besides the injurious effects upon boys, the expenses of education are greatly increased by the injudicious freedom with which many parents supply their children with spending money. A boy should not feel humiliated by not having the means to buy what his comrades buy, and what is right and proper that they should buy; nor should he feel that he has money to spend foolishly or for worse purposes. Beyond about \$5, which is necessary to purchase lamp, oil, blacking, &c., we most earnestly request that no boy be allowed more than \$2 per month, and \$1 per month would be safer allowance in most cases."

And so earnest is the effort of the faculty to secure the progress of their pupils that in the long run, considering what a student *gets* as well as what he *pays* for it, those who know most of the school think it one of the cheapest, instead of the dearest, in the country.

WHO ITS PATRONS ARE.

On this head I notice on the last catalogue that there are 93 names, from *nine* Southern States: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas—a range of patronage much beyond that of any other School in the State. And to give an idea of what class of men have sons there, I call attention to the fact that in Raleigh for instance some of its patrons are such men as Hon. Kemp P. Battle, Hon. B. F. Moore, the late Hon. D. M. Barringer, Hon. W. N. H. Smith, while some of its patrons in my own county, Edgecombe, are W. S. Battle, Esq., Dr. N. J. Pittman, Dr. A. H. McNair and Mrs. M. S. Powell. All the persons named occupy the highest positions, and would be satisfied with nothing short of the very best opportunities for their sons.

UNSECTARIAN AND MORAL CHARACTER.

From the circular I quote the following :

“This School is without sectarian or other bias. Three religious denominations, the Presbyterian, the Episcopal and the Baptist are represented in the Faculty, and we make the same beneficiary offer to the sons of all ministers of the gospel, and to all candidates for the ministry, irrespective of denomination. Attendance at church on Sunday morning, upon Bible lesson Sunday afternoon, and upon the morning prayers at the opening of school, where each member of the Faculty officiates in turn, are the only obligatory religious exercises.”

While there is no sectarianism or want of liberality, there is a high moral tone pervading the school. The faculty, both by precept and example strive to keep up a high standard of morality—giving no uncertain sound on this point. They say in the circular “our aim is to develop cultivated Christian gentlemen,” and the same key-note is distinctly sounded in “Orders”—General Orders, No. 1, being :

“The cadets of the Bingham School are expected and required to deport themselves like gentlemen, abstaining from all low immoral conduct, forbidden alike by the word of God and the usage of good society.”

And the best results are obtained, not by any undue or burdensome moral and religious teachings; but by so cultivating.

the moral sense and the sense, of honor as gentlemen, that the cadets become a law to themselves. By this means profanity has become uncommon, a boy who would tell an untruth openly would be scorned and tabooed by his comrades, and what is still more remarkable, *drinking* has ceased to be practiced at all. By degrees a high standard of honor in matters between teacher and pupil, as well as between cadet and cadet, has been attained; and as no boy can enter the school except upon a solemn pledge not to drink anything intoxicating during the session, and as no boy can break a pledge taken as a gentleman, and retain the respect of his associates, this pledge has been scrupulously kept for more than three sessions and I fully believe that if a cadet were to break it, his fellow students would insist that he should be expelled forthwith, and I fully believe that most boys would be safer morally, at the Bingham School than at home. Can this be said of many other boarding schools?

COL. WM BINGHAM.

Any sketch of this school would be imperfect which failed to pay a tribute to the memory of Wm. Bingham. At the time of his death, he had been in charge of the school about eight years only, and he had been teaching only about fifteen years. He died at 37, in the very prime of his life, when most men have as yet scarcely attained the full maturity of their powers. But he was a man in the fullest sense of the word, and if what is accomplished is the measure of the length of a life, his was a long, laborious and most useful life. Few authors have attained the same degree of success. His series of Latin text books has received the highest praise from the highest sources, and are more extensively used probably than any other text books by a Southern author. In reply to a recent letter of inquiry on the subject the publishers say, "we think you are perfectly safe in saying Bingham's Latin series is used in *every State in the Union.*" Northern text-books have been used in the South, but I think this is the only Southern classical text-book which is used North, South, East, and West; and their extensive use, especially North and West, is a striking tribute to the excellence of Bingham's series. How many North Carolina people know the facts about these North Carolina books, or about this North Carolina author?

But Col. Bingham was remarkable in other respects,—his powers as a speaker were remarkable ; his capacity and tact as a teacher were of the highest order. But perhaps his most remarkable power was in the influence for good which he exerted over his pupils by his earnest piety, his fervent zeal and his lovely religious character.

UNDER THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

At Col. Bingham's death, Major R. Bingham became Superintendent, for which post he had special qualifications. Having been associated with his father and brother for years, he had the benefit of their methods, as well as the traditions and usages of the school. He had the same colleagues by whose aid the school had been so successfully conducted for several previous years. He had the practical experience from being in charge during his brother's illness, which lasted for some time. He had the advantage of not being a book maker, upon which occupation Col. Bingham spent some of his best energies. But in one respect he has an advantage enjoyed by neither his father nor his brother, nor by the head of no other prominent school in the State at this time. He had commanded men necessarily for four years in the army and the value of this training is of very great practical value, not only as concerns mere drill and discipline, but as giving a knowledge of character and so making the wants of the soldier, and, of course, in a different sphere, of the Cadet, an habitual care, and attention to these wants a constant and imperative duty. And so, while the friends of the School felt that in the death of Col. Bingham it had suffered an irreparable loss, at the same time they felt that there was a man to stand in some sense in his room, tho' no man could fill it in all respects. The results have fully justified these expectations. For at least five years, under agencies put into operation by Col. Bingham, the "morale" of the school has been steadily improving, and under the present administration this improvement has been rapid and cumulative, so that justice to the present faculty requires it to be said that there never has been a time when the status of morals, of application, of school pride, of satisfaction with the school, both on the part of pupil and patron, was as great as it is now. On this point of the present status of the school, I can-

not do better than quote a few words from the annual address of John Nichols, Grand Master of Masons, who visited the school officially in the interests of Masonic Orphans, to whom certain beneficiary offers had been made, reporting his impressions in his address before the Grand Lodge, Dec. 7, 1874. After referring to the offer to the orphans of Masons, he says :

"A word as to the history of this school may not be amiss in this place. The school was founded in 1793 by Rev. Wm. Bingham, a prominent Mason, and for several years, between 1780 and 1790, Master of the Lodge in Wilmington. It is one of the oldest, if not the oldest school in the South, and has been pre-eminent in North Carolina for three quarters of a century. Its graduates are numbered by thousands, and have occupied the highest positions in every department, civil, ecclesiastical, political, military and educational. Many of the most distinguished teachers of the South received part, and some of them all, of their education at this school ; and to-day a certificate of proficiency from its faculty is worth more than a diploma from many of the colleges of the country.

This celebrated school, founded by a Mason, and which now makes this liberal offer to the orphan sons of our deceased brethren, is still in the hands of Masons ; and as it stands foremost among the schools of the country, the generous offer of the proprietors is far beyond anything ever known in North Carolina, from a private enterprise.

Although this offer has been read in most of the Lodges in the State, I regret to learn that so few have availed themselves of its benefits, and fearing it might not be thoroughly understood, I felt it my duty to bring the matter to the attention of the Grand Lodge ; and in order that I might inform myself of the present condition and status of the school, and thus be better able to report to you on the subject, I visited it in October last and attended the recitations, noticed the methods of instruction, conversed freely with teachers and pupils, and left thoroughly convinced that the school fully merits the extended and favorable reputation it sustains before the public. The faculty is composed of gentlemen of superior qualifications, while the discipline of the school seems to be perfect. Idleness is not tolerated, and while the administration is firm it is not severe. Good order without tyranny is strictly enforced, and economy without parsimony is invariably required. It affords me pleasure, therefore, to submit the liberal proposition made by the generous proprietors of this school, to commend it to all those who are seeking a school for their sons, as one possessing superior excellencies, and in every way worthy of the confidence and support of the fraternity."

Such an endorsement from such a source carries the greatest weight with it.

In order to acquaint myself with the facts given in the preceding pages, I visited the school myself about the middle of February, and that I might be better able to give the facts as they really exist, I mingled freely with the Cadets themselves, and got the outlook from their standpoint, and they are by far the best judges.

In conclusion, I feel confident that the Bingham School will continue to prosper, increase its reputation and stand foremost, as it has heretofore done, in the cause of polite learning, and the dissemination of knowledge, gentlemanly habits, and morality among the youth of our State and common country.

MARGINALIA.

I. In 1762 and 1763, James Macpherson published two epic poems, *Fingal* and *Temora*, as translations from Gaelic manuscripts, which he claimed were the productions of Ossian who lived in the fourth century. It is now generally believed, and is also stated in almost every work that refers to them, that they were the work of Macpherson himself, and are consequently forgeries like the famous Rowley manuscripts of Thomas Chatterton. He died in 1796. It is not, however, positively certain that the Scotchman made them "out of the whole cloth." He possibly had some ancient manuscripts which he translated into highly colored English. At any rate, in the life of Sir David Brewster by his daughter, it is stated that her father and family were quite intimate with the daughters of Macpherson, and they believed that the poems were really ancient and their father only a translator, for he had never exhibited any poetical talents at any time.

II. The discoveries of Layard amid Assyrian ruins, and the deciphering of the cuneiform characters upon bricks and monuments are among the most interesting facts of the century. Since that time other discoveries have been made by Rawlinson, Smith and others. A few years ago, a Society was formed in England to advance the cause of discovery, and the eminent archæologist, George Smith, has been operating for three or four years under

its patronage. He has published a volume annually for three years giving an account of his operations. He discovered last year the story of the deluge on some old Assyrian tablets. He has since discovered a full account of the building of the tower of Babel. These accounts confirm the Bible statements, and show that those sceptics who assail the Old Testament as a bundle of fables are engaged in an absurd and rather disreputable business.

III. Probably there is no more popular poem in our language than Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. Critics have not considered it his highest performance, but it has gained a wider favoritism than any other of his productions. Solemn, subdued, graceful, highly finished, it is a noble specimen of elaborate and elegant English, and will always remain a favorite. He wrote one stanza which his very fastidious taste caused him to reject, we think without just cause. Here it is, and it is exquisitely rich, and more than equals some of the stanzas he retained:

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease:
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

IV. Many of our readers are no doubt acquainted with *The Eclipse of Faith*, by Henry Rogers, a work of very rare excellence. It will be gratifying to them to learn that recently his essays which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* have been published in two volumes. They are destined to as great and permanent a popularity as any by that band of great writers whose works now constitute a library in themselves. And what a splendid galaxy of eminent men constitutes the *British Essayists*! Lord Jeffrey, as editor, presided over the pages of the now world-wide known *Edinburgh Review*. He gathered around him a famous set. The *British Quarterly* composes Mr. Rogers, when all of his uncommon gifts are estimated, as equalling Jeffrey or Brougham, or Sydney Smith or Macaulay, although inferior to them in their strongest points. He is a most entertaining, original and able writer unquestionably, and his works will enrich the collection of British essays no little.

V. As adapted specially to the times through which we are passing, we copy the following almost fiery lines of the great Roman satirist, Juvenal, as rendered by his last English translator, Mr. Walford:

"Would'st thou to honour and preferment climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime.
On guilt's broad base thy towering fortress raise,
For virtue starves on universal praise."

VII. We have never sympathized with those who were disposed to decry the studies of the ancient classics, and to underrate the

value of the works that have come down to us from Greece and Rome. We do not think we depreciate the great poems, orations and philosophies of the antique world. Nor, on the other hand, have we been of the number who could only find the highest manifestations of genius and taste and eloquence and dialectical skill among the great men of antiquity. We have even been rash or ignorant enough to believe, and to hold, that Ireland has more than rivalled Athens and Rome in the article of eloquence. We take it that Edmund Burke was a greater orator than Demosthenes, and that Richard Brinsley Sheridan more than equalled Æschines or Cicero on their chosen arena. We are well aware that such an opinion does not generally prevail in educated circles, and yet we are somewhat tenacious of that view. We have preferred Shakspeare's great dramas to all that Æschylus, or Euripides or Sophocles ever wrote. Such declarations may expose us to the complacent sneer of some who are more familiar with Greek than English literature. Not long ago we were reading *Blackwood*, when we enjoyed the following passage hugely. Speaking of the English reader who was unable to read the ancient classics, the writer indulged this bit of criticism for his encouragement and comfort:

"And we think he may fairly give himself the gratification of believing that the Greek is quite as much to be pitied who never could have known Shakspeare, as the Englishman who does not know Æschylus. Lear is to the full as great as Œdipus, and even the fondest and most admiring classicist will scarcely find within the circle of Greek tragedy any figure worthy to take a place by the side of Hamlet."

This will make classic fanatics turn up the whites of their eyes in amazement, It is treason to letters for *Maga*, venerable, wise, and learned, to thus utter such monstrous sentiments. For ourself we believe that Homer's *Iliad* (we do not think he is the author of the *Odyssey*) is not more decidedly superior to Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, or Scott's *Marmion* than Hamlet is superior to any Greek tragedy, or to anything that belongs to ancient literature. Indeed, we hold it to be the greatest production of the English master—the "thousand-souled" and "oceanic" Shakspeare, as Coleridge calls him—and hence the greatest of all merely human compositions. As to Hamlet himself, he is the noblest character in literature. In amazing eloquence, in the vastness and grandeur of his intellect, in the wonderful majesty of his thoughts, in self-possession, dignity and force, never allowing passion to so master him that his "noble and most sovereign reason" is not still supreme, in the rapidity of his retorts, and in his marvellous fertility of resource and invention, he is, as we believe, the greatest creation of man.

"Good night, sweet prince :
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

MECKLENBURG CENTENNIAL.

Our Charlotte friends are determined to make the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration a decided success. The descendants of the Signers of the glorious resolve contained in the 3rd Resolution, adopted Saturday, the 20th of May, 1875, may well be proud of their fathers, and of a day second to none in the annals of our grand old Commonwealth. Old Mecklenburg proved a "hornet's nest" in the days of the Revolution, and her children in these latter days have shown themselves not unworthy of the glory achieved by their fathers.

Let the 20th of May ever be kept by them and the whole people of North Carolina in memory of the gallant spirits who at Charlotte on that day, thirteen and a half months anterior to the National Declaration of the 4th of July, 1876, solemnly pledged to each other their mutual co-operation, their lives, their fortunes, and their most sacred honor.

We trust the people of North Carolina will do all in their power to aid our Charlotte friends in carrying out the Programme of the day ; and that we may meet all North Carolina, her sister South Carolina and her daughter Tennessee in Charlotte on the 20th of May.

WIDE-AWAKE AGRICULTURAL DEALERS.

Messrs. Geo. Allen & Co., of Newbern, N. C., dealers in Agricultural implements and fertilizers, have adopted the very sensible plan of offering copies of the *American Agriculturist* to their customers. Any one buying goods to a certain amount receives as a premium a year's subscription to the *Agriculturist*. This benefits the former by giving him a good guide for his work, and it benefits the dealer by teaching farmers that they need to use his wares more liberally. In addition to this premium, the Messrs. Allen & Co. give prizes for the best crops grown from their seeds, or with their fertilizers, and thus cause a healthy emulation

among their customers. This giving of prizes for the best crops grown from seeds bought of them, is largely done by English dealers; but few in this country have adopted it. While we commend the good sense of Messrs. Allen & Co., of Newbern, N. C., in selecting the *Agriculturist* for premiums, we hope that their enterprise in this and other matters will bring them good returns. This firm shows further enterprise in publishing a sheet of "Timely Topics for for Our Customers," in which they gather up the reports of crops raised by their customers, fertilizers used, implements employed in working, the quantity harvested, cost of raising, and the amount for which it was sold. This little sheet of only two pages, not quite as large as this, is clear, compact, and much more instructive and useful than many of the lumbering reports printed by some agricultural societies.—*American Agriculturist*.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.—The Secretary of the County Board of Education in every county of North Carolina will confer an obligation by mailing to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, Raleigh, N. C., an accurate list of all the school officials of his county (except teachers), with the Postoffice of each.

S. D. POOL, *Supt. Public Instruction*.

TO TEACHERS.—The JOURNAL OF EDUCATION will be furnished to all Teachers and Ministers of the Gospel for \$1, *per annum*.

SHOULD ADVERTISE.—Every College, Millitary School, and every Boarding School in North Carolina should advertise in the columns of this Journal; and every publisher of school books or music, manufacturer or dealer in school furniture, apparatus, musical instruments and sewing machines, and especially all Life Insurance Companies should do likewise.

 For rates see 4th page of cover.

The first of these was the establishment of the Federal Government in 1789. This was a result of the failure of the Articles of Confederation, which had been adopted in 1777. The Articles provided for a weak central government, with no power to tax or regulate commerce. This led to economic chaos and political instability. The new Constitution, drafted in 1787, provided for a stronger central government, with the power to tax and regulate commerce. This was a major step towards the creation of a unified nation.

The second of these was the establishment of the Federal Reserve in 1913. This was a result of the Panic of 1907, which had caused a severe financial crisis. The Federal Reserve was created to provide a stable source of money and to regulate the banking system. This was a major step towards the creation of a unified financial system.

The third of these was the establishment of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in 1908. This was a result of the need for a central agency to investigate and prevent crime. The FBI was created to provide a central agency for the investigation and prevention of crime. This was a major step towards the creation of a unified law enforcement system.

The fourth of these was the establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank in 1913. This was a result of the need for a central bank to regulate the money supply and to provide a stable source of money. The Federal Reserve Bank was created to provide a central bank for the United States. This was a major step towards the creation of a unified financial system.

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Our Living and Our Dead ;

DEVOTED TO

North Carolina—Her Past, Her Present and Her Future.

Official Organ North Carolina Branch Southern Historical Society

VOL. II.]

JUNE, 1875.

[No. 4.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

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THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR ;

CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF

EVENTS, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES,

WHICH OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Bloody War, Which took Place in the United States in 1861.

By REV. JOHN PARIS, Late Chaplain 54th Regiment, N. C. Troops.

CHAPTER VII.

Position of the Yankees in the Valley of Virginia—Stonewall Jackson Attacks, Defeats, and Drives the Army of General Banks out of Virginia—He is Compelled again to Retreat for safety upon Harrisonburg and Port Republic—Battle of Cross Keys—Of Port Republic, and Defeat of Fremont and Shields—Battle of Seven Pines. and Defeat of a portion of McClellan's Army—Gen. Johnston wounded—Gen. R. E. Lee takes Command of the Army—Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Effects his Famous Circuit Around McClellan's Army—The Seven Days' Battle Around Richmond and Defeat of McClellan.

WHEN Gen. Jackson moved from Swift Run Gap to attack McDowell, and Gen. Banks at Harrisonburg ascertained the fact that Gen. Ewell had arrived at the position vacated by Jackson, he left Harrisonburg and retired down the Valley to New Market, a distance of eighteen miles ; halting here a short time, he moved the whole command to Strasburg about twenty-

five miles further down, where he halted and fortified himself. In the meantime hearing of the defeat of Milroy, and of his being closely pressed by Gen. Jackson, he ordered General Blenker to cross the North Mountain and move to his support with his command. At the same time he ordered General Shields, with a column of about 6000 men, to march by way of Front Royal, and thence crossing the Blue Ridge, to advance to the support of McDowell, who was lying on the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg, with an army of 40,000 men, which were held in this position as a safeguard to Washington City. The daring Colonel Ashby with his cavalry, had drawn up his brigade in front of Banks, and by his vigilance apprized his General of all the movements of the enemy's forces. Gen Jackson saw at once that the time had come for him to strike. Moving down the Valley along the great turnpike, as far as New Market, he turned to the right and crossed Massanutten mountain by the gap that runs east from New Market, into the Valley of Luray, which lies between the Massanutten Mountain and the Blue Ridge, and is watered by the South Fork of the Shenandoah, which unites with the North Fork near the little town of Front Royal.

The commands of Jackson and Ewell being now united under the command of the former, amounted to something over 16,000 men. The army marched down to the Valley of Luray, to the point at which it debouches into the main Valley at Front Royal. Here a small part of Bank's army was found posted.

On the afternoon of the 23d of May, Gen. Jackson made a vigorous attack upon the enemy. They were ignorant of his approach and were taken by surprise, yet fought well under the circumstances. Brigadier Gen. Stewart led the attack and drove the enemy in confusion beyond the town, taking a large number of prisoners. Here the Yankees rallied, but the impetuosity of Stewart's and Taylor's Brigades soon scattered them like chaff before the wind; and they retreated across both rivers, and made an attempt to reach Strasburg. But Gen. Jackson had sent Ashby with his cavalry, before he reached Front Royal, to cross the Shenandoah above, and destroy the railroad running from thence to Strasburg, and intercept any force that might attempt to pass either way.

Finding himself pressed in the rear, with danger in his front,

the enemy drew up in line of battle about five miles from Front Royal, but Colonel Flournag, with about 250 cavalry, charged his line so furiously that it was hopelessly broken, and thrown into confusion, when about seven hundred surrendered themselves prisoners of war, with two pieces of artillery.

Col. Ashby attacked a body of the enemy at the railroad station midway between Strasburg and Front Royal, with his cavalry dismounted. The enemy were soon defeated and driven off in confusion.

This was a brilliant day for the Confederate arms. One thousand prisoners had been taken, two pieces of artillery and an immense amount of military stores. Our loss in killed and wounded was under fifty. But the service had to mourn the loss of two of Ashby's most efficient Captains, Sheetz and Fletcher, who fell while bravely fighting.

Jackson was now completely and handsomely upon Banks' flank. The Yankee being still superior to the Confederate General, in point of numbers, might have offered battle to his antagonist and relied upon the bravery of his troops, directed by his skill as a commander, to relieve him from his perilous position—or a well ordered retreat towards Winchester and Harper's Ferry, with the destruction of a portion of his trains and supplies, might possibly have saved him from a rout. But he proved himself incompetent, as a general, to secure either the advantage of the one or the other alternative.

From Front Royal Ewell moved to the right to strike Winchester which was at the distance of eighteen miles. Brigadier Gen. Stewart with a body of cavalry was ordered to move directly for Newtown, situated on the great Valley turnpike, eight miles above Winchester; while Gen. Jackson with the main body of the army and Ashby's cavalry, advanced to strike the turnpike at Middletown, five miles below Strasburg. To one acquainted with the topography of the country the grandeur of this combined movement upon the flank and rear of Gen. Banks' army becomes apparent at once.

DEFEAT AND ROUT OF GEN. BANKS.

Early on the morning of the 24th, General Stewart entered Newtown and made considerable captures of prisoners, medical

stores and army supplies. Before Gen. Jackson reached Middletown, his advance was attacked by a body of the enemy's cavalry, which was soon dispersed. At length Middletown appeared in full view, in the distance, embosomed in beautiful farms, and looked like the gem of the Valley. But rolling clouds of dust-rising over the turnpike on the right, and in the direction of Winchester, afforded unmistakable signs that the Yankee was there, and that, not satisfied with his surroundings, he had started out in quest of quarters that would better guard him against the intermeddling propensities of Stonewall Jackson. Banks had become panic stricken, and the mass of fugitives pressing down the turnpike afforded evidence of his being in full retreat. The spectacle cheered the feelings of the weary Confederates, and the fire of battle flashed in every eye. The order from Jackson to charge the enemy was hailed with delight. Every battery and brigade moved rapidly to the front. The artillery went into position in less than double quick time, and argued the cause of liberty in peals of thundering eloquence, that shook the lofty cliffs of the surrounding mountains. The flashing sabre of the impetuous Ashby, gleaming in the sunlight, led his cavalry down upon the line of retreat upon the right where they seized the turnpike, with a mass of prisoners, and cut off retreat in that direction. Brigadier General Taylor charged with his brigade upon the centre of the town—sweeping everything before him. The enemy was involved in confusion and dismay. His resistance was but feeble and disorderly. The town was carried. The cavalry of Ashby held the great highway below. The streets were strewn with the dead and wounded. Vast lines of prisoners, both infantry and cavalry, were collected out of the gardens and by-ways, while far in the distance, over the spreading vale, here and there, a fugitive blue coat could be seen, flying for dear life, with expanded eyes, fixed upon North Mountain as intently as Lot looked upon Zoar on the morning he came out of Sodom.

A vast amount of baggage was captured at this point. The highway was strewn with arms, knapsacks, and all the paraphernalia of a routed army. Jackson had cut Banks' line of retreat, and divided his forces. Ashby was sent with his cavalry, and an infantry support, down the turnpike towards Winchester to harass the retreat in that direction. The attention of Jackson was

soon arrested by the roar of artillery upon his left and the bursting of shells in the town. The enemy was about to attack from that quarter looking towards Strasburg. Line of battle was quickly formed, and an advance of both infantry and artillery was made. But the Yankees had had enough of Jackson. Setting their camp and stores on fire at Cedar Creek, two miles from Strasburg, they retreated across North Mountain and sought refuge on the upper Potomac. General Jackson now ordered the whole army in pursuit along the highway towards Winchester. The turnpike was literally choked up with the trophies of victory. The enemy had abandoned his wagon trains. In some places they blocked the road to the full extent of a mile, and frequently the horses were standing quietly in the harness, having been abandoned by the teamsters. A march of five miles, brought the troops to Newtown, where the artillery was found engaged with the enemy. He had rallied a portion of his flying column, which had drawn up in line of battle across the highway, a short distance below Newtown, with artillery posted so as to protect both the right and left flanks. The advance which had been sent forward from Middletown had literally melted away, and much comment has been made in military circles with regard to the cavalry commanded by Ashby. The common construction put upon their conduct was, that the riches of their captures demoralized them. That while they were as brave as any veterans who ever followed their chief to victory, yet the disposition to help themselves to the spoils of the battlefields, was so great that they could not always withhold their hands from the coveted plunder until the roar of the battle was over. Ashby was as brave and chivalrous as Murat who led the cavalry of Napoleon on the field of his fame, but his leniency, which proceeded from the kindness of his nature, was such that his men were but loosely disciplined, and often assumed liberties incompatible with the character of well trained and efficient soldiers. Forsaking their ranks, multitudes of them, it was reported, seized one or more horses and such other trophies as the wagon trains presented of an attractive character, and thence setting out for home, by unexplored routes across fields, and through byways, to elude the observations of their officers, they would spend days of "absence without leave" in placing their captured plunder in a

place of desired safety. Such want of discipline is always baneful to the service, and when suffered to exist without the application of the correctives provided by military law, it generally proves disastrous.

The presence of Jackson with his troops soon cleared the way at Newtown, and the enemy retired precipitately before him. As darkness came on the heavens were lighted up by the enemy setting on fire his immense wagon trains of supplies, which had escaped the clutches of Asoby. The smell of burning bacon, beef, crackers, and of roasting coffee, reminded the weary Confederates of their enjoyments of these things, so essential to the comfort of the inner man, in more peaceful days.

This day had been a day of triumph with the Confederate army and of disaster to the enemy, and Gen. Jackson determined to press him all night in order to reap the full benefits of his victory. The distance from Newtown to Winchester is about eight miles. The elevated position of the rising ground, as the turnpike enters the latter place, would naturally suggest to the mind of Jackson, that the enemy would attempt to occupy it, and oppose his advance, especially if he would allow him time in which to make his preparations for a defence. The army moved steadily and cautiously along the highway under cover of darkness. Stone fences skirted the sides of the road in many places for some distance, on the pike from Newtown to Winchester. Behind these walls of stone the enemy's picket and rear guard would post themselves to dispute our advance, but riflemen are not always so dangerous in the night as they are in daylight; and as the flash of their guns always revealed their position, strong guards were ordered to move through the fields on each side of the highway, parallel with the road, and a short distance from it, to clear the way of Yankee riflemen. This arrangement proved completely successful.

At Bartow's Mills, five miles from Winchester, the enemy were drawn up in considerable force to dispute the advance, but Jackson's word was "forward," and one brigade soon cleared the way. The enemy made a similar stand at Kernstown, three miles from Winchester, but were soon routed with loss. Here a halt for a little rest was ordered, as it was certain from the enemy's behavior that the main body must

be near at hand. The skirmishers continued cautiously to feel their way, and as the first rays of light proclaimed the approach of day in the eastern horizon, they descried the position of the enemy on the crests of the elevation immediately west of Winchester. At the dawn of day Jackson pressed forward.

Gen. Ewell, who had parted with Jackson near Front Royal, on the preceding morning, had been busily engaged all day with detachments of the enemy, and at dark had driven them all back upon Winchester, and his troops slept upon their arms within three miles of the town. He and Jackson were in communication, and ready to spring upon the enemy who was standing at bay. Along the crest of the highlands, a short distance from the point at which the turnpike enters the town, and immediately in rear of it, as the configuration of the ground seemed to offer advantages, the enemy had drawn up all his forces—especially on the Northwestern side of the pike, he was discovered to be making an attempt to mask his troops. The General immediately ordered up a portion of the reserve under Gen. Taylor, thereby strengthening and extending his left wing. General Ewell coming up at the same time with his whole force along the Front Royal road, attacked the enemy's left wing with great violence. The twenty-first North Carolina, being in the advance, was directed to move so as to threaten the rear of the line of defence, by making a detour in the direction of the Berryville turnpike, but was terribly cut up by the fire of sharpshooters from behind the stone fences; but the 21st Georgia coming to its support they carried everything before them. The artillery was served admirably, and did splendid service. Gen. Ewell advanced nearly the whole of his force, so as to menace the left flank, and a general charge ordered upon the left by Gen. Jackson, caused the enemy to give way and break into confusion in all directions. They rushed along the streets of Winchester, a mass of panic stricken fugitives, throwing away everything that would impede their flight. A rapid pursuit was ordered by Gen. Jackson, and the Confederates pressed closely upon the heels of the Yankees, and plied their rifles with a soldier's aim to contribute to their discomfort and confusion. Indeed, such was the panic among the Yankees, that many of them reported that the ladies fired at them, from the windows, as they retreated through

the streets of the town. Beyond the town the country is destitute, to a considerable extent, of timber, and afforded a splendid opportunity for cavalry to act, but they had not come up; still the riflemen did good work, and the highway and fields took large toll of the retreating Yankees. But the troops of Jackson had been marching and fighting since an early hour the preceding morning, and nature was well nigh exhausted. The artillery and infantry were halted near Stephenson's Depot, five miles from beyond Winchester, and the cavalry having come up continued the pursuit under Gen. Stewart to the Potomac at Williamsport, capturing a considerable number of prisoners, with a large amount of stores at Martinsburg. As the enemy rushed through Winchester, they fired two large and spacious houses at the depot of the railroad, which were filled with army stores. The flames spread and consumed a number of dwelling houses. This was an act uncalled for by any of the usages of war under the circumstances. The Confederates did not need these supplies at the time, as they had already captured more than they were able to take care of; and in the next place, to fire the depot would certainly consign a large number of family residences to ashes by the act. But the Yankee propensity to destroy that which was not his own prevailed, and the dwelling houses along with the depot were consigned to the flames.

Wearied and war-worn, the troops of Jackson rested during the remainder of the day, giving themselves up to that abandon, which is so characteristic after the battle is over, when the soldier sits himself down to relate the scenes, the dangers and escapes of the day through which he has passed.

On Monday morning, May 26th, General Jackson addressed the following General Order to his army:

"Within four weeks this army has made long and rapid marches, fought six combats and two battles, signally defeating the enemy in each one, captured several stands of colors and pieces of artillery, with numerous prisoners, and vast medical, ordnance and army stores, and finally driven the boastful host, which was ravaging our beautiful country, into utter rout. The General commanding would warmly express to the officers and men under his command his joy in their achievements, and his thanks for their brilliant gallantry in action, and their patient obedience under the hardships of forced marches—often more

painful to the soldier than the dangers of battle. The explanation of the severe exertions to which the Commanding General called the army, which were endured by them with such cheerful confidence in him, is now given in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future.

"But his chief duty to-day, and that of the army, is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days, which have given us the results of a great victory without losses, and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for his mercies to us and our country, in heartfelt acts of religious worship. For this purpose, the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending as far as practicable all military exercises; and the Chaplains of regiments will hold divine service in their several charges at 4 o'clock, P. M."

The Army remained quietly at rest for two days, and on the morning of the 29th, Gen. Jackson marched for Harper's Ferry by way of Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson. As the army drew near the latter place Gen. Winder, who had command of the advance, was informed that the place was held in heavy force. He prepared to attack, and the Yankees soon opened upon his column with artillery. A battery was quickly advanced with support and opened upon the enemy with vigor and in a few minutes he was in full retreat for Harper's Ferry.

The defeat of Banks was the most disastrous rout that any army suffered during the war. From Strasburg, at which point the retreat began to Harper's Ferry, the nearest place at which any of his flying fugitives could cross the Potomac, a distance of forty-four miles, his line of retreat was literally strewn with arms, baggage, abandoned wagons, and everything else that would encumber a flying and disorganized army. The amount of stores that fell into General Jackson's hands was so immense, that, as long as the war lasted, Gen. Banks was spoken of by the soldiers in the Confederate army as "General Jackson's Commissary." The amount of medical stores was great, and proved of vast importance, as the Purveyor's Department in Richmond had only a meagre supply; and the large army, assembling on the Chichahominy under Gen. Johnston, needed such timely supplies. Banks' Sabbath retreat from Winchester constituted a theme of pleasantry among the Confederate officers. In the first official note he sent off to Washington he informed the Government,

that he had made a thirty-five miles' march from Winchester, before he found a suitable place for halting. Of course he could only make such a day's journey by abandoning his army. Again, he whispered into the ears of Government the following piece of intelligence, hoping no doubt it would either please or interest somebody :

"My command had not suffered an attack and rout, but accomplished a premeditated march of nearly sixty miles in the face of the enemy, defeating his plans, and giving him battle wherever found."

If Banks were not a Yankee, this Gulliver-like story would be startling. But taking his nationality into consideration, the matter becomes plain and easy. To gull the public mind was necessary. Therefore the end justified the means.

On the next day Gen. Jackson proceeded to invest Harper's Ferry. But before he had time to accomplish the work, he received news that his rear was endangered. That Gen. Shields was marching from the Rappahannock and would strike the valley about Front Royal, and Gen. Fremont, from the waters of the Potomac, was moving to cross the North Mountain and would enter the valley about Strasburg, which would enable the Yankee Commanders not only to cut his line of communications, but destroy all his supplies left in his rear, and at the same time unite their forces and compel him to fight against overwhelming numbers. The army marched on the morning of the 30th, with Strasburg for its objective point, as that was the point at which it was believed Shields and Fremont would effect a junction. At Winchester the General was informed that it was important the whole army should pass Strasburg by noon on the next day to avoid a conflict with the enemy. He therefore issued orders to every department, that every possible effort should be made to place the army, with all its supplies, beyond the defile of Strasburg by noon on the following day. The officers and men knew their chief. Whatever he would command to be done they were ever ready and willing to attempt. The march was successfully accomplished, but to effect this a portion of his troops were compelled to march the distance of forty miles in twenty-four hours. The passage of Strasburg was effected just in time. Shields and Fremont were close at hand. The advance of the former attack-

ed the force left at Front Royal and compelled a retreat with some loss, after burning a large amount of stores. Fremont was debouching from one of the gaps in North Mountain, and Gen. Ewell in command of the advance was disputing his advance.

Thus in one week the army under General Jackson had suffered and effected much by its toilsome and forced marches. By its patient endurance, and unsurpassed exertions, it won the soubriquet of the "Foot Cavalry." It had lost in action only about four hundred in killed, wounded and missing, while the loss of the Yankees amounted to nearly three thousand five hundred.

But the results of this one week's fighting and marching was far more important in its consequences than has been narrated. A panic was created at Washington, and it was feared that this new and almost unknown hero, who had brushed the formidable army of Banks out of the Valley of Virginia, might conclude to march upon the capital. Consequently the army of McDowell, which had been destined to cooperate with McClellan, against Richmond, was ordered to remain at and near Fredericksburg, in order to cover the capital against the demonstration Jackson might make from above. This was precisely what the authorities at Richmond desired. In the next place, the success of Jackson fired the hearts of the Confederate soldiers with an enthusiasm which prepared them for the great trial of arms which was soon to come off on the lines of the Chickahominy.

On the night of the first of June General Jackson resumed his march up the Valley. Shields was at Front Royal on his left and rear, and Fremont on his right flank, only a few miles away. His march was steady; due precautions were taken to be prepared for any attempt the enemy might make to interrupt the rear guard. Cavalry had been sent out to scour the country right and left, and burn or destroy such bridges as might afford any assistance to the Yankees. The cavalry of the enemy made an attempt on the rear, but were cut up and defeated by Ashby.

On the 3d of June the whole army effected the passage of the North Fork of the Shenandoah one mile above Mount Jackson, and then destroyed the bridge over the stream. Fremont, cheered at the idea of the illustrious Stonewall Jackson retreating before him, attempted a pursuit. The destruction of the bridge embarrassed him. Jackson retired sullenly. Ashby covered his

rear. At Harrisonburg he turned abruptly to the left, by the road that runs to Port Republic. He had proceeded but a few miles in this direction when his rear, commanded by the gallant Ashby, was vigorously attacked by the advance of the enemy. Preparations were hastily made to oppose the assault, which was vigorously made and as bravely resisted. The enemy was defeated, routed and driven back in confusion, with considerable loss. But in the very crisis of the struggle, the brave General Ashby had fallen, pierced by a fatal ball. His loss was felt by the whole army, and mourned by the whole country. His remains were carried to Charlottesville, Virginia, and interred in the cemetery of the University, with all the honors of a distinguished soldier; and after the close of the war they were transferred to the "Stonewall Cemetery" at Winchester. The career of Ashby was short, but it was brilliant. General Jackson said of him: "His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

Gen. Jackson crossed the Shenandoah at Port Republic, and made the necessary preparations to concentrate his main army at the gorge of the mountain pass, where the main road from Port Republic crosses the Blue Ridge, the direct route from Harrisonburg to Charlottesville, and which is known by the name of Brown's Gap. The pass here between the lofty and precipitous spurs of the mountain is so narrow that two thousand marksmen might hold it against a formidable army. And if he should be cut off from obtaining supplies from the Valley, he would be able to draw them from the fertile region on the Southeastern side of the mountain, and if forced to retire across towards Charlottesville the movement could be effected without fear of interruption from the enemy.

The columns of Fremont and Shields had not yet united. The frequent and heavy rains had kept the waters of the Shenandoah swollen, and Jackson had destroyed all the bridges that would suit their purposes. Still they were endeavoring to circumvent and crush him. But one bridge remained on the Shenandoah that would enable these chiefs to unite, and was held by Jackson at Port Republic. Shields was making his way up, along the

side of the Blue Ridge, between the base of the mountain and the bank of the Shenandoah, while Fremont, having concentrated his whole command at Harrisonburg, was moving down to assail Jackson from that direction. The impassable channel of the Shenandoah, separated the commands of these two Generals, and Jackson held the only bridge over which one army might pass to the other.

A timid and less enterprising General than Jackson would have burnt the bridge, cut off Fremont from affording any support to Shields, and then dashed upon the latter with his whole force, and overwhelmed him with defeat. But Gen. Jackson saw proper to retain this key to their junction, and to operate as circumstances should invite.

June the 8th, a beautiful Sabbath, at an early hour, Shields' advance drove in Jackson's pickets and charged into the streets of Port Republic. This produced consternation and excitement for a moment but the enemy paid dearly for his temerity. It was a surprise on the part of the Confederates for which they were not prepared. The main body of the army had been placed in position on the Northwestern side of the Shenandoah, to await the attack of Fremont marching from Harrisonburg. Jackson's headquarters were at Port Republic, and only a small detachment of his command was in the place. These occupied the attention of the enemy while Jackson dashed across the bridge to bring up the troops. In a few moments he had a few pieces of artillery ready, with two or three regiments, but advancing again towards the town he found the enemy had seized the bridge over which he had crossed, and were holding it with one piece of artillery. The eagle eye of Jackson saw in a moment what was proper to be done. He directed his artillery to open upon the enemy, and ordered his infantry to move by a route that would screen them from the fire of the enemy, sweep the gunners away from the other end of the bridge with their rifles, charge and seize the artillery and hold the bridge. In a few moments the order was gallantly and successfully executed. The artillery coming into position on the Northern side of the river on the rising ground, soon made the little town of Port Republic too hot for Yankees to breathe freely, and abandoning the place they began a retreat along the main road down the Southern bank of the river. al-

though the main body of the army of Shields was close at hand advancing to their support. But the Confederate artillery on the Northern bank "had the position on them," and its terrible fire was too destructive to be withstood. The troops of Shields fell back down the river to a villa called Lewiston, at which place the enemy took up a strong position, about four miles below Port Republic.

The sound of the artillery had scarcely died away along the river at Port Republic, when the roar of distant cannon to the north gave notice that Fremont was advancing upon the position held by General Ewell. Gen. Jackson immediately placed such troops in front of Port Republic, as would insure the position against any interruption from Shields on that side of the river, and sent forward supports to Ewell. Fremont's force consisted of three divisions, and estimated at eighteen thousand men. Gen. Ewell had chosen a position which offered some advantages against an assailing force. A road, called the Keezletown road, running along the range of highlands between Harrisonburg and Port Republic and somewhat parallel to the Valley turnpike, was immediately in his front, while his line of battle extended right and left from the main road leading from Harrisonburg to Port Republic, consequently near the intersection of those roads a place called Cross Keys, the bloody drama was to take place.

BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

About ten o'clock a furious fire of artillery began on both sides, which was continued throughout the day with more or less animation. The front of Ewell was handsomely covered by sharpshooters and skirmishers, and Fremont seemed to approach the situation with timidity and distrust. After a protracted canonade he advanced Blenker's Division upon Ewell's right; after struggling for some time with the skirmish line, this body of troops came in contact with Trimble's Brigade, which was well posted and which poured such a destructive and deadly volley into the enemy that they broke and fled in confusion, and at the same time the Confederates advanced, sweeping everything before them at this point, and the enemy fell back to his original position. Fremont afterwards made some feeble demonstrations upon

the Confederate left, which were promptly met and readily repulsed; the day closed with the sullen roar of artillery on both sides. The enemy had been roughly handled and repulsed at all points. The loss of General Ewell was forty-two killed and about two hundred and fifty wounded; the loss of the Yankees was truly heavy. Their killed alone was supposed to amount to four hundred, while the wounded could not have fallen short of sixteen hundred.

As Fremont had been so easily quieted, Gen. Jackson resolved to pay his respects to Shields; early next morning, having made all his arrangements, he withdrew the main body of the army to the south side of the Shenandoah during the night, leaving only a strong skirmish line in front of Fremont in order to amuse and afford him employment.

BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

Early on the morning of the 9th of June, Gen. Jackson moved down along the right bank of the river to attack Shields, whom he found strongly posted at Lewiston. His line of battle extended right and left from this beautiful villa, which afforded considerable shelter to his centre. While his right rested upon the river his left was protected by broken ridges, densely covered with thickets and protruding rocks; his artillery was well posted in advance of the left wing and commanded the highway along the river road. The Stonewall Brigade, with two batteries of artillery, was ordered up to attack in front, while the Louisiana brigade of General Taylor, made a detour through the thickets to fall upon the enemy's left and rear. The Stonewall Brigade advanced in splendid style to the attack, under a most destructive fire of musketry and artillery, but having only feeble support, it was soon compelled to fall back before superior numbers. The Louisianians being misled failed to strike the flank of the Yankee left, and came out of the thicket immediately in front of that part of the line. Just at this moment the Stonewall Brigade had fallen back, and the enemy advanced so as to endanger the Confederate line of battle by breaking its centre, but a daring charge of the Louisiana brigade upon the enemy's batteries, which they seized soon checked the ardor of the Yankees. At this critical

moment the forces of General Ewell were coming upon the field. That officer ordered up his supports promptly, and several pieces of artillery coming into position soon told a very impressive tale; and the Stonewall Brigade rallying and again advancing with supports the enemy was driven back in town. The struggle upon Jackson's right was still desperate. Thrice was the battery taken by the Louisianans; thrice was it lost and won. But the closing up of the Confederate forces and the desperate and destructive fire of the artillery forced the enemy to give way at all points, and retreat in confusion. The cavalry were ordered in pursuit and followed the fugitives a distance of eight miles. During the action General Jackson dispatched orders to the troops who were in front of Fremont on the other side of the river to fall back to the southern bank and burn the bridge in their rear, which was soon accomplished. The loss on both sides was severe. General Jackson had nearly one hundred killed and about five hundred wounded. The enemy lost nine pieces of artillery and about four hundred and fifty prisoners.

The battle was over and the Confederate troops were returning from the field towards Port Republic, in the afternoon, when the appearance of the army of Fremont, on the opposite side afforded conclusive evidence of his intention to unite with Shields in order to crush Jackson. But the battle was over—Shields had been defeated and was now several miles off in full and rapid retreat. The bridge across the Shenandoah had been burnt, and its swollen waters forbade any attempt to pass its channel. Hence the Yankee General had the mortification to be compelled to view the victorious Confederates marching over the fields in the distance before him, with the conscious pride that they were the masters of the situation, while the only means left him was to indulge in a harmless cannonade. But the eyes of Fremont were now opened, so as to enable him to comprehend his situation. He readily saw how he had been out-generaled, and became for the first time, possibly, aware of the dangerous talents of his antagonist, and fell back to Harrisonburg.

On the 12th of June, a body of Confederate cavalry entered the town and found it deserted. Fremont had retreated down the Valley, leaving a considerable amount of stores behind him, with a large number of his sick and wounded.

Since the first day of May, the army led by Jackson had accomplished a Herculean task. It had marched not less than three hundred and fifty miles, fought and defeated in as many battles four different armies, and compelled them to retreat with heavy loss; captured immense stores, artillery and small arms, and caused the authorities at Washington to tremble for the safety of the capital; whilst the brilliancy of his achievements silenced the calumnies of his enemies, inspired confidence and hope in the minds of his countrymen, and won for himself a reputation and name that the most famous chieftain of the age might envy. The gaunt army of Jackson now rested from its toils on the banks of the beautiful Shenandoah, ready to answer the calls of duty, whenever its illustrious leader should be ready to summon it to action.

After the battle of Williamsburg, General McClellan advanced to the Chickahominy, and began to fortify himself upon that stream. The York River Railroad being in his possession, he was enabled to bring forward his heavy artillery and baggage, with an immense amount of army supplies. His left wing was thrown forward to the western side of the Chickahominy, while his right was extended up the eastern side above Mechanicsville. With this wing he had hoped to unite the strong column under McDowell, from Fredericksburg. In view of this object, two divisions under Fitz John Porter advanced as far as Hanover Court House, at which place he attacked a brigade of North Carolina troops, under Brigadier General Branch, and after a sanguinary battle, in which the Carolinians had to fight one against five, Gen. Branch was compelled to fall back.

But the panic created at Washington by the brilliant achievements of "Stonewall" Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, caused the Federal Government to order McDowell to remain between Fredericksburg and the Potomac, in order to cover the capital against a dash of the intrepid Jackson. The army under command of General McClellan numbered about one hundred and thirty thousand men, according to a statement made by the President of the United States. Johnston's forces, at this time, did not exceed one half that number, yet he presented a bold front to the enemy before Richmond. Two divisions from the enemy's left had been thrown forward, under General Keys, and

had taken position within six miles of Richmond, at a point called the "Seven Pines," and near Fair Oaks station. On the 29th of May heavy gusts of rain occurred, which caused the small streams in Eastern Virginia to rise to a considerable height. General Johnston determined to attack the enemy's forces on the right bank of the Chickahominy, as it was hoped that the great rise in the waters was such that troops from the left bank could not be readily brought over to the support of those upon the right; and consequently a favorable opportunity had come when an attack might be made with a prospect of success.

(To be Continued.)

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

BY JOHN B. THOMPSON.

[The reader must remember that the following graceful lines were written just before the beginning of the war of 1861. Else he may think that the "poem" is not exactly suited to "the times"—times like the present, when "coercion" is confined chiefly to one State. We give the poem a place in these pages, not because of recent events, but as a memento of the past, and because it is the production of one of the most highly accomplished literary men of the South—the once amiable, genial and scholarly John R. Thompson, of Virginia, now, alas! sleeping in the "silent halls of death," awaiting the resurrection of the just.—T. B. K.]

Who talks of Coercion? Who dares to deny
 A resolute people their right to be free?
 Let him blot out forever one star from the sky,
 Or curb with his fetters one wave of the sea.

Who prates of Coercion? Can love be restor'd
 To bosoms where only resentment may dwell—
 Can peace upon earth be proclaimed by the sword,
 Or good will among men be established by shell?

Shame! shame that the statesman and trickster forsooth
 Should have for a crisis no other recourse,
 Beneath the fair day-spring of Light and of Truth,
 Than the old *brutum fulmen* of Tyranny—Force.

From the holes where Fraud, Falsehood, and Hate slink away.
From the crypt in which Error lies buried in chains—
This foul apparition stalks forth to the day,
And would ravage the land which his presence profanes.

Could you conquer us, men of the North, could you bring
Desolation and death on our homes as a flood—
Can you hope the pure lily, Affection, will spring
From ashes all reeking and sodden with blood?

Could ye brand us as villains and serfs, know ye not
What fierce, sullen hatred lurks under the scar?
How loyal to Hapsburg is Venice, I wot,
How dearly the Pole loves his Father, the Czar!

But 'twere well to remember this land of the sun
Is a *nutrix leonum*, and suckles a race
Strong-armed, lion-hearted, and banded as one,
Who brook not oppression and know not disgrace.

And well may the schemers in office beware
The swift retribution that waits upon crime,
When the lion, RESISTANCE, shall leap from his lair
With a fury that renders his vengeance sublime.

Once, men of the North, we were brothers, and still,
Though brothers no more, we would gladly be friends;
Nor join in a conflict accurst that must fill
With ruin the country on which it descends.

But, if smitten with blindness and mad with the rage
The gods give to all whom they wish to destroy,
You would act a new Iliad to darken the age
With horrors beyond what is told us of Troy—

If, dead as the adder itself to the cries,
When Wisdom, Humanity, Justice implore,
You would have our proud eagle to feed on the eyes
Of those who have taught him so grandly to soar—

If there be to your malice no limit imposed,
And you purpose hereafter to rule with the rod
The men upon whom you have already closed
Our goodly domain and the temples of God—

To the breeze then your banner dishonored unfold,
And at once let the tocsin be sounded afar;

We greet you, as greeted the Swiss, Charles the Bold,
With a farewell to peace and a welcome to war!

For the courage that clings to our soil ever bright,
Shall catch inspirations from turf and from tide;
Our sons unappalled shall go forth to the fight,
With the smile of the fair, the pure kiss of the bride:

And the bugle its echoes shall shed through the past,
In the trenches of Yorktown to waken the slain;
While the sods of King's Mountain shall heave at the blast,
And give up its heroes to glory again.

MECKLENBURG, 1775.

BY JOHN E. TYLER.

'One hundred years have passed away
Since first our fathers dared the fray,
One hundred years, and lo! the day,
The day is now before us;
Shall we forget that month of May?
Forget the fruit it bore us?

O Mecklenburg! the deed was thine!
Thy Declaration half divine,
A token was it and a sign
Of what befell the morrow,
When red blood ran like reddest wine,
When bowed the land in sorrow.

Then Bunker Hill was bathed in gore,
Then Valley Forge held death in store,
Then Yorktown heard the cannon roar
And saw Cornwallis falter,
And then sweet Peace gave smile once more
To crown the country's altar.

An hundred years! an hundred years!
The tale is fraught with hopes and fears,
With harvest songs and funeral tears,
With Darkness, gloom and glory,
With civil strife and bloody biers—
Thus runs the tragic story.

and the following is a list of the books
which have been added to the collection

1. *The History of the United States*
by John Adams

2. *The History of the United States*
by John Adams

3. *The History of the United States*
by John Adams

4. *The History of the United States*
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by John Adams

But civil strife hath fled the strand ;
North, South, East West, united stand
In brotherhood a linked band,
Whom none may dare to sever—
This Union is our Fatherland,
Our Fatherland forever !

O Mecklenburg ! so mote it be !
A Union proud from sea to sea !
Let every people bow to thee,
Thy brows with bays adorning—
Thou wert the first from bondage free,
Free as the light of morning.

CORRECTION.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 13th 1875.

Col. S. D. POOL : I desire to make a correction in the Historical Sketch of the 27th N. C. Infantry, first organized as the 9th N. C. Volunteers, which appeared in the October number of *Our Living and Our Dead* :

Company H, "Dixie Rifles," was from Lenoir county, instead of Wayne, and was commanded by H. R. Strong of Kinston. I intended to make the correction when I first saw it, but it slipped my memory ; and going back to read the same matter again (as it is always interesting), my attention was called to it again, and I now make the correction.

I am, respectfully yours, &c.,

"DIXIE."

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. CLINGMAN.

HEADQUARTERS CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE,

March 17th, 1864.

MAJOR : I have been prevented from complying with the order in the circular of the 21st ult., from the fact that at the time it was received by me one of the regiments, the 8th, was detached from my command, and it was not until this morning that I was

able to obtain the statement of its casualties required. As I was compelled to "give a full report of casualties" and "state particularly whether" I "lost any prisoners," I was compelled to delay the report.

In obedience to orders received during the previous night, on the morning of the 29th of January last, I, with two regiments of my Brigade—the 8th, commandrd by Col. H. M. Shaw, and the 51st, by Col. H. McKethan—took the railroad trains for Kinston, N. C., at which place I arrived on the evening of the 30th, and advanced five miles towards Newbern.

In obedience to orders from Maj. Gen. Pickett, on the next day I followed, with my command, Gen. Hoke's Brigade, which was in the advance of the column, and rested, for a part of the night, about twelve miles this side of Newbern.

Having been ordered to follow immediately Gen. Hoke's command and support him, on the morning of Feb. 1st, I moved forward with my command. Owing to the delay at Bachelor's Creek and to the darkness of the night I, with the front of my command, passed the rear of Gen. Hoke's which was resting on the right side of the road. While in this position, within two or three hundred yards of the creek, Col. Shaw, who was with me at the head of his regiment, was instantly killed by one of the enemy's shots from the opposite side of the stream. This most unfortunate casualty rendered it necessary that Lieut. Colonel J. M. Whitson should assume the command of the regiment. When, at a late hour, the passage of Bachelor's Creek had been effected, my command followed Gen. Hoke's closely until we reached the point where the railroad was intersected by the road along which we had been advancing. I then received orders from Maj. Gen. Pickett to take the advance and move along the road, to be followed and supported by Gen. Hoke's Brigade. I was merely instructed to be particularly on my guard against any attack that might be made on my left from the direction of the town of Newbern, and Gen. Hoke having been previously acquainted with the localities there was instructed to accompany me. After moving along the road until within nearly a mile of the town, my Brigade merged to the right, keeping a direction nearly parallel to the line of the enemy's fortifications, on the front of the town. The enemy were not encountered until we had advanced to a po-

sition within six or eight hundred yard of the Trent road. There they were in position with a regiment of cavalry and some field artillery, supported also by what appeared to be a small infantry force on their rear to the city. Their cavalry dashed forward to charge us but were repulsed by my skirmishers without getting near enough to receive the volley of the Brigade. Their field pieces then opened upon us chiefly with spherical case shot, but the men were directed to lie down, and there being a little swell in the ground in front, little or no injury was sustained by us. Their cavalry started forward several times but whenever our line rose to its feet they halted and retired. Thinking it advisable to attack the enemy and drive them within the fortifications of the town and occupy the Trent road, I requested Gen. Hoke to bring up his Brigade to my support, it being then nearly a mile to the rear. We returned for that purpose, but after waiting nearly an hour without hearing from him, I sent two of my staff in succession to request that at least a section of artillery should be brought up to my assistance. While in this position the heavy batteries of Fort Jotter opened on us. As this fortress, represented to be the strongest in the town of Newbern, and armed with not less than fifteen guns of large calibre, was not more than three-quarters of a mile distant, and had a complete enfilading fire on us, had their practice been good we must have sustained serious injury. In point of fact, however, their fire proved nearly harmless. After retaining this position for two or three hours, I was informed that the artillery could not be brought forward, Gen. Hoke did not come up with his command, and I was soon after ordered to retire. As in addition to the fire of the heavy batteries we were confronted with the enemies cavalry, field artillery and infantry, I withdrew my command slowly by sections and occupied successively such positions as would enable us to repel an attack if suddenly made by the cavalry.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to state that, though exposed on the flank and front to artillery fire and threatened constantly with attack by the enemies cavalry and infantry, the troops under my command performed the movements ordered with as much coolness and precision as I ever saw them when on drill.

After retiring, I was instructed to occupy the ground in front

of the railroad crossing within the range of the enemy's fire from the forts, and on each night of our bivouacking there, I sent forward, for the distance of one mile, strong detachments to guard against any attack that the enemy might make. In obedience to orders these detachments were withdrawn about one o'clock on the morning of the 3d, and my Brigade returned, with the rest of the command, to the vicinity of Kinston.

The casualties in my Brigade were small in number, but the loss of Col. Shaw is deeply to be deplored. Equally remarkable for his attention to all the duties of his position, and for the coolness, self-possession and courage in the field, I know no one, filling a similar station, whose loss would inflict a greater injury to the service than that sustained in his fall.

In conclusion, I have to state that there was not a single instance of desertion or straggling from my command during the expedition, and every officer and private seems to have acted creditably on all occasions.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, yours &c.,

T. L. CLINGMAN,

TO MAJ. PICKETT.

Brig. Gen.

AN ELOQUENT AND TIMELY ADDRESS.

In April the ladies of Baltimore gave a very rare entertainment at the Academy of Music to aid the Memorial Fund for the erection of a suitable mausoleum for the reception of the remains of ROBERT EDWARD LEE, at Lexington, Virginia. The chief feature of the evening was the very tasteful, elegant and eloquent address by Hon. S. T. Wallis, one of the most highly gifted men of the South. We make room for the following extracts, as they have more than a temporary interest: T. B. B.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The ladies at whose invitation you are here this evening, have honored me by their command to state the scope and purpose of the work in which they solicit you to join them. But for the deference to which their wishes and

opinions are entitled, I should have ventured to believe the task a needless one, for I am sure the feelings which induce your presence have already spoken to you with a deep impressiveness, to which I can add neither pathos nor power. There are names which in themselves are a history and a consecration—themes which are their own eloquent interpreters beyond speech or writing—and who is there that can add a word or a thought to the story, when, to those who are around me, I name the name and call upon the memory of Lee?

FOUR YEAR'S DEAD.

More than four years have gone since the great citizen and soldier was called to his reward. He himself would have coveted no prouder resting place than the green bosom of his mother State, no monument beyond the love and the remembrance of the people he had loved and served. But the gratitude and devotion of the living refused to be measured by the humility of the dead, and it was at once determined by his followers in arms to mark the grave of their illustrious leader by some fitting and permanent memorial.

SELECTING A SCULPTOR.

An eminent sculptor of Richmond, Mr. Edward V. Valentine, well known by reputation through the country, was accordingly invited to assist in carrying out their wishes. The choice was, in all respects appropriate, the artist being not only of unquestionable genius, skill and cultivation, but full of enthusiasm in his art, and with that high sense of its nobility and dignity, without which none can pass beyond the outer places of the temple. These qualities existing in the sculptor, it was doubly meet that he should be chosen, so that the tomb of the great Virginian should be modeled by the reverent and loving hand of a son of the same mother.

* * * * *

THE PORTRAITURE PERFECT IN FORM AND FIGURE.

The task of the sculptor was a difficult and grave one, but he has shown himself equal to it. His conception and its execution are severely simple. The hero is lying in his uniform, as if in

sleep, upon his narrow soldier's bed. His posture is natural and easy. One hand is on his bosom, and touches, unconsciously and gently, the "drapery of his couch." The other is lying by his side where it has fallen, and rests upon his sword. The portraiture is perfect, as to form no less than feature. The whole expression is that of tranquil and absolute repose. But it is not the sleep of death and nothingness, when the soul is gone, nor yet of bodily exhaustion, with its "dumb forgetfulness." It is the repose of physical power, unshaken though dormant—of manly grace, most graceful when at rest—of noble faculties, alive and sovereign, though still. It is a presence in which men stand, uncovered and in silence—half listening for the voice—He "is not dead but sleepeth."

* * * * * *

PROPRIETY OF THE SELECTION.

Apart from the wishes of the family of General Lee, who desire that his remains shall lie in the peaceful and scholastic shades, to which he retired from the gratitude and admiration of his people, there is eminent propriety in the selection of his final resting place. Had he died upon the field of fame and battle, amid the "thunder of the captains' and the shouting"—had he gone home, victor in some crowning and decisive fight, as he was victor in so many that were so very glorious—it might have been well to lay him where men come and go—a leader of men among men, still ruling their spirits from his urn. But such was not his death or his fortune. The calm, self-sacrificing, upright, unrepining gentleman—

"Who wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted,"—

humble before God and without enmity to men; bending the faculties that might have swayed a realm, to schemes of quiet usefulness and unpraised toil; silent before slander and insult; unmoved by threat and falsehood; teaching, by noble precept and example, the duty of submission, as he had nobly taught and led resistance and defiance, while resistance was a duty—this was the hero who died at Lexington, giving the lesson of greatness that was far above his glory. On the field of that greatness he laid down his life, and on it he should rest. To his fame it is nothing where he sleeps. To the State that bore him—having borne

him—it matters almost as little. Could she have buried him at Arlington, as was her right and his, she would have blended the memories of Washington and Lee with the sacred associations of their homes. At Lexington, their names at least are joined together, and there the pilgrims, from Mount Vernon to the shrine, your hands will help to build, may lay their offerings on the grave of Jackson also.

WASHINGTON, LEE, JACKSON!

“dust, which is
Even in itself an immortality.”

* * * * *

I trust, nay, I believe the time is not far off when the great struggle which ended at Appomattox will be regarded by the people of all America in the light of what it was, and not of what violence and falsehood, in high places and in low places; have found it their interest to call it. I look for the returning sense of self-respect as well as justice in the country to blot out from its laws and judicial decisions, not long hereafter, the opprobrious epithets by which it is still the fashion to disgrace them, when the Confederate war is mentioned. I persuade myself it will not be long before all intelligent and honorable men—without abating one jot or tittle of their honest pride in having fought victoriously to maintain them—will begin to feel that the wearisome and insulting cant about “rebels” and the “rebellion,” and “treason” and “traitors,” is altogether unworthy of them, and should be relegated to the pot-houses and their demagogues. I know that such already is the feeling in hosts of bosoms scarred in honorable fight, and it is a feeling that must grow and spread, because it is just and manly, and because manhood and justice are inherent in the race from which we chiefly spring, and though they may be reached but slowly sometimes, are certainly to be reached at last.

SINCERITY AND HONESTY ON BOTH SIDES SHOULD BE CONCEDED.

Let me not be misunderstood. Of course no Southern man has right or reason to complain of those who thought that wrong, which he thought right. Believing that a separate Government was his plain right, when he might choose to have it, he may not quarrel with the opposite convictions of his countrymen, who

thought, and with sincerity as deep as his, that the Union was a priceless right of theirs, and were therefore ready to immolate him for it, as well as sacrifice themselves. But he has the right to ask that the honesty of his convictions, the sincerity of his patriotism, the good faith of his sacrifices, shall not be doubted or denied any more than theirs. He is entitled to demand that no enemy shall put a tongue into his wounds—"poor, poor dumb mouths," and make them lie. It was melancholy beyond words, that political differences between brethren—the citizens of a Republic whose Government rested on consent—could not be settled without blood. But they were political differences nevertheless, and they were nothing more. They were the expression of political principles, concerning which parties and sections had been long divided, and which separated the best and wisest of the land, long before their antagonism was startled into strife. One side may have been right and the other wrong, or there may have been right and wrong with both—but neither could question, with truth, the sincerity of the other, and only fanaticism and folly, upon either side, can deny it to the other now. I speak of the true men upon both sides, for they only are worth considering on either. There is something marvellous, if not inconceivable, in the belief which some people, otherwise sane, profess to entertain, that a man is, mentally or morally, better or worse for his sincere political opinions—better or worse because he is a monarchist instead of a republican—because he favors State rights or thinks them sinful; that it was profligacy to believe secession constitutional or in any way defensible. and virtuous to believe the contrary; that to be "loyal" was to pass into the communion of saints. and to be "disloyal" was to forfeit, in the act, the prestige of the loftiest and purest life.

CLOTTED NONSENSE.

While blood was hot and flowing, such madness might have passed for reason. War over—ten years gone—it is but drivelling folly, without the dignity of madness. And yet to-day, this "clotted nonsense" (as Dr. Johnson would have called it in any body but himself,) [laughter], is standing or is thrust in the way of justice, among thousands of honest and good people; and, standing in the way of justice, is in the way also of that perfect

reconciliation and mutual trust, which will never come, until justice shall be frankly done by the victors to the vanquished. The men who fought in the same cause with Lee, and all whose hearts were with them, are bound in honor to abide by the arbitrament they sought. They are bound to accept defeat and its legitimate consequences, in as good faith as they would have accepted victory. They are bound to obey the laws and support the Constitution; to fulfill, to the letter, every duty of citizenship, and answer freely every call of patriotic obligation. But they are not bound to defile the ashes of their dead, or to submit in silence to injustice or dishonor. They may have been wrong. That is fair matter of opinion, and posterity will judge of them. They may have been unwise. There is no absolute criterion, on earth, of what is wise, and none of us have reason to think, like the friends of holy Job, that we are the people, and that wisdom shall die with us. But the men of the South are entitled to stand before mankind as a people, who, believing they were right and acting with what wisdom they knew, set hope and existence on the die. They have a right to resent and denounce imputations on their purposes and motives. When they read in political journals and discourses, from the halls of legislation or the bench of justice, that for eight millions of freeborn men to separate themselves from a popular government, of which they form a part, and set up and be governed by another which they preferred, was "wicked rebellion," an effort to overthrow society and turn back the current of civilization—they have a right to say that the time has come when educated people should be ashamed of such things. They are the froth of the angry waters and should have passed away with the storm. Until they cease to sully the stream, the serenity of peace and brotherhood can never be reflected, like heaven, from its bosom.

* * * * *

So long as the bitterness of party can be profitably stirred by the worn out catch-words of the war, we must of course expect to hear them from the lips of those to whom profit is a compensation for shame. But we have a right to appeal from these to the men who lead opinion, because they are worthy and entitled to lead it. We have a right to throw upon them the responsibility, which belongs to their influence, their intelligence—nay, their

taste, their breeding and their manners. And for saying this, respectfully, but earnestly and frankly, I know no better occasion than the present, when we are honoring one who, though a "rebel" of "rebels," if there were any such, was, by common consent, the soul of honor, and than whom no man living dares to say that he or his are purer or better. [Great applause.] And when I remember how his generous and unselfish nature would have scorned to place upon a lower level than his own, the motives of the humblest of the soldiers, who gave all to the same cause and the same country—living or dying, in defeat or victory, half-naked in the field, half-famished on the march and in camp, but heroes always—I feel as if I did his bidding in this earnest protest against further maligning their good name.

EXTRACT FROM A PATRIOTIC LETTER OF THE GALLANT DEAD.

And here, I am permitted, by the kindness of a friend, to read some extracts from a letter of the illustrious soldier, which has never seen the light before, and which will show through what sad struggles, of both heart and mind, he passed to what he felt to be his duty. I doubt not—nay, I know—that many a gallant gentleman who fought beside him, and many another in the opposing host, grieved, with as deep a grief as Lee, to draw his sword. The letter that I speak of bears the date of January 16, 1861, and was written from Fort Mæson, near San Antonio, in Texas. It was addressed to a young lady, a relative of his, for whom he had great affection, and the passages of which I speak, were written as a message to her father. Alluding to the homes of two families of friends, he said :

"I think of the occupants of both very often, and hope some day to see them again. I may have the opportunity soon, for if the Union is dissolved I shall return to Virginia to share the fortune of my people. But before so great a calamity befalls the country, I hope all honorable means of maintaining the Constitution and the equal rights of the people will be first exhausted. Tell your father he must not allow Maryland to be tacked on to South Carolina before the just demands of the South have been fairly presented to the North and rejected. Then, if the rights guaranteed by the Constitution are denied us, and the citizens of

one portion are granted privileges not extended to the other, we can with a clear conscience separate. I am for maintaining all our rights, not for abandoning all for the sake of one. Our national rights, liberty at home and security abroad, our lands, navy, forts, dock-yards, arsenals and institutions of every kind. It will result in war I know, fierce bloody war. But so will secession, for it is revolution and war at last, and cannot be otherwise, and we might as well look at it in its true character. There is a long message, A——, for your father, and a grave one, which I had not intended to put in my letter to you, but it is a subject on which my serious thoughts often turn, for, as an American citizen, I prize my Government and country highly, and there is no sacrifice I am not willing to make for their preservation, save that of honor. I trust there is wisdom and patriotism enough in the country to save them, for I cannot anticipate so great a calamity to the nation as the dissolution of the Union." [Applause.]

OF WHAT STUFF "REBELS" ARE MADE.

Alas! alas! that the hand which wrote those touching, anxious words, was not near enough to the helm to avert the shipwreck! Alas! alas! that no voice should have been lifted in the land potent enough to bid the whirlwind stay! Who lacked the wisdom—who lacked the patriotism—which Lee invoked, it is not for me, in this place at least, to say. If they existed they were dumb and helpless and the whirlwind came. But I have read enough to you to show the stuff of which some men were made whom they call "rebels"—enough to show that they who fought, at last, against the Union, were not always they who loved it least, or would, at least willingly, have died to save it.

* * * * *

And when they tell us, as they do, those wiser, better brethren of ours—and tell the world, to make it history—that this, our Southern civilization, is half barbarism, we may be pardoned if we answer: Behold its product and its representative! "Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes." Here is Robert E. Lee—shew us his fellow!

**GEN. HOOD'S RELEASE FROM ARREST—AN INCIDENT
OF THE BATTLE OF BOONESBORO.**

BY MAJ. R. W. YORK, 6TH N. C. REGIMENT.

At Yorktown, about the 1st of May, 1862, Whiting's Command, which, during the winter, had consisted of several brigades, and known as the "Division of the Occoquan," had been reduced to two brigades only—the Texas Brigade, commanded by Gen. J. B. Hood, and the "Old Third," commanded by Gen. Whiting in person. This constituted what was known as the Whiting's Division, until the line of march was taken up for 2nd Manassas and the Maryland campaign. Gen. Whiting had been transferred to some other command, and Gen. Hood assumed command of the division, and exercised it during the whole campaign, including the battles of 2nd Manassas and the Maryland campaign of 1862. He was during this time only a Brigadier-General. Col. Robertson (Gen.) had command of the Texas Brigade, and Col. (Gen.) E. M. Law, 4th Ala., commanded the "Old Third."

After the "seven days battles" around Richmond, the division had been transferred from the corps of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, to that of Gen. Longstreet, where it remained until the army was divided into three corps, when it was placed in Lt. Gen. Ewell's (Jackson's old) Corps, where it properly belonged.

After having crossed the Potomac, some difficulty of a trivial character arose between Gens. Hood and Evans, and some sharp words passed. The difficulty was about getting the commissary trains up to their respective divisions. Gen. Hood would feed his men, and generally gave a great deal of his personal attention to those matters which tended to the comfort of the soldiers under his command. It is not necessary here to repeat the little matters that made the difficulty between the two Generals. Suffice it to say that Gen. Hood was put under arrest by Gen. Evans—thus matters stood for many days.

At Frederick City, Md., Gen. Stonewall Jackson was detached with a heavy force to capture Harper's Ferry, while Gen. Lee, with Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's commands, was to cover the movement. Gen. Longstreet's command was at Hagerstown, about fourteen miles from Boonesboro Gap. To this command,

Gen. Hood's Division belonged, and was encamped near that town.

The battle of Boonesboro' Gap was opened on the morning of the 14th September, 1862, by Gen. McClellan hurling rapidly his immense columns against the small command of Gen. D. H. Hill in the gap, and on the sides of the mountains. How it was that Gen. D. H. Hill was not utterly crushed before the arrival of Longstreet's forces, has always been a mystery to me. I do not think, and I never have thought, that Gen. Hill has ever received justice for the services he rendered in that gap, on that eventful 14th, when the very salvation of the army was in his keeping. He certainly kept them well at bay, until our arrival.

Early on the morning of the 14th, Longstreet's Corps was put in rapid march for the scene of conflict. It was very warm, very dry, and so dusty, that over the line of march the dust hung like clouds of smoke. Every one was literally covered with dust, so much so that you could distinguish no difference in dress and clothing.

Boonesboro' consists of one long, irregular, straggling street, which is the old national turnpike, and about a half mile from the summit of the mountain. Near the middle of this street the road to Sharpsburg turns off, distant some eight miles. Just at the edge of the town, and at the foot of the mountain, was one of those clear, rapid little creeks, so common in mountainous countries. It was spanned by a small bridge of solid stone masonry.

Just as the column reached this little bridge, I saw Gen. Lee standing in the fence corner to our right, dismounted, holding his grey horse by the bridle reins, and leaning against the fence, with his left hand lying upon the top rail. His face, clothing and everything covered with that peculiarly fine dust met with in those countries where the limestone is the principal rock. He was entirely alone, no staff officer or courier being with him or any where about him. The shells from the Federal batteries on some of the peaks of the mountain which they held were bursting above him rapidly. Yet, Gen. Lee stood alone, unmoved and entirely careless, and seemingly oblivious to the hurtling missiles of death that were screaming above him. Presently, Gen. Hood rode up, dismounted hurriedly, and saluted Gen. Lee, who remarked to Gen. Hood, that he was very sorry for the unfortunate

difficulty which existed between him and Gen. Evans. Gen. Hood replied, that it gave him great pain to be deprived of his command, but that he felt perfectly satisfied as to his course of conduct, that he had done nothing to justify the censure put upon him by Gen. Evans, and then in that peculiarly mild but firm voice of his, he said: "Nevertheless, Gen. Lee, I am going with my men into that battle, and help them all I can."

Hood's Division tired and worn was rapidly, but silently marching by on the old national turnpike up to the gap. The big tears were rolling down Gen. Lee's cheeks, plowing their little furrows through the dust upon his noble face. "Here I am going into an important battle," said Gen. Lee, "and one of my best generals under arrest. Gen. Hood, can't you somewhat apologize to Gen. Evans." "Never," replied Gen. Hood, "I feel that I have done nothing for which I ought to apologize. Did I have the slightest idea, that I ought to do so, I should have done so long ago. It would afford me pleasure to do anything that could please you, without any sacrifice of my personal honor." "Take command of your division, Gen. Hood," said Gen. Lee. There was a quick and hearty handshaking between the commander and his subaltern, when Gen. Hood mounted his horse, galloped rapidly to reach the head of his column. The news instantly ran up the column, "Uncle Robert has released Gen. Hood." Then came a rousing cheer from the head to the rear of the column.

Gen. Hood put his division into action on the summit of the mountain to the left of the old national road, and, after a short and decisive action, he drove back the enemy, and retook some important ground from which we had been driven by the overpowering numbers of the enemy.

About nightfall, we were ordered to Crampton's Gap, to support Garland's Brigade. Through the woods, over brush, rocks, ravines, and almost every other conceivable obstruction, we reached the scene of Garland's fierce conflict with overwhelming numbers. After a slight exchange of shots, both parties laid down upon their arms to rest for the night.

On the morning of the 15th we withdrew, covering the retreat of our army to the plains and hills around the ugly, dilapidated old town of Sharpsburg, whose name was to be immortalized by the events which transpired in its vicinity on the 17th of September, 1862.

"They who govern least, govern best," is a truth in military affairs, no less than civil. There were four generals in the Confederate Army, whom I had some opportunity of noticing. Gens. Lee, Jackson, Hood and Hoke. No Generals ever had a more complete mastery of the affections of their men than these I have enumerated. Yet, they were silent, unobtrusive, unostentatious. They governed not by *acts of kindness*, but by *the kindness of their natures*. Napoleon infused the spirit of daring into his men by a burning oratory, these Generals said nothing except what was necessary to be said—never attempting a speech to fire-up the courage. Two are gone, but from their tombs, streams a blaze of glory that lightens their land. The other two still survive in the pride of manhood, an honor and blessing to their country.

At the Fall Term of Wake Superior Court, 1873, I met Gen. Hood at the Yarboro' House. Among the many incidents of our soldier life, which was talked over, I reminded him of this, and asked him if he remembered it. "Yes," said he, "I do, and shall as long as I remember anything." He alluded feelingly to his great Commander being unable to restrain his tears, and as Gen. Hood related the incident to me, the big tears came unbidden to his own eyes.

It is all over now ; but still somehow or other, we must be allowed to string together recollections of a past that once was, at least, glorious, in the great, good and gallant men who followed the ill-starred banner of the Confederacy, and still to tell

"How once we did adore it ;
Love the dead cold hands that bore it ;
Oh ! to furl that flag and fold it so—"

San Marino, Chatham Co., N. C., March 5th, 1875.

A VERY INTERESTING LETTER.

North Carolina Colonial History Sketched by a Gallant Marylander.

To the Editors of the Tribune :

SIR :—The Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his recent address before the New York Historical Society, in referring to the effect produced in America by the conflict at Concord and Lexington, on April 19, 1775, states that on hearing of it the “people of Mecklenburg, on the borders of Virginia and North Carolina,” met together and declared their independence of the mother country. Now, when the selected orator for the anniversary of a Historical Society, of such distinction and learning as that of New York, falls into such an error, it seems not inappropriate that a sketch of the historical event to which he refers should be given. Mecklenburg is and was on the borders of North Carolina and South Carolina, and its county seat Charlotte’s Town—the present thriving and busy city of Charlotte—was the scene of the original Declaration of Independence. It is reached by rail from Washington in about 24 hours, through a country more interesting to the American citizen and patriot than any other of equal extent on the continent. The route to Charlotte is a patriotic pilgrimage. The name of almost every station is full of stirring reminiscences. Every town and village has been the theatre of some heroic effort or some historic achievement dear to every one who reveres the past.

The tourist passing down the Potomac first comes in sight of the grassy slope of Mount Vernon, the residence being in plain view, although shaded by the trees. Then you pass through Stafford in Virginia, where the troops of Burnside and Hooker wintered in 1862-’63, to Fredericksburg, where Marye’s Hill, in sight of the station, testifies to the courage that defended, and the gallantry that attacked it in December, 1862, and a few miles beyond is Guinea Station, from which easy access can be had to the battle-field of Chancellorsville, fought, in May 1863, between Lee and Hooker. By the side of the road is the farm-house where Stonewall Jackson died, and just beyond, on the right to the West, the battle-field of Spottsylvania Court House and the Wil-

derness, fought by the troops of Lee and Grant. Along this route marched the good Governor Spottswood on his expedition to cross the Blue Ridge of mountains, when he discovered the Shenandoah and named it the Euphrates, and instituted the Order of Tramontane Knights, the insignia of which was a golden horse-shoe; hence, in the local traditions they are known as the "Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe." At Richmond you are within reach of the seat of King Powhatan, where Captain John Smith was rescued by Pocahontas, and Yorktown, the scene of the surrender of Cornwallis. In the suburbs of Richmond you will see a stone set to mark the spot where Benedict Arnold's picket was posted when, in command of British troops and Royalists, he occupied the town in 1680. Leaving Richmond by the Danville route, you pass over the ground over which Greene retreated and manœuvred, and manœuvred and retreated, in the Spring of 1781, in his effort to draw Cornwallis further into the country, until he could get a sufficient force together to strike and crush the British General. At the beautiful and flourishing town of Greensboro, N. C., you are within five miles of the battle-field of Guilford Court House, where the 1st Regiment of the Maryland line drove back the light infantry of the Guards, the Jagers, and the 23d Regiment, and then locking bayonets with the Grenadiers and Second Battalion of the Guards, routed them. From Greensboro' you pass through a rich and populous country first to Lexington, and thence cross the Yadkin to Salisbury. The railroad bridge is within 600 yards of the trading ford, where Morgan and Greene passed with the spoils of Cowpens, and where the river rose so rapidly behind them that Cornwallis, in pursuit, was effectually debarred even the attempt of a passage. To the east is the battle-field of Alamance, fought four years before Concord and Lexington, between the King's troops and the Regulators, about which I shall speak more in detail presently.

At Salisbury you will be shown the office where Andrew Jackson studied law, and the site of Steele's Tavern, where Greene, after the affair of Beattie's Ford, alighted, "fatigued, hungry, alone and penniless," and where still live the descendants of that good landlady, who, having overheard this expression of the worn-out General, came to his apartment with her small bag of coin that she pressed him to take. This bag was at that time the only

military chest in the Department of the South. Below Salisbury, on the railroad, you will pass Concord, and thence go on to Charlotte—in old time Charlotte's Town; and as Lord Cornwallis said in a letter to Col. Balfout, "Charlotte is an agreeable village, but in a d—n rebellious country." Beyond Charlotte, on the railroad to Atlanta, you pass the battle-field of King's Mountain, and are within reach of that of Cowpens, in each of which battles the opposing British force was absolutely captured or destroyed.

Such is the route to Charlotte. The people through that mountain country are of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock whose settlements extend from Pennsylvania through the Valley of Virginia, and through the mountain country of North Carolina and South Carolina. It is a race that has always been brave, hardy, and liberty-loving. It was among them in the mountains of West Augusta that Washington proposed to make his last stand and final effort for the liberties of the Colonies. Grave, temperate, frugal, simple, God-fearing—but fearing neither man nor devil—this race begat Andrew Jackson and Stonewall Jackson. They began the struggle for liberty *in arms* before organized resistance met organized power in Massachusetts. This hardy and brave people had conquered the wilderness and the savage, and they were willing to obey the laws; provided those laws were enacted by their own legislators; but, with that jealousy of power inherent in free men, they utterly refused to pay any taxes except such as were according to law.

(Gen. Johnson next gives a brief but graphic account of the battle of Alamance. As that engagement will be more largely treated of in our Editorial Department, we omit it.)

When, therefore, the tidings of Concord and Lexington flashed over the country, it lighted the fires smothered at Alamance, and they blazed up at once from every mountain top and every valley. Mecklenburg, in the language of the loyal men of the day, was a "hornet's nest of rebellion;" and the "hornets" forthwith began to stir and to swarm and to sting. Col. Abraham Alexander called a meeting of two delegates from each "captain's district," to meet at Charlotte's Town on the 19th of May, at which time it was organized by the appointment of Abraham Alexander, Chairman, and John McKnitt Alexander, Clerk. The Rev.

Hezekiah Jas. Balch, a Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. Ephriam Brevard, a graduate of Princeton, and William Kennon Esq., a lawyer, addressed the meeting. The resolutions from the pen of Dr. Brevard were debated the whole night, section by section, were unanimously adopted on the morning of the 20th of May, 1775, and were proclaimed from the court house by the herald, Col. Thomas Polk. The resolutions were as follows:

1. That whoever, directly or indirectly, abetted or in any way, form, or manner, countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to the country, to America, and to the interests and inalienable rights of man.

2. That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolutely absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and abjure all political connection, contrast and association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington.

3. That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power, other than that of our God, and the General Government of the Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

They tell the whole story. The names of the principal actors—Alexander, Balch, Brevard, Kennon, Polk—all testify to the blow of the covenant, and that tough breed which never bowed the knee to any Baal anywhere. Mecklenburg, the county which took this stand, covered all that western country extending over the fertile valleys of the Appalachian chain, which teemed with the “Hornets” who afterwards stung Ferguson to death at the battle of King’s Mountain, and whence the swains flew on the flanks and rear of Cornwallis in his pursuit of Greene. Their resolutions were sent off by express to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia and the Provincial Congress at Hillsboro, but were not adopted as the general policy until the passage of Richard Henry Lee’s resolution, in June 1776. Such is the simple

story of the Regulators and the first Declaration of Independence by the mountain men of North Carolina.

I have only shadowed faintly those stirring scenes and not even named the patriot leaders who fired the people's hearts and directed their arms in those days—for in the war which swiftly followed, every cross-road became a battle ground and every river ford a pass, held at arms. The romance of the Revolution was in North and South Carolina. The homogeneous democratic population of New England allowed but little difference of opinion, for there the germs of an aristocratic society had never existed. But the foundation of South Carolina was based on a landed nobility and gentry, and John Locke's Institutes of Government for North Carolina attempted to organize hereditary rank as the foundation of society there. Again, after the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, many of the Highland adherents of the House of Stuart found refuge near Cape Fear. Neal McNeal purchased lands near Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, and settled 500 or 600 colonists there. Flora McDonald, who saved the Chevalier Charles Edward, after Culloden, settled here, and between the Highlanders of the Cumberland and the Covenanters of Mecklenburg there was sure to be bad blood. The highland stock appears to have been the backbone of loyalty, as the other was of rebellion, and their feud waged hot and bloody during the ensuing years. The hardest fighting, the most destructive encounters, the bitterest, most fatal contests of the Revolution were between the Whigs and Tories of North Carolina. It was a cruel and a ruthless war, as civil war always is, and even now loyalty has no very fine savor nor any very refreshing associations in the Old North State.

I have written this sketch in hopes that it may excite some inquiry and interest in our Revolutionary traditions outside of the immediate locality in which we preserve and cherish them.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

Richmond, Va., April 27, 1875.

As North Carolinians, we thank this very gallant and efficient officer for this handsome sketch. Gen. Johnson, although a native of Maryland, married a North Carolina lady—Miss Virginia, daughter of the late Hon. Romulus M. Saunders. When General Johnson raised his Maryland Battalion in the early months of

the war, they were without arms. His noble wife came to her native State and, by her deep earnestness and rare powers of persuasion, secured them for the Maryland boys, of our patriotic Governor Ellis.

T. B. K.

OUR CAMP CHEST.

[Written for "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."

A DUTCH SUTLER'S STORY.

BY S. D. BAGLEY.

You wants der shtory: vell I dells
 You all apout him; how I sells
 Der soldiers cakes oond pies oond cracker
 Oond oder dings mit dere topacco.
 Dis vas in Vinchester you knows,
 Oond all der soldiers cooms oond goes
 In dere plue close all 'pout der town,
 Oond Sheneral Panks 'he ride around.
 Vell vun day I vas on der shtreet,
 Oond efery vun I cooms to meet,
 Dey all looks shearet, and vun say, "Hans,
 Dey say dat all der rebel mans
 Mit Stonefence Shackson coomin' here,
 Oond you had petter git off dere."
 I dells him, "No, no Shackson coom,
 For Sheneral Panks, he pe at home,
 And vill not let him dake der town
 Mit all dese soldiers shtandin' round."
 Vell, I looks up unto der hill,
 Oond efery ding dere looks so shtill,
 Py tam, I dinks dere's sometin' out,
 Oond I pegins to look apout.
 Dunder und Blitzen, dey vas gone,
 Oond all der volks dey say to me,
 "Dey ish gone down der road ter see
 Vat ish der matter." I makes track,
 I know dey nefer vood coom pack.
 I dells der beeples in der shtreet,
 Dat I vas goin' mine shupper eat.

Oond den I dells mine lofely frow
 To cooks der supper den, right now.
 "Vat ish der matter, Hans?" says she,
 "Notin'," says I, "put shoost you pe
 In vun pig hurry, vile I dakes
 Ming close to vear;" oond den I makes
 Vun leetle pack, oond to der door
 I shtarts, put mine tear frow vunce more
 Say, "Vatsh der matter?" I say den.
 "You cooks away for Shackson's men"
 Oond den I goes into der shtreet,
 But not vun livin' soul I meet:—
 Put vay up dere upon der hill
 Vere shoost now all der dings vash still,
 I seen a man upon a horse,
 Oond he vash riding mit a force,
 Shoost like a lawyer from ter teifel,
 Or vun tam nigger from a rifle.
 Oond den he dakes vun leetle horn—
 Mein Got! I vished I vashent born—
 Oond den he blowed. Dis vash der tune:
"Who ish pin here since I'sh peen gone."
 I dinks dat Sheneral Panks might say,
 Put he had gone de oder vay,
 Oond den, Mein Gott, how I vash shecaret,
 As in der hills behind I hearet,
 Shoost like der vellow played his song,
"Who ish pin here since I'sh peen gone."
 Oond, dough mine shupper den I shmell him,
 Py tam, I nefer shtop to dell him.

EPITAPH ON A YANKEE.

The following is taken from a Richmond paper published during the war :

"A gentleman, recently from the battle-field before Richmond copies the following epitaph, written and placed over the grave of a dead Yankee, by a Mississippian:

'The Yankees came down in numerous bands,
 To divide out our Southern lands.
 This narrow and secluded spot
 Is all that this poor Yankee got.' "

EDITORIAL.

THE NUMBER OF TROOPS FURNISHED BY NORTH CAROLINA.

We have never doubted that North Carolina furnished more troops during the war according to population, than any other State. We believe a fair statement of the number furnished by the eleven Southern States during the four years, will result as we have intimated. We know too from the concurrent testimony of such soldiers as Gens. Wade Hampton and D. H. Hill, native South Carolinians, Gen. A. P. Hill, a Virginian, Gen. Hood of Texas, and Gen. J. B. Gordon of Georgia, that no State furnished better soldiers—soldiers that were more submissive to authority, more reliable, more self-sacrificing, more resolute, enduring and courageous.

But as to the number of soldiers that our State supplied the Confederacy with.

The voting population of North Carolina, as far as we can determine from elections, never exceeded 113,000. In the campaign in 1860 between Gov. Ellis and John Pool, the total vote was 112,586—the largest that was ever polled. If North Carolina furnished as many troops as she had voters, it will be granted by all that she did exceedingly well—doing her full duty. But she did more than this—she actually gave to the Southern cause 125,000 men, or *some 12,500 more soldiers than she had voters.*

We are glad to be able to make this statement upon authority that can be trusted. When we were connected with the *Raleigh Sentinel*, we stated that we had heard it estimated that North Carolina had furnished as many as 103,000 troops, (independent of Home Guards and Reserves), and then asked if any one could supply us with the exact number? This inquiry brought us an answer the next day from John B. Neathery, Esq., at the time Private Secretary of Gov. Caldwell. We avail ourself of the statistics kindly furnished us, as we wish to place them among the permanent records of our Magazine.

“On Nov. 19th, 1864, Gen. R. C. Gatlin, Adjutant General of the

State, made an official report to Hon. Z. B. Vance, then Governor, in which the following numbers are given :

Number of troops transferred to the Confederate States, according to original rolls on file in this office,	64,636
Number of conscripts between the ages of 18 and 45, as per report of Commandant of Conscripts, dated September 30, 1864,	18,585
Estimated number of recruits that have volunteered in the different companies since the date of original rolls,	21,608
Number of troops in the State service for the war,	3,203

Total number of troops,	108,032
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To these must be added :

Number of Junior Reserves,	4,217	
Number of Senior Reserves,	5,686	9,903

Grand Total,	117,935
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These troops have been organized as follows :

Regiments of Artillery,	3
Regiments of Cavalry,	6
Regiments of Infantry,	60
Regiments of Junior Reserves,	1
Regiments of Senior Reserves,	1

Total number of Regiments,	71
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Battalions of Artillery,	4
Battalions of Cavalry,	4
Battalions of Infantry,	3
Battalions of Junior Reserves,	5
Battalions of Senior Reserves,	4

Total number of battalions,	20
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There are thirteen unattached companies besides.

In addition to these there is one company from this State in the 10th Virginia Cavalry ; five in the 7th Confederate Cavalry ; four in the 62d Georgia regiment, and one in the 61st Virginia Infantry."

Mr. Neathery adds:

"In the same report Gen. Gatlin gave the number of Home Guards and militia officers in the State as follows:

Home Guard officers,	1,312
Militia,	2,650
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Total,	3,962

These officers were in service much of the time in arresting deserters, executing the conscript act, guarding weak points, and collecting supplies for the troops in the field."

Mr. Neathery estimates the number of persons in service who were exempt under the conscript act, who were in the various departments but whose names were not on any company roll, and who were serving in regiments from other States, at 3,103.

RECAPITULATION.

Number of troops in Confederate service for the war,	108,032
Number of Junior and Senior Reserves,	9,903
Number of troops in unattached companies and serving in regiments from other States,	3,103
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Total number of troops in the Confederate service, 121,038

We have not included in this statement the 3,962 officers in the State service. They were in fact in the service of the government, although kept at home upon special duties necessary to the comfort and security of the army in the field.

According to the estimates made by Adjutant General Cooper, of the Confederate Army, the total number of troops furnished by all the States of the Confederacy amounted to some 600,000. Leaving out of the count all troops that were retained at home, such as the Reserves, Home Guards, &c., and without doubt, North Carolina furnished the Confederacy with at least 108,000 men, which is over one-sixth of the total number of troops raised by the Confederate Government during the war. But as a matter of fact, from the above statistics furnished by Gen. Gatlin, for the use of the Legislature, it appears that the State furnished over 120,000 men who rendered service in the cause of the South.

We do not believe any State can make such an exhibit. The record is accurate, and gives North Carolina "the melancholy

pre-eminence" above all her sister States. She must have lost by the casualties of war largely over 30,000 men. Who will then say that our State did not act well her part?

She not only gave to the Lost Cause more troops than any other State, but she clothed them better, and, if the testimony of distinguished officers from other States may be trusted, her troops were possibly superior to all others; and if not that, then they were not one whit behind the foremost in all the qualities that constitute soldiers of the highest excellence.

We know, too, that our soldiers were among the first to engage the enemy, as they were among the last in the closing scenes of the bloody drama. At Appomattox, North Carolina surrendered twice as many muskets as did any other State, and at Greensboro, more of her soldiers were among the parolled than from any of her sister States.

We may mention, not to boast but to state a fact that should pass into history, that under the wise, patriotic and energetic administration of Gov. Vance, North Carolina not only was able to provide an abundance of clothing, blankets, &c., for her own HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND TROOPS, but she actually supplied the Confederate Government with large quantities of clothing during the last year of the war.

We will show from *official documents* hereafter, that there was *less desertion* among the North Carolina soldiers, and a far smaller number of bomb-proof favorites—men who were assigned to duty where men did not bleed and die—than from any other State, numbers considered.

T. B. K.

MAY 16, 1771.

It would have been meet and proper for the people of North Carolina to have celebrated the 16th of May four years ago, as the anniversary of the battle of Alamance, for on that day, in the year of our Lord 1771, the first blood was shed on American soil in defence of the rights of an oppressed people, and in resistance to British tyranny. On the 19th of April just passed, the people of Massachusetts, with booming of cannon, and flaunting of flags

and beating of drums, celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the little skirmish that took place at Concord Bridge on that day in the year 1775—nearly four years after the patriots of Alamance had confronted in deadly conflict the troops that were sent out to uphold the power and authority of the British Crown. North Carolina led the way by four years in the cause of liberty and right against tyranny and wrong, and it behooved her to lead the way by a like number of years in the glorious work of commemorating an event that was fraught with such serious consequences, and that so signalized the devotion of our people to the cause of liberty, and their violent and irrepressible opposition to outrage and injustice and unlawful exactions.

Whilst it is too late to celebrate the first centennial of the Battle of Alamance, it is none the less a most important day in our State history—a day that was “big with fate” to many immortal spirits who were stricken down in the bloody battle. Let that day be never forgotten. It is an epochal point in our history. On that day brave and stern patriots stood up for honor and right and law. Oppression of the most unjustifiable character they had long borne; their native and precious rights had been violently assaulted time and again; appeal after appeal, remonstrance after remonstrance running through decades, had been sent up to Royal ears and those who represented the authority of the Crown, but all in vain. Insults were added to crying injury, taunts and denunciations followed the invasion of liberty and the prostitution of law, until at last brave men were unwilling to submit and suffer longer, and resolved with such poor arms as they possessed to upheave “an iron barrier”

“Between the lawless spoiler and the weak,”

and to “awakethe sleeping sword of war,” in defence of all that they held sacred and inviolable for themselves and for those who were yet to live in “the unborn times.”

We think it consistent with our plan in the conduct of this Magazine, to turn aside from the startling story of later and more pregnant times, to that period in our Colonial history, when the yeomanry of the upper counties contended for liberty and law on the field of Alamance, and taught Tyranny its first lesson on American soil. We purpose in this number to trace some of the events which led to the first battle, that those of our

readers who are not already informed, may learn something of the provocations that impelled the patriots to resistance. It will be seen, we think, that to all intents and purposes the *principles* and *motives* of the patriots of Granville, Orange and other counties were precisely those that "unknit the churlish knot of all-
abhorred war" a few years later, and led to the cruel massacre at Lexington (for it was in no sense a fight), and the skirmish at Concord, and culminated in the seven years struggle and the birth of one of the great nationalities of the earth. In the July number we will conclude our sketch with some account of the battle of Alamance and the events that followed.

As this is the era of Centennial rejoicings we believe such a retrospect necessary, and hope that it will not be devoid of interest. The necessity of such a course will be found in the undeviating neglect which the Battle of Alamance has received at the hands of those writers of the North who have prepared the school histories that are so widely used and read. Whilst we cannot charge upon the authors of our State that they have neglected to tell the story of our forefathers and to describe the battle of Alamance, we are constrained to acknowledge that the great mass of our people know nothing of that drawing of the first blood. The pictorial school histories of the United States have made all ages and classes of our people as familiar as household words with all that transpired in the New England States, until Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Plymouth Rock are as well known as the old mill path or the play-ground of childhood. But, somehow, our people at home, and people in other States, are utterly ignorant of the many important and stirring events that mark our State history, and which are as authentic and genuine as are the more famous deeds and more renowned battles of the Continentals. The reason of all this woeful ignorance is twofold; first, the Northern writers either purposely omit the mention of these impressive and stirring transactions, or they are like so many of our own people, wholly ignorant; or secondly, the people of the South more intent upon making history than writing history, have left the literary work to be performed by those of other sections who were much more concerned in the records of their own people and in glorifying their performances, than in exploring the obscure paths and hunting up the hidden

documents of the colonial times in the South. Whilst all this may appear natural, it has had the disastrous effect of concealing the truth in many particulars, and in blazoning to the world as of the first importance and as leading all others, transactions, which were really but the continuation or result of others that had gone before, and which must be hereafter regarded by every candid investigator as yielding the right of priority to other claimants whose rights have been so persistently and uniformly ignored in the past. The awakening on the subject of historical inquiries engendered of the Centennial Era will be fruitful of good to the State of North Carolina. For the first time, hundreds of thousands of persons will learn of Roanoke Island and Virginia Dare, of resistance to the Stamp Act at Wilmington and of the battle of Alamance, of Mecklenburg and the battle of More's Creek bridge, of Ramseur's Mills and other events of genuine interest and importance. All this stir and commotion—this nibbing of pens and printing of scores of columns in the leading newspapers about North Carolina affairs, may lead to another result which would be of great benefit to our people: it may induce some qualified writer to prepare an illustrated school-history of North Carolina, from the first settlement on Roanoke Island to the Centennial at Charlotte. We trust that the man or woman will be found who will essay so much needed a work. What says Mrs. C. P. Spencer, or Gen. Clingman, or Hon. George Davis, or Gov. Vance, or Rev. Ephraim Harding? We know that either of these will perform the work with great satisfaction and ability. What say you daughter and sons of North Carolina? Your Mother needs your services. She has been shorn of her just glory. The deeds of her sons and daughters which could make her name more illustrious still, have been covered and concealed by the rubbish of the intervening years. Whose pious hands will remove the accumulating moss, the creeping ivy, and the matted weeds, from the time-worn monuments of the men of the last three centuries? Who with filial love will freshen the fading inscriptions, and with tender ardor will weave into a chaplet of immortality the scattered leaves and vines of our peoples' story? Surely, *surely*, some son or daughter may be found to perform such a labor of love and gratitude. Like "the quality of mercy" as it is so grandly described by the master, such a service will be "twice bless'd"—

it will bless "him that gives, and him that takes"—it will honor him who writes the book and honor the North Carolinian who reads it. Let the work be immediately undertaken by some one. Remember that, as Schiller says, "Time consecrates; and what is gray with age becomes religion."

BY WHOM SETTLED.

George Bancroft in his very defective and yet able and eloquent History of the United States, referring to the early settlers of North Carolina, has this to say:

"The planters of Albemarle were men who had been led to the choice of their residence from a hatred of restraint, and had lost themselves among the woods *in search of independence*. Are there any who doubt man's capacity for self-government, let them study the history of North Carolina; its inhabitants were restless and turbulent *in their imperfect submission to a government imposed on them from abroad*; the administration of the colony was firm, humane and tranquil *when they were left to take care of themselves*. ANY GOVERNMENT BUT ONE OF THEIR OWN INSTITUTION WAS OPPRESSIVE."*

The settlement of this Albemarle section to which the historian refers, began at Durant's Neck, in Perquimans county, in 1662, according to the oldest extant record, but Mr. Bancroft says, "there is reason to believe that volunteer emigrants had preceded them." Those emigrants were no doubt from Virginia, for as early as 1643, a law had been passed in that colony establishing the English Church and *prohibiting religious toleration*. The Non-conformists and Quakers of Virginia must flee, as did Roger Williams from the intolerance of the Puritans of Massachusetts, a canting, whining, persecuting, superstitious, cruel, hypocritical set. Whither could they go? Surely into North Carolina, for ten years afterwards, in 1672, this province is spoken as a refuge for "renegadoes" from the bigoted ecclesiasticism of English churchmen. In that year, George Fox, the famous founder of the Quakers, found in North Carolina "a simple, virtuous and benevolent" people, who cherished high moral sentiments and "the most absolute freedom of conscience." The early settlers

*Vol. 1, p. 467.

were evidently men of sobriety, of integrity, of stern virtue, of robust courage, and of thorough consecration to civil and religious liberty. They would brook no sort of tyranny; they were, as Bancroft says, "*the freest of the free.*" It is not then a matter for surprise when we learn that only six years after Fox's visit, in 1678, the people of the Albemarle region rose up in their might and throttled the infant tyrant. They had a revolution, deposed the Governor and elected one in his stead. They issued a manifesto that breathes sentiments and doctrines quite like those that found expression nearly a century afterwards in the County of Mecklenburg by the patriots of 1775. Let this fact be remembered—that nearly one hundred years before the fires of the Revolution of '76 were kindled, the men of the Albemarle section of North Carolina, inaugurated a revolution, overthrew the government because it was oppressive and intolerant, and established one of their own, setting forth at the same time a manifesto of principles and ideas at once patriotic, bold, and tolerant. Hear an eloquent son of North Carolina as he discourses of these pioneers in the cause of civil freedom and soul-liberty:

"Athletic hunters, with free thoughts and free limbs, fugitives from religious intolerance, and musing, philosophic hermits, with wives and children, planted themselves quietly in different parts of North Carolina; and unknown by the world, and forgetting its busy cares and pliant arts and devious sciences, they were taught by nature in her woody solitudes, and worshipped the God of nature 'in spirit and in truth' in that majestic temple where the presence of the All-seeing is recognized in his mighty works. There they learned those simple truths which never beamed on the understanding of Locke or Shaftesbury; those regenerating political principles first baptized on the bank of the Alamance, and spreading thence with revolutionizing and vivifying force over this continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific."*

The leading historian of our country, says of these people:

"But the settlers were gentle in their tempers, of severe minds. *enemies to violence and bloodshed.* Not all the successive revolutions had kindled vindictive passions: *freedom, entire freedom*, was enjoyed without anxiety as without guarantees; the charities of life

*Rev. C. H. Wiley.

were scattered at their feet, like the flowers of their meadows."†

These were the men who "suckled" in no "worn out creeds," nor corrupted and rendered effeminate by city life or court influence, laid the foundations of a great republic, in which civil and religious liberty should universally prevail, without curtailment and without molestation. They were not the special favorites of either potentates or Lords Proprietors, were not of one sect in religion, nor of one exclusive nationality, but they were indeed "the freest of the free," and loved liberty as they did mother and life. These, and others we will hereafter mention, were the founders of our State, and were the forerunners and inspirers of those principles and doctrines which at last pervaded the Continent and rapt it in one mighty blaze of revolution.

Owing to the length of the article by Gen. Johnson, we must defer the remainder of our sketch prepared for this number, until the July number.

T. B. K.

†Bancroft, 1 v., p. 472.

MEMORIAL DAY—10th MAY.

In order that we may give our readers an idea of what is annually done in North Carolina on the 10th of each returning May, we propose in our July issue to give as full accounts as possible of the proceedings in each city and town of the State where decorations occurred, and addresses were delivered. Will the Ladies of the Memorial Associations furnish us the necessary material—the addresses, odes and services?

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The proceedings of the Historical Society will appear in the appropriate place in the July number.

THE MECKLENBURG CENTENNIAL.

The Descendants of the Patriots of 1775 Celebrate the Hundredth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence made at Charlotte May 20th, 1775.

An Exceeding Great Multitude.

[The account of the celebration we expected from our own special reporter failing to come to hand in time, we are compelled to make up a sketch of the proceedings from the Charlotte and New York papers.]

THE 19TH MAY, 1775.

At noon on the 19th day of May, in the year of grace 1775, a body of delegates met in the old Court House at what was a short time before the village of "Charlotte Town," to confer together concerning the relations which then existed between the provinces and the King. So weighty were the matters under consideration, and so important was the step which was about to be taken that darkness fell before the deliberations were concluded, night even spent itself, and it was not until morning came that the resolutions, declaring themselves absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, were finally adopted—those resolutions which have shed a halo of imperishable glory upon the memories of the signers, and have made for Mecklenburg and North Carolina a name more enduring than granite, and one which will live as long as the immortal principles of liberty themselves and "until time shall grow old."

At noon on Wednesday, 19th May 1875, a large number of people from North Carolina, Virginia, South Carolina and Tennessee assembled in Charlotte. A grand procession was formed. The military, in hollow square, surrounded the Centennial pole. 115 feet high, surmounted by an immense HORNET'S NEST, sent from Stokes county. The multitude that gathered around joined in singing the patriotic words of the pure and illustrious Gaston.

"Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

The bands played soul-stirring music, and the Raleigh Light Artillery fired minute guns. A stand had been erected just under the flag. This was occupied by His Excellency, Gov. Brogden, Mayor Johnston and others. His Honor, the Mayor, addressed the multitude, welcoming them to Charlotte, after which Governor Brogden was introduced. He said the principles of liberty enunciated by the fathers of the revolution one hundred years ago, on the spot upon which he now stood, would live throughout all time. Here, as free American citizens, they had proclaimed the principles which North Carolina had ever since upheld, and of which this glorious flag, which waves protection to American citizens on land and water, was the star-gemmed type. [Applause.] Governor Brogden paid a glowing and poetical tribute to the old flag, and said that under it we had a duty to perform in peace as well as in war. We have the principles of the fathers of the Mecklenburg Declaration to maintain. All should remember the sacrifices which gave us the right to that standard of our country, and we should not forget our duty to North Carolina and her daughter, Tennessee, to the sister State of South Carolina, and to the whole country. [Applause.] Alluding to the growth of the United States in one hundred years, he said that at the date of the Mecklenburg independence there were not more than six postoffices in North Carolina; now there are nine hundred postoffices; then there was no steam travelling; now there are twelve hundred miles of railway in this State alone, successfully operated. He hoped the country would go on to prosper in the fullness of civil liberty until there was no opposition to the principles we cherish. [Cheers.] In the name of North Carolina he welcomed all her sons to this festival, and the sons of all her sister States.

Evening.—Many of the principal buildings on Tryon and Trade streets were brilliantly illuminated, Chinese lanterns swung in the front yards, and lamps blazed at the windows. A line of lights upon the stays of the Centennial pole formed a glowing diamond star above Independence Square.

THURSDAY, MAY 20TH, 1875.

The New York *Herald* in its account dated "Charlotte May 20th, 1875," thus opens:

"As the altitude of a mountain is measured by the height of its topmost peak, that each part of it from base to summit, shows in the greatness of the whole, so do the noble deeds of the foremost men of a State, whether done in the present or in the past, give dignity to all its people. Thus does the glory of Mecklenburg, in May, 1775, illuminate the entire annals of all North Carolina, and give to her citizens, from Roanoke Island to Cherokee, an historic eminence of which each of them may justly boast.

The whole appearance of this city is suddenly transformed. A grand illumination last night, to the completeness of which even the humblest cabin contributed at least its candles, made beautiful Charlotte "queenly with golden light." And to-day the illusions—if I may call it so—is not dispelled. Everywhere are gay flags and streamers, symbols of gladness, emblems mute but full of meaning, of rejoicing in the magnificent fruition which a hundred years has brought of the seeds of independence and local self-government, planted here by a few bold and prayerful men in May, 1775.

"Like the scriptural grain of mustard seed which waxed to a tree that covered the whole earth, the germ of liberty and home-rule then planted in heroic trust by the pious yeomen, who, though but an handful in number, knew that they had the Divine Omnipotence behind them, matured at length, now yields its abundant fruit freely for all men and covers with its protecting shade an ocean-bound Republic. It is well that the one hundredth anniversary of an event, whose consequences have proved so widely and solidly beneficent, should be commemorated with all the paraphernalia of jubilant observance.

"And so there is a profusion of the traditional bunting on all sides. Emblazoned on the walls of the houses, alike of rich and poor, are the brave words of 1775, now become the watchwords and war-cries of freedom for all future ages. Hundreds of patriotic mottoes, venerable in their revolutionary origin, salute the eye at every turn. The utterances of Brevard and Polk, and Reese and Balch, and Irwin and Foard and Flenniken—of the Alexanders, significantly named, and of their brave compatriots who set their names on May 20, 1775, in the first definite, deliberate Declaration of Independence, recall to the minds of their descendants—grandsons and great-grandsons—the debt of grati-

tude which they, and all Americans as well, must always owe to those superb figures in the panorama of our history. If even the worship of ancestors was morally allowable, its honors may well be rendered to the sublime shades of the men of Mecklenburg who lived and moved and had their being in 1775.

AN HONORED SPOT PRESERVED.

"The old log Court House that stood at the intersection of Wade and Tryon Streets when Charlottetown was only a cross-roads hamlet of twenty or thirty houses, had disappeared more than half a century ago. The memorable resolves which were proclaimed from its entrance this day one hundred years ago have given it however, a perpetuity of fame. Its successor, built of brick, has also gone without a trace even of its foundation, and the vacant space is now known as Independence Square. In the centre of this renowned square stands a lofty flagstaff, which a few days since was a forest tree one hundred and fifty miles away. From other poles erected at various points throughout the city also float the national colors. Across almost all the streets, and from nearly every house, the glorious old banner, the Stars and Stripes, gracefully undulates to the fitful breathings of the wind. The decorations are profuse, appropriate and tasteful."

The crowd was very great, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 people. The good order was so marked that the great Northern papers specially notice it in their accounts.

THE OPENING EXERCISES

of the day began at daylight with the booming of cannon, a hundred guns having been fired by the Richmond Howitzers under command of Capt Bidgood, and the Raleigh Light Artillery, under command of Capt. Stronach.

The trains came in rapidly, filled to overflowing with visitors. Capt. J. C. Mills, in behalf of the Charlotte Fire Department, made a speech of welcome to the visiting companies. Among other appropriate remarks he said:

"This is the Centennial celebration of the first Declaration of Independence of the rights of man against tyranny made on the American continent, and of the first note of liberty and freedom that startled the slumbers of the old world one hundred years ago,

and told them in thunder tones that we, as Anglo-Saxons, were not born to be slaves. The echo of that first note of liberty has gone sounding down the ages for one hundred years, and those echoes, like a bugle blast, have assembled us here to-day on the very spot where those old heroes of Mecklenburg, on the 20th of May, 1775, in defiance of the proud British Lion, declared themselves a free and independent people. We have met here to commemorate a deed which for devotion to principle, to liberty and to patriotism, is unparalleled in all the annals of the world. Such a deed, gentlemen, shines like a beacon over the pathway of history, and stands on high as a landmark of noble thought and gallant action to guide the nations along the track of honor and glory!"

THE PROCESSION.

By 9 o'clock an immense multitude thronged the streets, and about this time the forming of the procession began, under charge of Gen. W. R. Cox, with the following aids: Gen. Bryan Grimes, of Tarboro, Gen. Johnson Hagood, of South Carolina, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Richmond, Va., Dr. T. J. Moore, of Charlotte, Maj. Chas. Haigh, of Fayetteville, Dr. Columbus Mills, of Cabarrus county, Gen. Thos. F. Drayton, of Charlotte.

Gen. B. T. Johnson, of Richmond, had charge of the Military Department, and John C. Gorman of the Fire Department. It is estimated there were about 1,000 muskets and sabres, and 1,200 firemen on parade, with six pieces of artillery, and fifteen fire engines and ladder trucks. The soldiers were nearly all in grey suits, and the firemen in red and black, except the Wilmington companies, which were also in grey. Six splendid bands from Richmond, Newbern, Raleigh, Wilmington, Fayetteville and Salem, besides the Cadet band of the C. M. I., discoursed "music for the million" with a rattle and flare deafening to delicate ears.

It was a grand sight. As far as the eye could see the brilliant procession filled the streets, a glistening, undulating, glorious line of Infantry, Artillery, Firemen, Laddermen, Axemen, Zouaves, Cadets, Grangers, Masons, Templars, Highlanders, citizens, etc., with gleaming arms, rustling flags, thundering bands, and pomp, and pride, and patriotic enthusiasm. Every window, piazza and house-top was crowded with feminine loveliness from near and from far. On the side-walks were miles of spectators, submitting

to a perfect simoon of dust in their laudable desire to see and be seen. Across the streets were swinging monster flags, and any quantity of red, white and blue canvass fluttered from windows and porches. It was the grandest spectacle ever witnessed in the Carolinas!

The following was the

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Fayetteville Light Infantry, Captain Chas. Haigh, 3 officers and 40 men.

La Fayette Light Infantry, Capt. A. B. Williams, 2 officers, 40 men.

Richmond Howitzers, Capt. H. C. Carter, 3 officers, 45 men, 4 guns.

Companies C. and D, First Virginia consolidated, 80 men, under Capt. Bidgood.

Raleigh Light Artillery, Captain A. B. Stronach, 3 officers, 28 men, 2 guns.

Raleigh Light Infantry, Capt. B. C. Manly, 3 officers, 42 men.

Rowan Rifle Guards, Capt. Lueco Mitchell, 2 officers, 31 men.

Col. Coward's King's Mountain School.

Carolina Military Institute.

Charlotte Greys, Capt. W. L. Hand, Lieut. W. B. Taylor, 2d Lieut. R. B. Alexander, 3d Lieut. Chas. W. Alexander.

Mecklenburg Zouaves, Capt. N. C. Harry, 1st Lieut. W. H. Gray.

Company H, 35th Regiment N. C. T.

Fire Companies.

Rescue, Raleigh, 52 men.

Hook and Ladder, Raleigh, 40 men.

Newbern S. F. E., 63 men.

Palmetto, Columbia, 35 men.

Independent, Columbia, 30 men.

Phoenix H. & L., Columbia, 45 men.

Fairfield, Winnsboro, 74 men.

Stonewall, Chester, 55 men.

Rock Hill H. & L., 14 men.

Wilmington S. F. E., 48 men.

Wilmington H. & L., 55 men.

5th Ward Bucket Company, Wilmington, 50 men.

Greensboro S. F. E., 41 men.

R. E. Lee, Greenville, S. C., 60 men.

Tarboro H. & L., 30 men.

Independent H. & L., Charlotte, 40 men.

Hornet, Charlotte, 48 men.

Pioneer, Charlotte, 48 men.

Lodges, Societies, &c.

Following the Fire-boys came the Masonic Order: Royal Arch Chapter, Phalanx Lodge, Excelsior Lodge, and visiting brethren.

Mecklenburg Declaration Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Grangers, with Grand Lodge Officers; Cleaveland and Anson county delegations with handsome banners—the only two county banners in line.

Scotch Club.

Hesperian Lodge, I. O. G. Templars, and visiting brethren. The Wilmington boat, with crew of eight, holding uplifted oars, with flag and inscription.

Governors Brogden, Hendricks and Chamberlain in carriages.

Senators and Judges.

Mayor of Charlotte.

Orator and Reader.

Ex-Gov. Graham and other invited guests.

Then came the immense throng of visitors.

The Raleigh Light Infantry, Capt. Manly, was the Guard of Honor.

EXERCISES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The proceedings of the day were opened by Ex-Gov. Graham, the presiding officer, who announced that the Rev. A. W. Miller, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Charlotte, would invoke the Divine presence and blessing upon the further ceremonies.

Dr. Miller then offered a deeply reverential, impressive and appropriate prayer. The Raleigh Cornet Band after that played the "Old North State." Gov. Graham then said:

Fellow Citizens: We have met to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Seeing this great crowd here from North Carolina and other States, it is proper that I congratulate you upon the occasion, and upon the prosperity and wealth of our great country. Not only is the yeomanry of this section assembled here to-day to honor the memories of our illustrious forefathers, but we have in the audience Mr. Hendricks, the Governor of the great State of Indiana, (applause); the Governors of North and South Carolina, (applause); Judges and Congressmen; military and fire companies from different States, and it is my pleasant duty to extend a hearty welcome to all. With these remarks I beg to introduce to you Maj. Seaton Gales, of Raleigh, who will read to you the first original Declaration of Independence.

The Mecklenburg Declaration was next read by Maj. Seaton Gales, of Raleigh. He concluded with some brief remarks relative to the Resolves adopted on the 20th of May, as follows:

"The resolves I am to read in your hearing. Surely it is no idle imagination to fancy that the spirits of the rare old Mecklenburg patriots of 1775, are hovering about this auspicious scene; and catching inspiration from the invisible presence and the enobling thought, may we not all re-echo and renew the aspirations they breathed, a century ago, for the highest realization of *American Constitutional Freedom!*"

When the reading, the applause and the music had ceased, Gov. Graham introduced the orator of the day, a gentleman, he said, whose fame has extended throughout the State, whose learning and eloquence is well known from one end of it to the other. Gentlemen, I present to you the Hon. John Kerr, of Caswell county.

ORATION OF THE HON. JOHN KERR.

My Friends and Countrymen: It has been said, "that the glory of our ancestors is the light of their posterity." We recognize this truth on this occasion and this day made sacred by the heroic action of our fathers. We hail its centennial return, with hearts full of gratitude to the Great Disposer of events, for the gracious influences which led them to take the lead in the mighty movement from which such rich blessings have flowed to us and to the world.

We have come together now for the laudable purpose of consecrating anew the day, and *the place*, so dear to the votaries of civil liberty—the hundredth anniversary of *that day*, on which our fathers declared independence of the British Government—and *the place* where the first altar was erected, to which the champions of a distinct American nationality were invited to come and bring their offerings. I stand not here as the mere advocate of North Carolina. She has no cause now pending to need such service. Possessed in full proprietary right of the honor of having been the first of the thirteen colonies to declare Independence of British control, our beloved State disdains at this late day to put herself into court to recover what she already enjoys. Here she stands to-day on this august festival in the impressive fullness of her modest dignity, rejoicing in the honest fame of her sons, who

so brightly illustrated her annals, and she has come with a true mother's unfailing affection to aid in imparting additional force of perpetuity to their memories and to stretch forth her venerable hand to re-illuminate the fire they once kindled here, and to impart new impulses to the principles for which they lived and suffered, and for which many of them died in battle.

She meets here with gladness, and greets with a most cordial welcome, those from other States who have come up to rejoice with her sons on this great day, and whilst she claims for herself and her offspring the heritage which belongs to them, she has not one word to utter in derogation of the just claims of others, to share with her in the glorious traditions and historical records of the past. Such influences as actuated our North Carolina forefathers are of divine origin, and cannot be confined to very limited localities. The Spirit of God moves at times upon the nations as in the beginning He moved upon the face of the waters amid the deepest darkness of despotism and slavery. He has only to say, "Let there be light and there was light."

* * * * *

The operation of the love of liberty which animated our fathers at the era of 1776, was not confined to our State nor to our hemisphere. This love was handed down to us from our British ancestors, and wherever the descendants of the Puritans, the Cavaliers or the Scotch-Irish were to be found, there likewise was to be seen in its full efficacy this ennobling sentiment. * * * * * The spirit of liberty in a great or less force was at that time abroad in the whole civilized world; but our fathers were its leading champions *then*, as their descendants ought to be *now*.

Our *pioneer* ancestors had learned from the trial of British patriotism how oppressive power was to be resisted, and they taught that lesson to their children, and accordingly our *immediate progenitors* accepting the political maxims of the heroes of the Commonwealth and of the statesmen of the revolution of 1688 flew to arms to vindicate and maintain those maxims whenever this infringement occurred, whenever it was *even* threatened.

Long before a separation from the mother country was contemplated by any of the colonies, the Parliament of England infringed one of these maxims by seeking to tax us without our consent, and this act of threatened aggression called forth here in

North Carolina a prompt and indignant resistance. Our people on the Cape Fear, anterior to any such action in the colonies elsewhere, under the lead of Cornelius Harnett, John Ashe, Hugh Waddell, and others, threw a cargo of tea into the Cape Fear river, and refused to submit to the "Stamp Act," and compelled the officer who had been appointed to enforce it to leave his sanctuary in the Governor's palace and repair to the market place and there to pledge himself, under oath, to an assembled multitude, that he would forego the discharge of his official functions. Such was the pervading temper of the Colony, *even* while it remained in loyal allegiance to the Crown. The sentiment of loyalty was never so potential with our ancestors as the love of liberty, and when by any combination of circumstances these two great virtues of the true British subject came in conflict, *our* Fathers always subordinated the former to the latter. Loyalty was a virtue in their esteem only when it was rendered to agents of government who themselves respected liberty and encouraged its sway in the measures of government and in the hearts of the people. * * * * *

In March, 1774, the Boston Post Bill was adopted by Parliament, which interdicted all commercial intercourse with Boston and prohibited the landing and shipping of any goods at that place. This was a measure of Tyranny, and worked cruel oppression to the people of that city; but it secured them the generous sympathy of all true hearts in the colonies. When the news of its passage was received in Virginia, the House of Burgesses of that Province was in session, and in view of the measure they proclaimed a general fast, and the first day of June, 1774, was observed throughout the Old Dominion as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer to God, "that he would avert the evils that threatened our country, and especially that he would give them *one heart* and *one mind* as a people firmly to oppose, by all just means every injury to American rights." Our people of the Cape Fear, touched with a like feeling of sympathy with their oppressed brethren of Boston, chartered a vessel and sent them a ship load of provision, to meet their wants, in that their great extremity. * * *

If history is not merely what Sir Robert Walpole said he knew it was, "*a lie*," then North Carolina has the advantage of her rivals in the contest of pre-eminence.

After the distinguished orator had paid an eloquent tribute to his native State, Virginia, and to Massachusetts, he continued:

While North Carolina exulting in her maternal felicity, points with the complacency of Cornelia to her Caswell, her Johnston, her Nash, her Moores, her Brevard, her Harnett, her Howe, her Polks, her Davidsons, her Ashes, her Waddell, her Avery, her Alexanders and her Grahams, who, as she believes, in the great contest for our nationality, took the lead of the majestic world,

methinks that from the contributions of these three great States is formed a constellated centre of light sufficient to illumine and lead the population of the globe, to the full attainment of the rights, the enjoyments and the true dignity of noble manhood. Who can contemplate the illustrious characters I have named without feelings of indescribable satisfaction. Their light will sooner or later go out to all the earth, and before their superior brightness all other luminaries and leaders of nations, ancient and modern, will pale their ineffectual fires." When the lapse of ages shall have shed its hallowing influences upon them, they will be held in greater respect and reverence than Solon or Aristides, Epaminondas or Cato, or Cicero. Their principles are as immortal as the stars, nor is there any just cause to doubt their ultimate triumph and universal prevalence.

He next referred at length to more recent events—specially to the era of reconstruction. He then said :

In view of the approaching era of peace and good feeling, it behooves all patriots to restrain their resentments and to cultivate a wise, considerate and patient temper, discarding the suggestions of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness." Let us bury for ever the irritating recollections of the dead past "deep beneath that ocean, on whose wave the Halcyon rests her downy bosom in token of tranquillity and peace." When fraternity is thus restored, then indeed we may all look "with pride and pleasure upon the stars and stripes of our national Oriflamme," and say, in the words of the ode from which I have already quoted :

"Where breathes the foe but falls before us
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner waving o'er us."

Fellow-citizens, elevated by the inspirations of this day and this place, I seem to stand on an eminence which commands a view of centuries. From the mount of vision I look back and see the spirit of Liberty in the dark, deep forests of Saxony, many ages ago, when the Roman eagles were flying and screaming over the world. From thence I follow her to the sea-girt isle of Britain, and behold her influence as displayed in the institutions of Alfred. Retiring from view for centuries she re-appears with the Barons at Runnymede, and with the Puritans and Roundheads in the reign of Charles the First. After that, by the treachery of Monk, her friends are defeated and persecuted and forced to fly to the wilds of this new discovered hemisphere; following them in their flight in different localities upon this virgin soil, she sowed the seed which germinated and brought forth the institutions which our fathers bequeathed to us. Turning my face, I look down the long vista of the future, and now I behold her progress. She has been cruelly wounded in the house of her friends; but chastened by her sufferings she moves forward

among the nations, teaching as she goes (the lesson of self-restraint, the foundation of all true virtue) and imposing upon her true followers the restrictions of *law, fundamental, inviolable law*; warning them with an earnestness, inspired by her own bitter experience, to beware of the seductive charms of licentiousness and fanaticism, two spirits bearing some resemblance to herself but always found to be sooner or later in deadly hostility to her and her works. And now from this view I turn again to the contemplation of the history and the hopes of our loved Southern land. Peopled, for the most part, by the descendants of the noblest classes of the Old World, the inhabitants of the States once styled "Confederate," have ever been characterized by the highest qualities of man. Honor with them is a deified impersonation before which they devoutly bow; its

"Slightest always give them pause:
They forbear all side pretences
And resolutely keep its laws
Uncaring consequences."

Cultivated and refined, the Southern gentleman was in days of our prosperity a prince of generous hospitality. His home was the attractive resort of all who delighted in innocent and rational enjoyment of social life, and his entertainments were equally edifying to mind and body. In his adversity he is as conspicuous for his fortitude as he was for the graces which dignified and adorned him when surrounded with all the luxuries and refined indulgences which wealth affords. Our statesmen in times past were ever in the lead in our national councils. Our orators, from the days of the "forest-born," Demosthenes, have always borne away from all competitors the palm of true logic and soul-stirring eloquence. Our poets have sung strains as sweet as ever flowed from the fountains of Helicon or Parnassus. Our historians have written with the truthfulness and elegance of the best of that class of writers. Our professional walks are adorned with many men of learning and great social accomplishments. Our women are as pure, as intelligent, as patriotic and as beautiful as any that ever won the hearts and sweetened the homes of men. Our yeomanry are as true as ever stood in adamantine strength, the bulwark of their country.

In the past we have nothing to be ashamed of: we lost our liberties and with them our estates, but not by any fault of ours—situated as we were in the contest in which we were defeated,

It was not in mortals to command success,
We did more—deserved it.

* * * * *
(To be Continued.)

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT.

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NORTH CAROLINA NECROLOGY.

From April 10th to May 10th, 1875.

11th. Rev. S. W. Wescott, pastor of Baptist Church at Chapel Hill. 17th. David Parker, one of the wealthiest men in the State, aged 72, in Gates county. 23rd. Dr. W. H. McKee, one of the leading citizens of Raleigh, aged 60. 26th. Prof. S. J. Stevens, of Peace Institute, at Raleigh. His was a superior intellect, highly cultivated. May 5th. James T. Morehead, Sr., aged 76, at Greensboro. A prominent lawyer and worthy citizen.

RECORD OF EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

From April 10th to May 10th, 1875.

Great revivals of religion in Raleigh, nearly 300 persons converted. 16th. An injunction granted by Judge Bond against the North Carolina Railroad having possession of the Western North Carolina Railroad. 17th. Killing frost. 18th. Snow and bitter cold. 19th. Ice on the ponds in Granville. In Bertie county a calf with five legs and two tails has made his appearance. 20th. The Orange Presbytery met at Tarboro. 21st. The old Davis mansion, near Ridgeway, the first framed building ever erected in Warren county, burnt. 22nd. Snow fell at Oxford. May 1st. Violent storm passed over Concord doing considerable damage. 3rd. Election in Raleigh, Charlotte and other points were favorable to the Democrats. Col. William Johnson, elected Mayor of Charlotte. 5th. Jos. H. Separk elected Mayor of Raleigh.

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THE WORLD.

NECROLOGY—*From April 10th to May 10th, 1875.*

10th. Madame Ancelot, a distinguished literary celebrity of Paris, aged 84. 13th. Samuel R. Wells, the well known phrenologist, in New York, aged 55. 14th. General Shiras, Commissary General. 17th. Cardinal Cupalti, aged 64, at Rome, Italy. 23. John Harper, senior partner of Harper & Brothers, in New York, aged 79. 27. Winwood Reade, an English author of books of travels; Lord Hobert, Governor of Madras. 28. Edward Browning Stephens, the eminent English sculptor.

IMPORTANT EVENTS—*From April 10th to May 10th, 1875.*

10th. Paul Boynton, an American, crosses the British channel in an India rubber suit. 11th. Carlists defeated near Tolosa; great damage to Pennsylvania mines by flooding; Bishop Becker, of the Catholic church, confirms 396 persons in Washington city. 13th. Snow in Washington City. 14th. London Humane Society votes Paul Boynton a gold medal; a diplomatic conference upon the metrical system of weights and measures met in Paris. 16th. The compromise Resolutions in Louisiana, adopted by the Legislature; a scientific balloon excursion attained an altitude of 20,000 feet; two men died and one is very ill. 20th. Forty thousand people celebrate the Centennial of the skirmish at Concord, Mass. 24th. Crops greatly injured in Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois; steamboat accident at New Orleans, 34 persons killed. 27th. Cardinal McCloskey received the beretta in the presence of many thousands in New York. 28th. Judge Pierrepont succeeds Williams as Attorney General. 29th. Prince of Wales installed Grand Master of English United Grand Lodge of Masons. 30th. Very destructive fire at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. May 1st. Terrific Cyclone at Columbia, S. C., doing great damage and unroofing the fine State House; the Carlists achieve two victories, one in Barcelona, and the other in Arazon. They were very damaging. 6th. Southern Baptist Convention met in Charleston, S. C. 8th. Steamship Schiller wrecked off the Sicily Islands, and 300 lives lost; fifty-seven Cheyenne Indians tried and sentenced to Dry Tortugas; Spanish troops rebel in Cuba and General Piere killed, amnesty granted and peace restored.

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EDITORIAL.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS OF THE LAST CENSUS.

The future of the African in the United States is a question that interests the South as much as any that can be presented for its most deliberate consideration. We do not purpose to enter upon its discussion. It is one, however, that is worthy of the attention of our ablest thinkers and profoundest statesmen, as upon its solution depends so much of the welfare of the country. We desire merely to collate some figures that will afford information to our readers, and to put in a convenient form for reference certain data that may prove useful to those who may have occasion to discuss any of the many questions bearing upon the colored race. We think it will be apparent to all that it behooves the colored people to be on terms of perfect agreement and kindness with the whites, who have been the dominant race on this continent, and will continue to be the dominant race as long as governments last. The Anglo-Saxon will always rule. He is the master-spirit of civilization by reason of race, energy, will, enterprise, courage, ability and learning. It will be equally clear that in the course of a few decades at furthest, the political importance of the negro will have so depreciated in the South, that no great National party will consider him of sufficient importance to demand very serious attention, much less to sedulously "curry favor" with him.

In 1870, the population of the United States was 38,553,371. Of this number 4,880,009, were negroes. There were 7 whites and a fraction to 1 negro. In the Southern States there were 2.09 whites to 1 negro.

The increase of the white population in the U. S. from 1820 to 1830, was 34.02 per cent. on the previous census. The increase of the negroes during the same time was 31.44 per cent. The increase of the whites from 1830 to 1840, was 34.71 per cent. The increase of negroes was 22.32 per cent. The increase of whites from 1840 to 1850 was 37.73 per cent. Increase of negroes, 26.62.

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per cent. Increase of whites from 1850 to 1860, 37.69 per cent. Negro increase, 22.07 per cent.

This shows that the ratio of increase of the negro during the last decade mentioned is a little less than it was during the first decade stated. But this was not the case with the whites. There was an increase of 3.67 per cent upon the increase of the years 1820-'30.

When the war came on, as was to have been expected, there was a considerable diminution in the rate of increase among the whites. The last census shows that from 1860 to 1870, the rate of increase had fallen from 37.69 of the preceding decade to 24.16 per cent. It would be supposed that during that time, as the negroes were not much engaged in fighting, their rate of increase would be maintained, but this was not the fact. During those memorable ten years, in the slave-holding States, the increase of whites was 18.35 per cent against 7.44 per cent. of the negro.

But you may say, this difference is to be accounted for by the large number of negroes who escaped into the North during the war, and the immense deportation that followed the first few years after the war. Let us see if this supposition is well sustained. The total increase of negroes in the old non-Slaveholding States between 1860 and 1870, was 114,911. In the preceding decade—from 1850 to 1860—the increase had been 29,641. Now deduct this from 114,911, and it is seen that the *excess* of increase for the last ten years is in round numbers, 85,000. Add this to the increase of the negro in the South during the same time—322,268—and we have as the total increase in the South (supposing the negroes who removed had remained) 407,268, which shows a falling off of nearly *one-half*, as the negro increase from 1850 to 1860 was 774,376.

So we learn that during the ten years ending with 1870, there was a heavy decline in the *ratio of increase* among the African population. In other words, that during the last decade the whites in the Southern States, in spite of the very great losses of the war, actually increased 18.35 per cent on the preceding census, whilst during the same period the negroes who remained at home, but few of them comparatively entering the army, show an increase of but some 12 per cent. These figures are very suggestive. They are worthy of the attention of any humanitarian, and espe-

cially of every one who has friendly feelings for the former slaves.

What the census of 1880 will reveal we are not prophet enough to tell. But with the above figures before us, we may venture to suppose that the increase of the whites in the South during the decade ending with 1880, will equal the rate of increase from 1850 to 1860, which was 28.34 per cent. Can we expect the increase of the blacks to equal their increase during the same decade? We think not, and we doubt if it exceeds 14 per cent. or about half of the white increase. We might suppose too, that this ratio will obtain through this century, although, with the facts of the last census before us, we might be justified in expecting a much smaller increase than 14 per cent. for the negro race in the South. In 1890 there will probably be 4 whites in the South to 1 negro, and in the United States at least 15 whites to 1 negro. If this supposition is well taken, what becomes of the negro as an important political factor or element? He will have ceased to have any appreciable influence in a general election, and his power in nearly or all, of the Southern States will be no longer a controlling one. Indeed, the prospect is, that before 1885, he will not be specially regarded by any great National party as necessary to insure the triumph of its principles. With these figures before them, it would seem to be wise in the colored people to antagonize as little as possible with the white people of the South. If they expect to live in the same section of our country and be governed by the same laws, they should feel the necessity of having the best and most economical government possible. Their interests must be identical with those of the whites, and it will be the part of wisdom and prudence for them to cultivate harmony and peace with that race which has always ruled and will continue to rule America. We write this not in any sense in the spirit of a partisan, but because we would see the African prosperous and happy, and still more developed and elevated.

T. B. K.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

We propose to establish in our Magazine this department, if novel in our State, yet we trust it will prove useful and interesting to our patrons. It is an appropriate offering from "the Living to the Dead."

To some well meaning and practical persons this may seem a task of idle curiosity, and barren of any practical utility. It may seem to be tinged with family pride, and aristocracy, but this is error. We are the connecting link between the past and the present. The key we have of much information, varied, useful and interesting, if not used now may perish with us.

With all civilized nations, the character and service of their early founders, have always been the subject of the deepest research and unceasing interest. The Jews rejoiced that their people were the chosen of God; and the Romans that their Romulus was descended from their deities.

In England the study of genealogy is cultivated, for upon it, there, honors and estates are established, and extensive works are used on this subject in that country. In our country, where every one is the maker of his own fortunes, where all are born free and equal, few among us will ever boast that

"—————His blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,"

yet none, says Whitman, in a learned treatise on American Genealogy, even in America, are insensible to the feeling of pride, in an honorable and virtuous ancestry. Although all of us are comparatively *new men*, yet when, by exalted virtue, faithful, long and laborious public service, devoted patriotism or chivalric daring, a name has been achieved, which of right ought to be inscribed

"High on the dusty rolls which ages keep,"

their services and names should be recorded, for they act as a direct stimulus to those who may succeed, to emulate such illustrious examples. The record of the character of Washington for truth, for filial obedience, for patriotism, forbearance and virtue, has formed the character of many, and will continue to all time,

the same blissful influences, far more powerful than the statues that have been erected to his memory. Although these often have the same influence; for Livy records of the statues of the illustrious men in the capitol of Rome, that the youth of the nation, when gazing on them were vehemently excited. "It could not be," he adds, "that the cold marble had this wonderful effect. But it was the memory of their illustrious deeds (*rerum gestarum* of these patriotic men) that excited them to imitate the illustrious examples of exertion, virtue and patriotism."

One effect, practical and useful, will necessarily follow when the genealogy is carefully compiled, for by duty and lines acknowledged, established and settled, much litigation and obscurity will be avoided. Who has not seen in our courts, many cases where important interests are jeopardized and sacrificed for want of accurate and reliable facts as family relations? "A case," says a valued correspondent, "recently occurred in this county (Burke) showing how inaccurate and frail is our genealogical knowledge. An investigation was instituted with a view of establishing a descent which would lead to the securing of a large estate, through a party, whose name by parole evidence (aged and oblivious) and nativity had been mistaken; and it appeared that the party was born and had married in Ireland instead of Burke county as alleged. Had a correct genealogical table existed, and facts stated, without any motive for mistake or misrepresentation, important interests would have been secured."

The late Governor Swain, was curious in such matters, and had accumulated vast stores of information. But the key of this has died with him. Governor Clark, of Tarboro, lately deceased, had collected much valuable information as to his section. This is extant. Others in various sections of our State possess much that is now buried from the world. We propose to develop this mine of knowledge. It may be that our efforts will not be successful. *But we will try.* We have secured the services of a laborious, pains taking and enthusiastic associate, who will aid us, like patient Old Mortality in removing the lichen and moss now obscuring the graves of *the dead*, and give the *living* the benefit of our investigations. We propose to take up the subject in alphabetical order and will commence in our next number with the Ashe family. Any corrections will be gladly received, and communications respectfully solicited.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."]

MARGARET ROSSELYN.

BY MRS. CICERO W. HARRIS, of *Wilmington, N. C.*

CHAPTER XII.

A journey on the railroad is looked forward to as an undertaking of considerable importance in Williamsboro. During the civil war the railroad track nearest the village was torn up and the iron was sent to other tracks, over which the Confederate soldiers were more frequently transported to and from the principal belligerent centres. Therefore, a depot ten miles distant was the most convenient point at which the citizens of Williamsboro could derive any benefit from the great discoveries of Watts and Stephenson. The distance over the rocks and hills of Granville was considered more tiresome than hundreds of miles by rail.

When Mr. Rosselyn was ready to take his wife and daughter to visit their relative, Col. Arthur Trevane, in Washington, the lumbering family carriage, a strong baggage-wagon, and a colored driver for each vehicle, were brought into requisition. A more economical, and perhaps a more convenient arrangement would not have been considered the proper thing by any member of the Rosselyn household, from the respectable head to the humblest servant, who to this day retains a pride in the appearance and deportment of his "folks."

If a quizzical tourist or thrifty Yankee had seen their equipage from the railroad coach, as it drew up at the depot, they would

doubtless have exclaimed "What ante-bellum grandee is going to honor us with his company?" The morning for the party to commence the journey soon came. The old family servants assembled to bid them "good-bye" and as the waiting carriage and wagon stood at the gate, the two colored drivers sat, dressed up in blue cloth and brass buttons, perched on their high seats, with as much importance in their bearing, as if they were U. S. Ministers on their way to a foreign Court. Mrs. Rosselyn's face wore a trace of sadness at the thought of leaving her dear old home and returning without Margaret. Mr. Rosselyn was the same imperturbable old-school gentleman, giving his orders with an imperious wave of the hand and assisting his wife and daughter with unimpeachable courtesy and suavity. Margaret's cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright with pleasure. She had reveled in many a bright anticipation of what was to come. She would leave no special regrets behind her. Maxwell had called several times recently and she had found him very agreeable. She had intimated to Gilmer that he would do well to try to forget her, and to love one of the young ladies in the neighborhood. He had refused to listen to her, and re-iterated his intention to address her at the end of two years. But neither of the young men were considered worthy of a genuine sigh on this bright morning with its unusual bustle and excitement.

Mr. Rosselyn considered it his duty to entertain the ladies during the long carriage ride. He also thought it a fine opportunity to dilate on one of his favorite theories, "The degeneracy of this so-called progressive age." With a tinge of bitterness which is perhaps too common to old people who do not keep fully up with the times, he said that a trip to the capital would be painfully suggestive of the difference between modern and olden times. He grew excited over his subject, and considerably lessened Margaret's ardor when, from, his own standpoint, he described to her some of the men who attempted to fill positions once honored by the proudest sons of a Federal Union, when he noticed that her face wore a disappointed look and that Mrs. Rosselyn was preparing to re-assure her daughter, he said:

"But I am an old man, child. All may seem different to you. I admit there are some noble men in office in Washington, and you will meet many people who will please you. There will be

more to see and learn now than in former days, but, wife, you know there is no one who looms up grandly above his compeers, and gives those with whom he mingles, an exalted impression of man as man should be. I do not wish to discourage Margaret, for I know she will see many things which will please her, even more than she has imagined they would. My only hope is that Arthur will be independent enough to allow only her equals—and by that expression, I mean the staunch, honest, intelligent American—to become intimate at his house while our daughter is his guest.”

“Ah, husband,” answered Mrs. Rosselyn, smiling, “I am as anxious about Margaret as you are, but you forget that you have another hobby-horse which you often ride. You must remember, that I have heard you say many times that there is as much in the blood of people as there is in the blood of horses, and that a person of gentle blood will intuitively refuse to affiliate with those who are less favored. Therefore, you must not be so much afraid that a Rosselyn will do anything or countenance any persons, that will make her liable to our disapprobation. I am not sure you are right, love, but you must not go back on your words.”

“Yes, papa, I have heard you say the same thing over and over again,” chimed in Margaret laughing merrily at her parents’ discomfort. “I think I will be able to discriminate. But you must let me tell you just here that if I was ever foolish enough to imagine a genuine hero, he was a self made man. I have more respect for one than I have for any other type of humanity.”

“Well, well; so do I admire them,” said Mr. Rosselyn. “You and mother must not pin me down so closely to the literal meaning of my words. I can see and appreciate a fragrant flower if it springs up from a bed of tangled weeds, as much as if it bloomed in the midst of a brilliant parterre of kindred flowers. But that is not the point. Both of you misunderstand me. It is not the sturdy plebeian, if such a term is admissable in our Republic, against whom I warn you in Washington society. It is the gold-washed thief and political demagogue.”

“Very well, papa, I will remember what you say.”

The sound of the whistle of the locomotive followed this assurance, and the horses were made to increase their speed. The

depot was reached in due time. Mr. and Mrs. Rosselyn met old acquaintances on the train and the journey proved to be a very pleasant one. Col. Trevane met them on the steamer and was a valued addition to the party. He was delighted with the appearance of his pretty, intelligent niece, whom he had not seen for several years. When they arrived at the capital an elegant phaeton awaited them. They were, in a short time, received at Col. Trevane's mansion by a strange looking white-haired lady who was introduced to them as "Mrs. Meredith."

"Who is Mrs. Meredith, Arthur?" asked Mrs. Rosselyn of Col. Trevane as he escorted her up stairs to the door of her room. "I thought Mrs. Buxton was your housekeeper."

"Did I not write you, sister, that Mrs. Buxton was dead and that I had secured the services of Mrs. Meredith? She more than supplies Mrs. Buxton's place. She is the widow of a Confederate Colonel. She lost everything by the result of the war. Some time ago I advertised for a house-keeper. Mrs. Meredith answered the advertisement, with many others, but she brought, among other very high recommendations, a letter from Mrs. Isabella Maxwell, a personal friend of mine. Mrs. Maxwell gave me the particulars of her husband, Col. Meredith's, death and of the loss of her property. Mrs. Meredith was duly installed and I find she is a perfect lady. I treat her more as if she were my second mother. You must be kind to her. You doubtless observed that I did not allow her to come up with you. She is delicate, and besides I wanted to wait on my only sister, and also get an opportunity to tell her how much I like Margaret."

"Thank you, brother. Is Mrs. Meredith alone in the world? Has she no near relatives?" asked Mrs. Rosselyn.

"I suppose she has distant relatives. I believe she had one daughter who has been dead a number of years. The poor woman is very sensitive about her 'past, happy life,' as she phrases it and cannot endure being questioned. I broached the subject to her once, and then it was accidental. I was late at breakfast one morning and when I entered the breakfast room I found Mrs. Meredith so much interested in the 'Maid of Astolat' that she did not notice my entrance. I remarked that she admired Tennyson more than I did, if he could keep her from her morning meal. Strange to say, she colored vividly and remarked that there was

such a charm in the name Elaine that she never grew tired of seeing it. She also told me that her only daughter had been named Lillian Elaine after herself and the heroine whose sad life she had just read. She quietly intimated that she did not like to refer to the matter. She nor I have ever spoken of it since. I suppose the woman's heart is almost broken."

"I shall certainly consider it my duty to treat her with marked consideration, brother. Go and send my husband up with my viniagrette, for I am fatigued; and tell Margaret to be careful of Mrs. Meredith's feelings. I will be rested in a short while, and will rejoin you before tea-time."

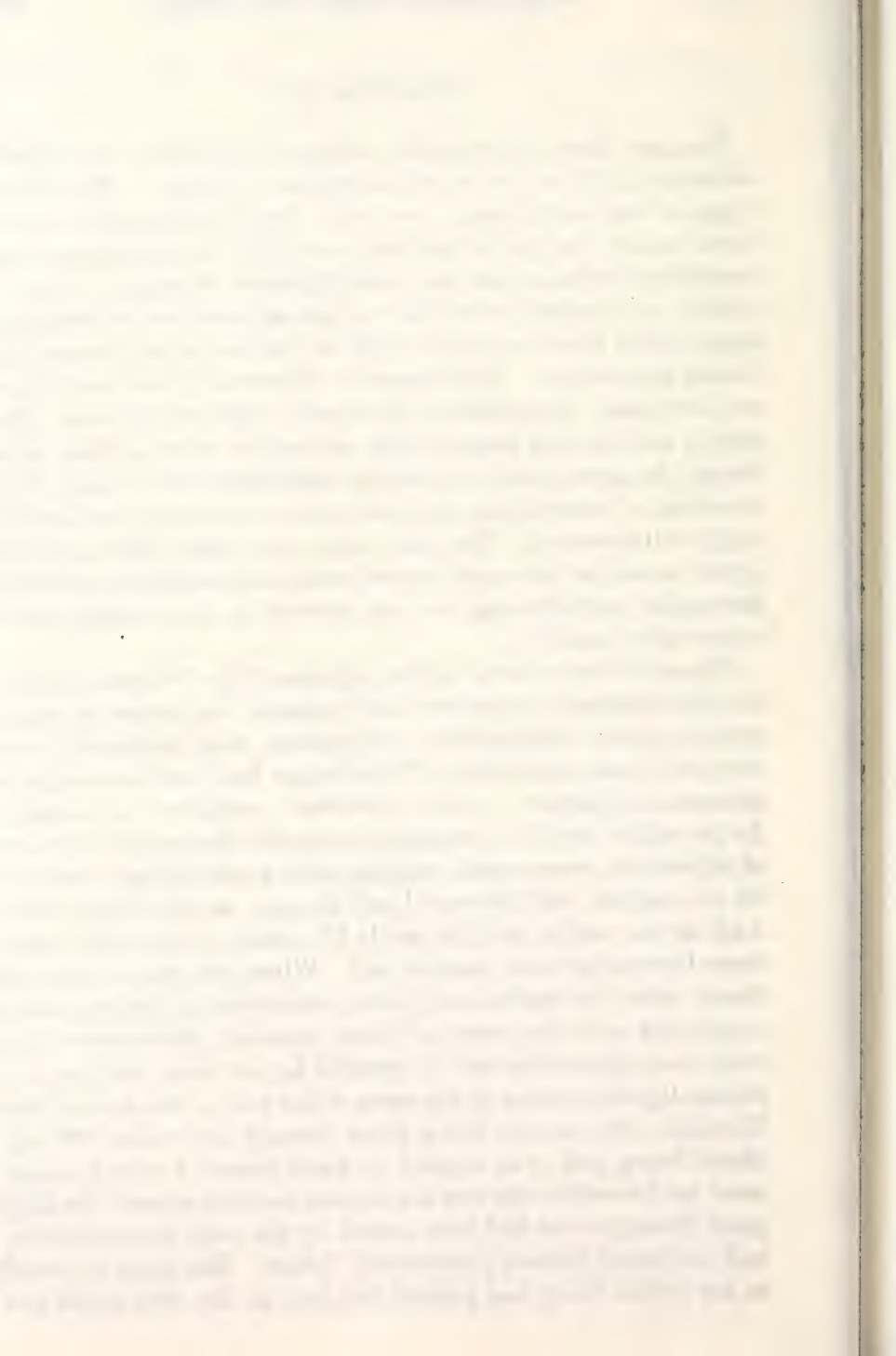
When the reunited family group left the brilliant parlors, the pale, white-haired woman muttered "It will kill me to stay here and see their happiness. My beautiful Elaine was about her age and was even more fair than she. I thought I would live with, and see only an old bachelor and his bachelor friends. Ah! Isabella Maxwell, you seem destined to play me false forever!" She paused a moment and then said slowly and sadly—"But poverty has its relentless hand on me and I must see the gay and the beautiful throng these rooms, and at the same time I must remember that I am a housekeeper, a little better than a menial! However, Colonel Trevane is a gentleman, and treats me with as much consideration as if he had known the Mrs. Col. Meredith of ten years ago."

It would have been a hard-hearted man or woman who could have treated the slight, frail woman with disrespect. There was a nameless something about Mrs. Meredith which caused every one who approached her to feel instinctively that she was an object for their friendly sympathy. Although her head was crowned with a braid of silver-white hair, her smooth face and erect figure showed that age had not wrought the change. Her dress was deep mourning, unrelieved by lace or ruffle, and her only ornament was a brooch with a red gold rim, enclosing two locks of hair, one grey and the other light brown, deftly braided together. Her hands were white and very small; her eyes were large and oval-shaped, but they had a peculiar expression, an unsatisfied, weary look, which can be more easily felt than described. Its effect is perhaps similar to that which the gaze of a quiet, harmless madman produces when he looks steadily at some one whom he knew and loved before his reason was dethroned.

CHAPTER XIII.

Margaret Rosselyn gradually changed from a fresh, open-hearted country girl, to a calm refined woman of society. The merry ripple of her hearty laugh was toned down to the quiet conventional smile; her eyes which had once filled with a sympathetic tearful mist when a new and beautiful strain of music, a burst of oratory or a pathetic story fell on her ear, now looked genteelly appreciative when harmonies, such as she had never dreamed of, floated around her. She listened to eloquence from manly lips, and her steady eyes watched the speaker without emotion. She saw in real life that hearts which scorned to utter a moan or to betray the agony which was slowly torturing them to death, were breaking all around her, and she moved on among them, seemingly oblivious to it. She also knew that there were gay and joyful as well as brave and earnest men and women in the mighty throng she met whirling on and onward in the surging maelstrom called society.

When Winter ushered in the gayeties of the National Capital, her first Summer's experience had prepared her to meet on equal ground, cynics, diplomatists, intriguantes, wits, fashionable women, and even rival belles. This change had not been entirely pleasant to Margaret. It was, however, considered a necessity. As the soldier needs his weapons, so she felt she needed these arts of self-control, reserve and constant acute watchfulness to arm her for the conflict with the world and the age, as she found them. And, as the warrior may lay aside his armor, so could she sometimes become her own natural self. When she met a congenial friend, when she read to her Uncle Arthur during the long afternoons, and paid him some of those womanly attentions which every man appreciates and is grateful for, or when her thoughtfulness lightened some of the cares of the pale, white-haired Mrs. Meredith—who moved like a ghost through her uncles well-regulated house, and who seemed to have formed a strong attachment for her—then she was the sincere, natural woman, the Margaret Rosselyn who had been reared by the pure tender mother, and the proud, honest, gentlemanly father. But when she stood as her girlish fancy had painted her, and as her own words had



described herself to Gilmer, "under blazing chandeliers, robed in heavy silks and filmy laces," the halo of many a triumph had lighted up her beautiful face with an unwonted animation, and she seemed a worthy member of a seemingly thoughtless multitude.

Matrons and their daughters had admitted she was "good looking," men had pronounced her "peerless," and her young lady friends who did not aspire to belleship, thought her "exquisite." A goodly number, during the summer, had made her understand that they intended to offer themselves to her. Some of this number were doubtless influenced by the social position of the young woman, others perhaps, had heard that her dower would not be an insignificant one, while the greater part admired and would have loved her because she was a handsome, stately, fascinating woman. Even in republican America, a woman with the bearing of a queen has peculiar attractions to the native aspirant to official position. For, in the breast of the average American youth lurks a fondness for one of the many "gifts of the people" and few ever pass the age of twenty-one without dreaming "may some day be President." And if this specimen of adolescent American will analyze his feelings before "Love's Young Dream" makes a veritable Juno-face out of such material as small, light blue eyes, brown hair, a turned up nose and a sallow complexion, he will find that—*anterior to meeting his fate*—he pictured his sweetheart to be a woman stately as a Vandyke portrait, with features regular as Grecian Hero's, and with a figure graceful as the curve of a fuchia's stem. He may never meet his ideal, but he dreams of her a long time in spite of the hurry, the bustle and the excitement of his every day life. It is perhaps fortunate for both men and women that the ceaseless rush of existence causes them to live and die in partial ignorance of how much difference there is between this dream and the reality.

Presidential levees, receptions and private parties engrossed good share of Margaret's time. Before the winter was half gone Col. Trevane determined to have an entertainment at his own house. Delicate Mrs. Meredith almost forgot her habitual gloom in attending to the preparations. She even insisted on being present while Margaret's maid dressed her for the evening. Mar-

garet had not forgotten her Granville friends. She had ordered invitations to be sent to several of her old acquaintances. She did not expect any of them to attend, but she knew it would be gratifying to them to know that she remembered them. On the evening of the reception, Margaret sat before the mirror while Mrs. Meredith and the French maid arranged her jewels and flowers. There was a flush on the girl's cheek and a brighter light in her eyes as she noted the effect of the Luxemburg rose-buds as they nestled in the rich laces of her white moire-antique silk dress. Her grandmother's flashing jacinth necklace was around her neck and a coronet of the same precious stones, which had been brought from England a century ago, encircled her head. But the beautiful face reflected in the opposite mirror did not cause the happy smile, or give her cheek its unusual glow. She was wearing, for the first time, a suitor's colors. That afternoon the buds of the Luxemburg rose, which she loved because it bloomed in such rare luxuriance in her native Carolina, had been sent her by a young member from the West, Hon Ralph Craige, with a request that she should wear them. She had refused many similar requests, but she intended to grant this one.

Ralph Craige's father had left North Carolina many years ago and had settled in another State. Col. Trevane had known his parents, and when Mr. Craige came to Washington as a member of the House of Representatives, he found Col. Trevane waiting to receive him as a friend. He soon became intimate at Col. Trevane's house. Having met Margaret while attending to some legal business at the north during the summer, and being favorably impressed with her, his visits became more frequent than they had been the preceding winter. He had determined to ask her to be his wife, and if she would wear his roses at her reception, he thought he might augur success to his suit.

Report had said that Ralph's mother had been the cause of Col. Trevane's bachelorhood, but Ralph nor Margaret had ever heard one word of the old romance. Ralph had at first received the courtesies tendered him by the elderly gentlemen because they were the sons of the same soil, and thought alike on the generality of subjects. Margaret liked Ralph better than any of her acquaintances. She had neglected "poor Gilmer" even in her thoughts, and often when she had been present dur-

ing the session of the House, and had watched Ralph Craige, the thought "He would please dear papa" intruded itself. Although she had sufficient evidence that he loved her, she feared it was unmaidenly to anticipate an offer which she knew she would soon receive.

As she sat, forgetful of the fair face in the mirror, forgetful of the fact that the moments were flying and that her uncle was waiting for her in the library, forgetful of every thing except the new indefinite and intoxicating emotions which mastered her, a note was brought into the room to her. She opened and read it rapidly. In a moment she exclaimed :

"Dear Mrs. Meredith, an old friend from Granville has really come to my reception. He will be here soon. He brings messages and tokens from home, I must hasten. Uncle Arthur does not know him, I expect, and I am so anxious to meet him. Am I not ready to go down?" She flashed another glance at the mirror to see if her toilette was complete.

"Yes, my dear, I put on the finishing touch a few minutes ago and you were so abstracted you did not know it. Was it the odor of the fragrant buds that made the queen of the festival forget herself?" asked Mrs. Meredith, with a smile, as she arranged the folds of Margaret's train.

"Was I really so absent-minded? Pardon me. I am very grateful to you, for I see you have displayed excellent taste. I suit myself better than ever before. Good night." And the royal beauty bent her head and touched her lips to the widowed woman's cheek. As she swept out of the room she said aloud, "Edmund Maxwell will not at first recognize me, and when he does, he will see that the gay world has not made me a broken-hearted misanthrope!"

Her maid followed her down the stair-case, carrying her train.

Mrs. Meredith, being left alone, sank trembling into the chair Margaret had just vacated, and muttered through her purple lips, "Edmund Maxwell here! And he dares to approach Margaret Rosselyn! Ah, I will foil him there."

The woman glided from the chair, and crouching down on a cushioned ottoman near by, buried her head in her hands. Now and then her form shook as if a shudder passed over her, but not a sob broke from her closed lips. A mute picture of human woe

she sat there during the hours of the night. The music for the dancers floated up from the flower-laden rooms, and the gay tones of the revellers may have reached her ear, but the motionless figure seemed to disregard everything.

Margaret was surprised to see that Edmund Maxwell found many acquaintances and friends among the people present at her reception. He seemed to be as much changed as she did. There was scarcely a trace of the melancholy owner of Hardington. She had danced with him, and had smiled as he paid her well-timed, delicate compliments. But she did not for a moment forget that Ralph Craige's eyes followed her everywhere. She had not looked at him so as to meet his eyes, during the entire evening. She had felt a brighter color come into her face, when, as she opened the dance with him as her partner, he had bent over her and said, "Will you go into the library with me before the evening is over and let me thank you for wearing my roses?"

She nodded assent, as she floated from him to mingle in the mazes of the dance. When, later in the evening, she took Ralph Craige's arm and left the parlors with a throng of promenaders, Maxwell was standing in a group of ladies and heard one of them say, "There goes an engaged pair." He looked after them until he saw them leave the rest of the company and disappear. He alone noticed their long absence from the rooms; and when they returned, he knew from the expression on the countenances of both that they were betrothed. He sighed when the knowledge of the fact came intuitively to him, for until that moment he had not realized that he had come to Washington lured on by a hope that he might put the past behind him and commence the future with Margaret Rosselyn for *his* wife! After a second thought he was honorable enough to see that Margaret's life would be happier if blessed with the love of the pure and noble man who had wooed and won her that night, than if she had consented to share his shadowed life. But when he asked himself, "Would she have listened to me if she had known what that shadow was" he forgot where he was, and the poor woman in the rooms above was not the only one in the splendid mansion whom a memory tortured.

As the hours of the fete wear on Margaret, although she joins again in the festivities, hears over and over the words of strong,

earnest burning love, which were poured into her ear in the dim library, and she feels more forcibly than before, the ardent tender eyes which seem ever present.

The hours of the fete wear on, and Edmund Maxwell throws off his transient sadness, and, regardless of the awful By-Gone, plays the cavalier to many a fair demoiselle. He even dares to intimate to Margaret that Gilmer's love seems now a hopeless one, when one glance from her eye shows him that he can go no further, and unconsciously she makes him remember that he had never been on terms of familiar friendship with her.

The hours of the fete are nearly over, and the pale woman upstairs in the disordered dressing room has determined to tell a story of a fallen sister, and a heartless man, to Ralph Craige's promised bride. As the sands of the last hour of the fete run out, Happiness and Woe are re-enacting, simultaneously, the scenes in which these twin handmaidens of Human Life play an equal part.

CHAPTER XIV.

The fete is over. The darkest hour which precedes the dawn has cast its gloom over the Trevane Mansion, in spite of the flaring gas jets. The odor of the drooping flowers is oppressive, and as the last carriage rolls away Margaret hastens to her room, radiant still, and seemingly not fatigued. As she enters she sees the couchant figure and speaks, "Dear Mrs. Meredith, what is the matter? Are you ill? I have been gone several hours. The entertainment is over, and have you been waiting here for me?"

"Has he left?" asks the woman addressed rising and straightening herself. "Has that man who would dare to woo Margaret Rosselyn gone, and given me at last an opportunity to speak?"

The woman's tones were cold, measured and calm, but Margaret was so happy she did not notice anything peculiar in her words. Margaret therefore replied with a vivid blush:

"Oh, Mrs. Meredith, what do you know about it? It only happened to-night. He is gone, but he will come again to-morrow evening to put the betrothal ring on my finger. But how did

you know of it?" As Margaret asked the question, she takes the Luxemburg buds from her dress and places them in a vase on her dressing table.

"And you are his betrothed bride! Would that I had spoken sooner. But," continued Mrs. Meredith, with a mocking kind of laugh, "it matters little; sooner or later your time to suffer would come and why should I forget, even for a moment, to take all life's ills unmoved? Be seated, Margaret, and listen to me. Of course you will not marry him."

The pale woman stands behind a chair waiting for Margaret to obey her. Margaret's blushes leave her glowing face, but she does not move. Standing and toying with one of the fragrant rosebuds she asks: "Madam explain yourself. I do not understand you. But know that if you would bring me evil reports of my betrothed husband I shall *not* listen. And moreover, if an angel said that Ralph Craige was unworthy of any woman's love I would not believe it."

Margaret's eyes shine with indignation as she speaks, and for the first time her proud lip curves scornfully as she looks down upon the slight woman. Mrs. Meredith does not notice the change in her manner but approaches her and throws one arm around her waist. She says quietly: "Thank God, I was mistaken. My hate drove me mad, and I forgot Ralph Craige was your suitor, and not Edmund Maxwell. Forgive me child. I have learned to love you or I would not have suffered so. But I will tell you, Margaret, why I hate him—hate Edmund Maxwell as bitterly as demons hate. I would not disturb your dreams of love to-night, but I must warn you of Edmund Maxwell, for I believe he would endeavor to snatch you from Ralph Craige's arms if he could."

"You surprise me, Mrs. Meredith. But he would be powerless to make me false to Mr. Craige for one moment. I will hear your story if you wish it, because I may help you in some way; or I may enable Mr. Maxwell to explain himself to you, but as to hearing of his villainy to make me untrue to one to whom I have given my heart, I have no such intention. My only thought of self in the matter will be one of thankfulness that I have, henceforth, a true, brave heart to lean upon, and am, consequently, free

from dangerous men and women. Come madam and say what you wish."

As Margaret spoke she took the woman's cold hand in hers, led her to the grate and made her sit in an easy chair. Margaret seated herself near by and retained Mrs. Meredith's icy hand in her own soft warm hand.

Mrs. Meredith says: "Years ago I was the mother of a daughter who was, at the time my recital commences, about your age. Her name was Lillian Elaine. It was a fanciful name, but when she was a baby my husband insisted on Lillian because that is my name, and I wanted Elaine because I admired the poet laureate and because the fair delicate face of my daughter reminded me of the maid of Astolat. I am of English birth and consequently the name had a double claim on me. When the civil war between the North and South commenced my husband joined the Confederate army. He was a Virginian, and regardless of my foreign birth, I determined that his country and his cause should be mine. I worked for our gallant soldiers night and day. I wrote and encouraged my husband, who was soon promoted to Colonel, to do his full duty. We had a pleasant home in a Virginia town. I call no names because I will never let my old friends find any trace of me, if I can prevent it. Elaine was my sole care during my husband's absence. I thought of and cared only for my child and the cause for which my husband fought. As to my affection for my husband, from the time I became as you are to-night, a promised bride, I idolized him. I never thought of him apart from myself, and even now the only surcease from woe is when I can imagine he is near me and watching over me. One terrible night during the war, we heard that the Confederate forces had sustained a heavy defeat and that it was probable the Northern army would advance on our town. My husband had told me, while at home on his last furlough, that if the danger we now apprehended should really threaten us, I must remain quietly at home, and appeal to the better class of the officers of the Federal army. He also assured me that I could preserve our home and lands if I followed his advice. Towards the close of the struggle he saw how it would end, and, in case of his death he did not wish to have me left penniless. When the Northern army came, I was at home. I had not kept Elaine

with me, however. I sent her away to find a refuge with a friend, Mrs. Isabella Maxwell, who owned a country seat in an inaccessible portion of North Carolina. Isabella had begged me to permit Elaine to accompany her, and when she painted to me some of the dangers of an invading army I consented. Luckily, several officers, who were, evidently, gentlemen, rode up to my door. I met them and told them I was the only occupant of the house. You would not believe it, Margaret, but I was then prepossessing in appearance, and had no such feeling as fear. The officers were evidently pleased and asked my permission to make the house their head-quarters. I cheerfully granted the request, because I knew if I did not do so others would come and take possession by force. I exerted myself to do all in my power for them, but of course refused to do anything which would injure the side for which my noble husband was then fighting. You cannot imagine anything more trying than my position was. My only protectors were an old and faithful servant and my pistol. I would have died with fright but for the thought that I was carrying out Col. Meredith's wishes. One morning when I was waiting for my guests in the breakfast room, I saw in a Confederate newspaper which one of the Federal officers had left on my work table, purposely I presume, an account of a terrible battle, in which Col. Wm. Meredith had been mortally wounded. One year had then elapsed since I had seen husband or child. I had thought I was incapable of suffering more intensely. I have told you that the Northern officers whom I entertained were gentlemen. In that trying hour I found it true. They did not intrude during that awful day, but placed a guard around my premises to guard me from intrusion and insult. Late that evening they returned and one of them wrote me a note asking if they could be of any service to me. All through that day, Margaret, I had not wept, I had not moved, I had not spoken. My good servant had picked up the paper which had fallen from my nerveless hands, and read the sad news. She had remained at my feet on the floor moaning piteously all day, until she heard the officers ring the door bell. When the note was handed me I asked an audience with the officers. They were ready to receive me, and when I entered the parlor I saw them shudder. I found that my hair had turned perfectly white. It had been black as night

before. What I told the gentlemen I cannot remember now. I only know that they promised me that I should see my husband. They really managed to get me to Richmond. I arrived in time to have Col. Meredith properly buried. My next thought was to find Elaine. After diligent enquiry I learned the name of Isabella Maxwell's country seat. I hastened to Hardington and found no one at home. I have not told you that Edmund and Elaine had been engaged for several months prior to her leaving home. I concluded at once that something must be the matter with Edmund, and Isabella had taken Elaine with her to his camp. I returned to Richmond immediately. I made every effort to find Mrs. Maxwell and Elaine. Every thing was in such confusion I could get no one to assist me. The cause of the Confederacy at last was lost. In the midst of war, carnage and bloodshed, I remained in Richmond, trying to find Mrs. Maxwell, Elaine or Edmund. Finally I returned home, believing that letters would be written me and I would thus find out where my Elaine was. And, Margaret I found the letters awaiting me. Isabella and her son had both written—and they told me Elaine, too, was dead. Edmund's letter was expressive of very great sorrow. Isabella's was simply a note of condolence. Neither gave me the particulars of her death or stated her disease. If my brain had not been on fire I would have left that night to find Mrs. Maxwell and know all about my darling. She had left no message for her mother, and had said nothing from which I could tell how she had spent the year away from me. Elaine's was a sweet confiding nature and, during her life, she had never left my side before. I felt instantly that there was something wrong. But brain fever seized me, and when I awoke to consciousness Isabella was at my bedside. When I was able to bear it she pretended to tell me what I was crazed to know. She satisfied me then. Afterwards, I learned that since Elaine's death Edmund had not left Hardington or seen his mother. I employed an agent to go to the neighborhood of Hardington and see if he could find out anything about Elaine's life while she was there. He could learn nothing definite, but I became convinced that Edmund had been false to Elaine and she had perhaps died of a broken heart. I went to Isabella and implored her to tell all. She refused to say more than she had already said. I sold

everything I had and employed detectives to follow Isabella's wanderings; but even they could get at nothing definite. The result of their investigations was that there was a mystery connected with Mrs. Maxwell's movements. I felt convinced that if Elaine was really dead she had died a miserable death. I believe a mother's intuitions in regard to her offspring are as true as Holy Writ, and sometimes, Margaret"—as she spoke her eyes dilated and glared upon the face of her listener, and her voice, which had all along been smooth, clear and firm, rose to a shrill high pitch—"I have felt, I have dreamed that Elaine lived and was wretched!"

The sentence closed with a shriek.

Margaret had wept during the recital. Now she saw the necessity of being calm. She said as she stroked the woman's trembling hand, "No dear Madam, I expect your Elaine is really dead. Hardington is near my home. When I was a very little girl I remember the burial of a lady whose initials were L. E. M., and she sleeps in St. John's Church-yard. Edmund Maxwell was interested in the lady. I have friends who can tell you more about it. But oh, madam,"—it was now Margaret's time to turn pale and shudder—"I believe the box was too large for a woman, for I heard Mr. Barham say so. Maybe you are right! Maybe Elaine is living! If she is who would know it?"

"Who is Mr. Barham?" asked the widow, clenching Margaret's hand.

"He lives opposite St. John's, and does not like Mr. Maxwell. But he does not know anything about it. He is always trying to find out. Where is Mrs. Maxwell? She surely knows more than any one else. Edmund Maxwell has been very much affected by it, for he has been a recluse ever since. He, at least, mourns Elaine as dead. I know that much."

"Hush, hush, Margaret; I seem to see it all. I know Isabella. She is a strange woman. Promise me that you will let me see Maxwell when he calls on you to-morrow. And you must refuse him an interview."

"Indeed, madam, you shall see him. The only company I intend receiving to-morrow is Mr. Craige, and I will see him in the library. When Mr. Maxwell comes I will send for you to meet him in the parlors. May the interview throw some light on the sad subject."

"Thank you, thank you, Margaret ; I have kept you up a long time, and I am grateful to you for the interest you have shown in me. Forget my mournful story and go to sleep. I will leave you to dream of brighter things than my chequered life. Good night."

"Good night, dear Mrs. Meredith, and remember if you should desire to visit Mrs. Maxwell, after your interview with Mr. Maxwell, I will keep house for Uncle Arthur, and place my purse at your disposal."

The widow's fervent thanks, the sorrowful story, and the earnest, tender words of a bethrothed lover make a strange medley in the girl's dreams that night.

(To be Continued.)

[Written for "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."

A SUNSET.

BY ELEANOR M. JONES.

The sun in his glory was sinking to rest,
Behind the gray clouds in the far distant west.
He had bathed in his rays the broad heaven of blue,
And tinged it with colors of every bright hue.

He had touched the green leaves and turned them to gold,
And flung o'er the mountains a bright crimson fold,
He had kissed the small brook and left on its face,
Of his recent caress a very slight trace.

He had wandered o'er fields and his footsteps were seen,
Of yellow and red on their surface so green,
He had lavished his smiles on the flowers most fair,
And left them in beauty his colors to wear.

He had roamed o'er meadows, o'er valley's and plains,
And left on their carpets his dark yellow stains.
He had entered the mansions of beauty and gain,
And peeped in the hovels of sorrow and pain.

He had turned the white strands on the aged man's brow,
Into bright golden locks such as beauty wears now.

He had smoothed with his touch the deep wrinkles which age
Had lain on the cheeks of the fool and the sage.

He had lingered with love at the homes of the dead,
And warmed with his rays each cold, narrow bed.
He had left a bright beam on the newly raised sod,
Which showed that another had gone to his God.

His mission was finished—his tasks were all done,
The daylight was ebbing—his journey was run.
So behind the grey clouds he sank gently to rest,
As he kindled with glory the beautiful west.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 17th, '75.

CHARLES-AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

BY THEODORE BRYANT KINGSBURY.

IN TWO NUMBERS—I.

We have never taken very kindly to French literature. The excessive brilliancy, the teeming wit, the perpetual coruscation of most French writers, have rather perplexed than pleased us. It has appeared to us that the great mass of highly gifted Frenchmen were more bent on dazzling surprises, witty epigrams, pointed sayings, ingenious solecisms, startling paradoxes and flashing, dashing, glittering periods, culminating in a grand rhetorical flourish—a sort of literary pyrotechnics, than on the statement of important truths, the presentation of calm, impressive thought, or the production of a style at once pure and rich, graceful and sonorous, lucid and weighty—

“Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull :
Strong without rage, without overflowing full.”*

We would not have the reader suppose that our antipathies have been so inveterate as to drive us from the study of French literature altogether. We are glad that we have become some-

*Lines in Denham's “Cooper's Hill.” They are in invocation to the river Thames.

what acquainted with many French authors of marked genius, eloquence and originality. One of them, Blaise Pascal, ranks deservedly with the world's great intellectual forces. We wish only to intimate by what we are saying, that our taste has been formed from the constant reading of the great English masters, and that there is such a marked contrast in the literatures of the two countries, France and England, both in prose and poetry, we have only now and then turned to the literature of the former for intellectual instruction and refreshment. In this we may have been a great loser. The exalted morality, the lofty purity, the justness of thought, the propriety of diction, the freedom from affectation and straining after mere effect, the noble eloquence, manly vigor and perspicacity of the great English writers, have been to us for more than twenty years the highest attraction and the most delightful solacement. With gentle and lovable "Elia," we have "loved to lose ourself in other men's minds," and generally in the minds of the English speaking race. So much of French literature is so false to the purest art—is so saturated with an insidious or open infidelity; is so much debased in moral tone, and so feverish with an unnatural excitement, that we needs must tread very gingerly when we walk among the alcoves of its great libraries. Says Willmott, in warning against the bad company you are sure to meet with if you become a discursive reader and have no judicious guide: "A shelter from the tempest is dearly bought in the house of a plague. Ten minutes with a French novel or a German rationalist have sent a reader away with a fever for life."

We had thought of all we have written before we sat down to prepare a critical paper upon a distinguished French author. The question occurred to us, "Why do we select a Frenchman for discussion when there are so many able English writers who offer such an entertaining field, and who invite a stroll through those lofty galleries of thought which were builded by their own great genius?" We have a two-fold purpose in view. The one, is to give as much variety as we are able to give to these pages; the other, is we desire that the reader, if not already acquainted, should be introduced to a writer who deserves to be widely known among all readers who love those great books that are richly freighted with truth and beauty.

The most splendid genius whose productions throw a halo around French letters in the nineteenth century, departed this life in the city of Paris, on October 14th, 1869. We believe that when CHARLES-AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE slept with his fathers, France, so fertile in men of genius, lost her most artistic, acute and versatile writer. He was a many-sided man doubtless. Poet, historian, novelist and critic, SAINTE-BEUVE surpassed all his contemporaries, if not in the number of his works, or in the breadth, elaborateness and profundity of his historical compositions, or in the striking character-delineations and sustained vigor of his fictions, at least in the brilliancy, beauty and perfection of his writings. He was essentially a great artist, and to him with much appositeness might be applied the fine line in Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith,

"He touch'd nothing which he did not adorn."

When an Edinburgh Reviewer hesitates before the difficulties that lie in the way of a critical analysis of SAINTE-BEUVE's mental characteristics and of the works his remarkably fecund and subtle brain produced, a writer far less gifted may enter upon such an attempt with unaffected solicitude and hesitancy.* But the task we have before us is fortunately far less ambitious than that of the writer referred to. Our purpose is to bring SAINTE-BEUVE before the reader, not by patient analysis or vivid portraiture, but by briefly tracing some of the incidents of his life, and by an imperfect exhibition of some of the lineaments of his intellectual man. A mere glance at this great writer, and not an exhaustive *critique* is our object. However brief the sketch of his life, or unsatisfactory to our own judgment and taste, or to the judgment and taste of our readers may be our reflections upon his genius and works, we hope what we may say may not be altogether unacceptable.

SAINTE-BEUVE was born on 23d of December 1804, at Boulogne-surmer, in France. His father died two months before his birth. He was a man of culture and taste, and left a choice library to his son, who was not to have the benefit of his parental counsel and care. Many of the books in this congenial legacy con-

*See Edinburg Review for July 1870.

tained ample marginal annotations that were made by the hand of that father into whose kindly eyes the son was never to gaze with filial love and gratitude. The gifted son read these precious legacies of wisdom and beauty "with the sympathy of a literary nature and a reverent spirit."* His mother was half English, and we think to this fact may be traced some of that marvellous critical acumen, general healthfulness of tone and profound wisdom that distinguish his best efforts. He first went to school at Boulogne, and then attended the Charlemagne College at Paris. His collegiate career was brilliant, and gave great promise of future distinction. After leaving this institution he devoted himself to the study of medicine, but how long he prosecuted that profession we are not able to say, having neither a complete life of our author nor a biographical dictionary in our possession. He continued long enough to obtain a good place in the Hospital of St. Louis, and we may suppose that with his superior capacity his attainments in medicine were considerable. Before he had attained his twenty-third year he began his literary course, which finally culminated in the production of the most masterly and finished criticisms that belong to any age, language or nation. At the request of M. Dubois, one of his Professors in College, who had become editor of the *Globe*, SAINTE-BEUVE prepared some critical articles that at once attracted attention and elicited praise from as able a writer as M. Jouffroy, "a critic of pure and refined taste."†

His first critical work was published in 1828, when he was but twenty-four years of age, and it excited marked praise in some of the leading Parisian journals. "It transported the reader back to what might be called the præ-classical period of the literature of France, to the period antecedent to Boileau and Malherbe."‡ In 1829, he made his first appearance as a poet. Whilst he failed to win the ear of the public as successfully as Alfred de Musset, Lamartine and Victor Hugo had done, he nevertheless secured the high approval of those eminent poets, and made a name for himself among the singers of France that will last as long as letters are revered among his countrymen. He published in all three volumes of poetry, with the respective titles of *Joseph Delorme*,

Consolations, and *Pens'ees d' Aout*. His last volume was not as successful as the two that preceded it, so he abandoned that particular field for others in which he was to attain greater renown. In England a great critic won high distinction as a descriptive poet, and yet a higher place still as a consummate master of English prose. And yet, if Lord Macaulay had never written his splendid *History of England*, nor his brilliant and powerful essays, his name would have long survived in those stirring ballads drawn from English and French history, and in those imaginative *Lays of Ancient Rome*, so unique, so beautiful, so melodious, of such war-like fire, of such Homeric passion and ardor, abounding in such a sweet "rush of Saxon words," and exhibiting such a thorough command over the picturesque. Unlike SAINTE-BEUVE, who, when he turned away from the Muse he wooed turned away forever, the great Englishman—the solitary instance of a man's lifting himself into the English peerage by the simple eloquence and power of his pen—cultivated his poetical gifts most successfully after he had become a political celebrity and had secured an enviable position among the leading prose writers of the age. These two great authors were men of varied accomplishments. SAINTE-BEUVE, as we stated in the outset, was poet, historian, novelist and critic. Macaulay was poet, historian and critic too, but he never attempted, as far as we know, to write a novel. We wish he had, for it would have been at least remarkable for eloquence and passion. But he had other eminent qualities to which the Frenchman had no special claim. Macaulay was one of the greatest orators of his times, and as a conversationalist has never been equalled in the history of his country, save by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and possibly by Dr. Sam. Johnson and Thomas De Quincey. But let it not be concealed, that Macaulay, as well as all of the great historians of the last fifty years, was greatly indebted to SAINTE-BEUVE for the charming manner of writing history. He taught them in a great measure that history was not a mere transcript of dry details and statistics, a mere collection of facts, a mere recounting of battles and sieges, and a mere rehearsal of contests among Kings and ambitious sycophants; but that it was a true reflection of the manners, customs and habits of the peoples in the past—of all they thought, and hoped for, and did. To write history was to vivify the past;

to place yourself in the midst of the people about whom you wrote; to see the individual man, and by relating "all the events, changes and revolutions that took place in the inner man," to thus present a true, life-like representation of "the nation."*

After relinquishing the lyre, our author again betakes himself to criticism, and about this time published his famous article on one of the most celebrated of French writers—Jean Jaques Rousseau. It was a very sharp and damaging attack upon the fame of an author who had been lauded and imitated by a large and influential class of admirers. He also wrote very incisive and discriminating criticisms upon Boileau and Lebreu. In later life, it is proper to state, SAINTE-BEUVE became dissatisfied with the judgment pronounced in these articles, considering the one on Boileau particularly to require very decided modifications, as they were written, as he said, "in all the insolence of aggressive youth." In the same connection he gave expression to an opinion which is doubtless both sound and judicious. He declared that "*youth cannot possess that very delicate quality, taste,*" for, he added, "the calmness of judgment at that period is too much troubled by passion, by ardours in special and sometimes extravagant directions to allow the balance to be held by a steady and impartial hand," for, as he further urged, "*youth is too confident in its own force to observe and to reflect with due deliberation.*" These are wise words from a very profound thinker and a scholar of varied learning.

At a later period, during the reign of Louis Philippe, he moderated his tone—became less aggressive in the character of his criticisms, because, with the observance of age and a larger experience among men, and a profounder study of books, he had become more conservative and serene in the temper of his thoughts. But there remained all of the beauty and elegance and rare analytical power, only in fuller efflorescence, that so distinguished his earlier productions. It was now that he wrote his splendid critical series upon his contemporaries, which was the talk of Paris and have since been published in four volumes, bearing the title, *Portraits of Contemporaries*.

After the revolution of 1830, SAINTE-BEUVE wrote his novel

*Guizot's Civilization of Europe, p. 25.

Volupte, which was considered successful. The *Edinburgh Review* says that it has "many remarkable qualities," but does not evidence that the author "was endowed with the creative faculties necessary to cultivate a writer of pure fiction." It says, moreover, that "the characters are well drawn and have a distinct individuality," and that "the language is as eloquent as might be expected from the pen of SAINTE-BEUVE, but the story lacks interest, action, passion and power."

His next literary undertaking was the *History of Port Royal*, a work in six volumes. According to the reviewer, from whom we have quoted, however distinguished by the exquisite beauty, grace and refinement which belong to all SAINTE-BEUVE ever wrote, it is not a historical work of the first order of power and interest. It has many excellencies, but is tedious in its monotony and void of picturesque description. This judgment may be just, but the reviewer has failed to discern a merit in this generally accepted very able work which more penetrating and philosophical critics have detected. But let us be more particular.

The historians of the eighteenth century, including of course the greatest of all, Edward Gibbon, did not know much of men however much they knew man. Hence to them there was nothing marked, distinctive, peculiar, individual in the different peoples of the earth. An Italian was very much to them as an Englishman. "They thought men of every race and country were all but identical, the Greek, the barbarian, the Hindoo, the man of the Restoration, and the man of the eighteenth century, as if they had been turned out of a common mould; and all in conformity to a certain abstract conception, which served for the whole human race."* They looked at man as he passed through the "seven ages" of life, seeing the visible man only, but never penetrating beneath the surface; never gazing into the hidden arcana—into those profound depths that lay concealed in the soul. They stood at a distance wrapped either in serene dignity or placid indifference. They were content simply to behold the mysterious veil that obscured their vision and shut out the light that else would have revealed the truth within—would have laid bare the motives, passions, principles and aspirations that stirred,

*Taine's Eng. Lit., v. 1, p. 5.

The American Medical Association is a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose of promoting the science and art of medicine and the health of the people. It is composed of all the duly qualified and duly licensed physicians and surgeons of the United States and of all the duly qualified and duly licensed dentists of the United States. The Association is organized into a national body and into local bodies known as chapters, sections, and districts. The Association is organized into a national body and into local bodies known as chapters, sections, and districts. The Association is organized into a national body and into local bodies known as chapters, sections, and districts.

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The American Medical Association is a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose of promoting the science and art of medicine and the health of the people. It is composed of all the duly qualified and duly licensed physicians and surgeons of the United States and of all the duly qualified and duly licensed dentists of the United States. The Association is organized into a national body and into local bodies known as chapters, sections, and districts. The Association is organized into a national body and into local bodies known as chapters, sections, and districts. The Association is organized into a national body and into local bodies known as chapters, sections, and districts.

controlled and impelled those they possessed. "They had not seen the infinite diversity and marvellous complexity of souls; they did not know that the moral constitution of a people or an age is as particular and distinct as the physical structure of a family of plants or an order of animals."†

But all this has been changed completely. A new race of writers has appeared, and a new beauty, power and splendor have been given to historical composition. The histories of the nineteenth century are far more critical, philosophical, exact, picturesque and dramatic than those of an earlier time. They show a keener insight into the hidden springs of a nation's movements, and bring before the reader in much greater distinctness the characteristics, inspirations and idiosyncrasies of any given people treated of. Read Hume, graceful, beautiful and even picturesque as is the style; or Gibbon, lofty, musical, gorgeous, almost grandiose as it is—possibly with all its defects the most splendid, the greatest historical work in the world; or Robertson, stately, elegant and rhetorical, and this applies to all the works that bear his name, and then turn to the writers of this century, and specially to those of the last forty years, and you will see the contrast between them which we are attempting to indicate. All of these acknowledged great writers had exaggerated views of the dignity of history, and rarely condescended to tell us anything of the people, or to give us a clear perception of even their heroes. The daily life is not revealed. We are only permitted to see great men surrounded by a sort of halo, wreathed in graceful clouds of incense, seated upon unapproachable mountains. We are told of laws and of wars, of great gatherings and splendid pageants and all that; *but we do not see men as they are*; we do not come in such familiar contact as to understand them. They are demigods and myths, enveloped in haze and doubt, with an ineffable glamour thrown over them and all they do. They are not men at all, with infirmities and failures and passions and disappointments and tears and sorrowings like the genuine, simple children of men, but are deities or mere statues. However magnificent and flowing the writing; however intense the interest or stirring the eloquence, we feel there is a sad want of naturalness, of vividness,

*Taine, p. 5, v. 1.

of common-place, of simplicity, of pictorialness. Now turn to Macaulay. Here you are in a different atmosphere, living in another age, surrounded by men and women whose customs, whose style of living, whose notions, whose prejudices, whose comforts and conveniences, all belong to past generations and are quite unlike our own. We see for the first time in a history old England as it was seen by the men and women of other times. The great historian lets us into the inner life of the people. He, too, tells of sieges and battles, of political conspiracies and the passions of courts, of camps and pageantries, and in a style as clear as elegant, as beautiful as eloquent. But he tells us too of the common people; of farm life; of cabbages and cows; of tillage and cornfields; of gossip at club-rooms and inns; of highwaymen and stage-coaches; of jails and crimes; of diseases and death-rates. In a word, he brings before us the past of English life revived by his own great genius. To do this, he has been known to read an entire quarto volume that he might obtain valuable material for a single sentence, and to ride a hundred miles to verify a fact. "From novels, plays, pictures, maps, poems, diaries, letters, and a hundred other sources, with patient industry he collated his materials for his remarkable view of English life."* He would visit old book stalls and buy all the old pamphlets, newspapers, almanacs, registers and what not, and from all this he gathered such rare information as enabled him to write the five volumes of his noble history that possess a *greater charm* than any similar number of pages that adorn the literature of civilization. Froude, Grote, Stanhope, Burton, Freeman, Prescott, Motley, have all been signally benefitted by the example of Macaulay, and that great living writer, who is so grand in his eccentricities—Thomas Carlyle. His *Oliver Cromwell* is the most remarkable work of its class, and finely illustrates what we have been saying.

But let it be remembered, that influential as has been the example of Macaulay and Carlyle, they were greatly aided by the brilliant example of *SAINTE-BEUVE*. They learned much of their art of making history familiar, picturesque, graphic and really valuable from our author—from his masterly essays, and from

*Collier's Eng. Lit., p. 465.

his *History of Port Royal*. Taine sees this clearly, and hence, in his very able and eloquent work, *History of English Literature*, (a work that is open to sharp criticism in places, but is very remarkable withal,) in speaking of the comparatively recent manner of writing history and criticism—*of having the soul visible beneath the action*—and referring specially to SAINTE-BEUVE'S *Port Royal*, remarks :

"He (the reader) will see how, behind the squabbles of the monastery, or the contumacies of nuns, one may find a great province of human psychology; how about fifty characters, that had been buried under the uniformity of a circumspect narrative, reappear in the light of day, *each with its own speciality and its countless diversities*; how, beneath theological disquisitions and monotonous sermons, one can unearth *the beating of ever-living hearts*, the convulsions and apathies of monastic life, the unforeseen reassertions and wavy turmoil of nature, the inroads of surrounding worldliness, the intermittent victories of grace, with such a variety of overcloudings, that the most exhaustive descriptions and the most elastic style can hardly gather the inexhaustible harvest, which the critic has caused to spring up on this abandoned field."*

He then shows that Germany, England and France have all learned to work in the same soil, and have all produced works, upon this plan, of great and enduring interest. He says that in this critical, picturesque, descriptive manner of writing history and essays no one has been such an efficient worker as our author :

"No one has done it so justly and grandly as SAINTE-BEUVE : in this respect we are all his pupils; *his method* renews, in our days, in books, and even in newspapers, every kind of literary, of philosophical and religious criticism."†

We may add, that the example of SAINTE-BEUVE has had a noticeable influence even in the domain of *fiction*. The best novels of our time are far more natural, true to life, minute in details, animated, introspective, critical, and even philosophical, than those of an earlier period. Read the novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), and then read the later works of Bulwer; the most successful productions of Dick-

*Taine, 1 v. p. 6. †Ibid.

ens ; the great fictions of Thackeray, so satirical, so humorous, so beautiful, so noble, so true to humanity ; Charlotte Brontë's striking and vigorous stories, and the masterly works of George Eliot, and you will doubtless realize what we feel and what we mean. In the works of George Eliot—the greatest of all writers of fiction as we steadfastly believe—you will see such anatomizing of the human heart, such a familiar probing of the soul, such an uncovering of the hidden motives, such a sounding of the springs of human action and human character, as were never before seen in any novels, nor indeed in any work of uninspired man outside of Shakspeare.

We think that none of these great writers would have written just such works as they have delighted the world with, if *SAINTE-BEUVE* had never lived. We believe his critical and historical writings gave a new direction to genius, and cleared the way for works of completer power, of wider influence and greater practicalness than any that had preceded them in the same fields of intellectual exertion. He was the great pioneer. His genius marked the trees in the mighty forests through which others were to pass in triumph, cutting out new and untrodden paths and opening up new highways of thought and usefulness. We know how subtle is the influence of creative power—how complex are the forms of genius, and unseen how they yet make themselves felt in a thousand ways, entering into the minds of coming generations, shaping and directing their operations. We are not always able to trace the influence thus exerted, and yet it is felt and known. The literature of Greece is a living power still. For more than two thousand years it has impressed the world, and men of the nineteenth century are moved upon by forces and are inspired by examples and potent influences that come down through the centuries from the poets and philosophers and orators of Athens. Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot would have no doubt written charming fictions if the influence of the Frenchman had never been felt, but they would have been guided to some extent by other principles of art, and been impressed by other surroundings, which would have changed more or less their mental bias, and sent forth their genius upon a mission different from that which has given so much of vitality, freshness, directness and reformatory energy to their productions.

NOTE.—The minor errors in article on Tennyson, April number, we pass by. The following need correction to complete the sense: p. 230, 7 line from top, for “imparts” read *imports*; p. 235, 4 line from top, for “Garth” read *Gareth*; p. 237, 5 line from top, for “rarity” read *variety*. The error is repeated. On p. 238, 2 line from bottom, after “compare” insert *him*, and in last line, for “upon” read *when*. We note two or three in other articles. P. 252, in 3 stanza, it should read “Let knowledge *grow*, &c.; p. 254, 2 line Art. on “Life of Christ,” for “is” read *are*. P. 170, 3 line from bottom, for “one” read *our*; p. 172, for “Frazier” read *Frazer*.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR “OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.”]

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID,

Author of Valerie Aylmer, Morton House, A Daughter of Bohemia, &c.

CHAPTER XI.

“SOME THERE BE THAT SHADOWS KISS.”

AFTER he has parted with Flora at the door of the hotel—whereher attention is immediately claimed—Charlton takes his way to the Head, lighting a cigar as he goes. He has much to consider, and he feels that he can best command his thoughts in the unbroken solitude of Nature. He finds the jutting point altogether deserted. The brilliant moonlight brings out boldly every escarpment of the cliff, and near its verge he throws himself carelessly down. Lying there with the pure fresh air around him, the hyacinthe heaven above, and the vague, far-reaching world, flooded with silver mist below, he gives himself up to reflections which are by no means pleasant.

Not reflections on his own failure. This is something which he puts aside, with the grim calmness of one to whom life has brought many disappointments. People grow accustomed to all things—even to failure—after awhile, and Charlton’s experience

is rather more of failure than success. Once before he set his heart on a woman, and she gave him much the same answer which Flora has given to-night—an answer less gentle but not less decided. In many ways and at many different times he has learned that to him do not fall the prizes reserved for the curled darlings of fortune. This, therefore, is only another example of that fact. He accepts it, and turns his attention to the other aspect of the matter—that which concerns Flora.

He sees now the error into which he has led Sunderland, but he does not perceive with anything like equal clearness, how this error is to be corrected, or what possible good can result from its correction. Flora has learned from others beside himself—has been warned, indeed, by her own instinct—of Sunderland's inconstancy. Would she be likely under these circumstances, to accept the latter if he were to offer himself? Charlton feels that he knows enough of the unswerving resolution of her character, to answer this question in the negative. But if in the first instance he had read more correctly the riddle which he was set to solve, would matters have been different then? Perhaps—only perhaps—so. Sunderland might have relinquished his suit with Miss Preston and returned to Transylvania—but Charlton is very doubtful.

"At all events, I am glad that I did not know the truth when I wrote to him!" he mutters, rising to his feet and throwing the burning end of his third cigar over the precipice. And with this decision jealousy has little or nothing to do. He feels keenly—feels as he might with regard to his own sister—how deeply Flora would have been wronged if a sense of honor alone had brought her cousin back to her. His blood stirs hotly at the mere imagination of such a thing. If he had not grown to love her—if she was merely to him the graceful tender girl who had pleased his taste and awakened his interest when they first met—he would still regard this as a desecration. *Now* he feels that he could sooner leap over the verge on which he stands to terrible death below, than suffer Sunderland to suspect what place he carelessly won in the loyal heart that has not learned the lesson of facile forgetting.

So much for the past. With regard to the future, he marks out a programme for himself very decidedly and clearly. He

will trouble Flora by no farther allusion to the confession so untowardly made to-day—a confession which will necessarily be doubly unpleasant to her, since it must recall her own—and he will shorten his stay in Transylvania as much as possible, so that in a few weeks at farthest he can turn his back on Arcadia, leaving forever behind the fair pastoral region in which for a little while he has forgotten the roar and strife of the world beyond these blue mountains.

While he reflects in this manner, and Flora, sitting at her chamber window watches with wistful yet half-absent eyes the great sea of silver mist stretching away to infinite distance, Miss Dupont is engaged in writing a letter to her friend Miss Preston. After relating how she chanced to be in the mountains of Western Carolina, and dwelling at length upon the agreeable qualities of a certain Mr. Kenyon, who was one of the Markham party already mentioned, she touches lightly on the attractions of Caesar's Head and finally sums up in this manner:

"Fancy whom I have just had the pleasure of meeting! No other persons than the uncle and cousin of your admirer and special subject—Harry Sunderland. The uncle is the ordinary old gentleman, the cousin is lovely, in a fair gentle style that has no *chic* or sparkle in it, but is attractive, nevertheless. Mr. Charlton, the writer, is here in her train, and seems to engross all her attention. A communicative young gentleman who was introduced to me this evening—Brandon, I think, by name—told me that Mr. Charlton's devotion is *most marked*, and that Miss Tyrrell seems to respond to it very kindly. I should like to make the acquaintance of a man who writes essays for the reviews, but after having spent some time with Miss Tyrrell watching the moon rise, he brought her back to the hotel and strolled off alone—unable, I suppose, to endure any other society after hers. Probably I shall see him to-morrow and be able to tell in what degree a reviewer is like other people."

Much more than this the letter contained—especially some inquiries into Miss Preston's relations with the aforesaid Harry Sunderland—but the above extract is all that need be given to the public. After the epistle is finished, signed, sealed and directed, Miss Dupont calmly consigns herself to her couch and sleeps the sleep of innocence.

The next morning this young lady has an opportunity to learn how much a reviewer is like other people. Charlton is presented to her by Col. Tyrrell—and does not make a very pleasant impression. He is never discourteous, but on occasion he can be distinctly disagreeable. This is one of the occasions, for few things interest him less than the empty chatter of a society woman—in fact he is irritated by the manners and graces of such persons, as a bull is irritated by a red rag. He escapes from Miss Dupont as soon as possible, pleading an engagement to join a hunting party who are going over to Cedar Mountain in search of deer.

“George and Fanshawe say that we shall probably have to stay at the Cedar Mountain House to-night,” he says to Col. Tyrrell, with whom he is standing on the piazza just before starting. “In that case I shall not come back until to-morrow afternoon—unless you wish to return to Transylvania before that time.”

“There is no hurry about going back,” says Colonel Tyrrell, who is very well entertained where he is. “Day after to-morrow will be time enough. Is Brandon going with you?”

Yes, Brandon is going with them—hunting being something which that young gentleman is not able to resist. There are at least a dozen gentlemen in the party. When they are mounted, with dogs and horns and two or three negroes in attendance, the cavalcade is picturesque and imposing.

Most of the ladies gather on the piazza to see them start. Miss Dupont comes out and looks at them with a species of dismay. “*Ciel!* are they *all* going,” she says to Flora. “How dull we shall be! That is my great objection to this country—it is beautiful, but so dull! All the men one meets seem to think so much more of hunting and fishing and climbing mountains, than of making themselves agreeable.”

“It is certainly not a good country for people who care only to dress and dance and flirt,” Flora thinks—but she is too well-bred to utter such a speech. “These gentleman all come with the primary object of sport,” she says. “Social amusement is a secondary consideration with them.”

“It is very different at the Virginia Springs,” says Miss Dupont. “I shall *certainly* go there next season.”

Not having the advantage of knowing the Virginia Springs,

Flora cannot assent—as she might else heartily do—to this proposition. Certainly there *is* a difference—not only in the two mountain regions, but in the class of summer visitors to each. Who does not know the motley throng of the Virginia spas—the fast young ladies with their fashion and rivalry, and frenzied efforts to outdress and outshine each other, the young gentlemen fresh from city pavements and city ball-rooms, with minds intent on the fashion of their cravats and the cut of their coats, whose arduous exertions in the German leave them scant time to climb mountains, and who are more familiar with the use of a fan than a rifle? It is a very different class whom the hot breath of summer sends to the breezy freshness of the Carolina Highlands. There are women who go for other purposes than to attract admirers and exhibit fine toilets—girls who are not afraid to tan their complexions, who have souls to feel and minds to comprehend the majestic beauty which God has given to this fair region. There are men of all professions who throw themselves with the zest of school-boys into the wild and pleasant life which they voluntarily seek—who with guns and fishing-rods and tents explore the farthest recesses of this picturesque and still (to the vast majority of pleasure-seekers) unknown country.

Later in the day the Dupont party leave Caesar's Head. Their route of travel will lie through the Transylvania Valley to Brevard, where they intend to spend the night. Colonel Tyrrell regrets courteously that he is not at home, so that he might entertain them. "We can at least look at your place in passing," says Adele graciously. "I have heard Mr. Sunderland talk so often of its beautiful situation."

"You must do more than look at it in passing," says Flora, "You must go in and see the view of the valley from the front piazza. It is exquisite!"

"We should enjoy it more if you were there to point out all its beauties to us," says one of the gentlemen gallantly.

But it is doubtful whether Flora is sorry that she will not be there. Miss Dupont and herself own little in common, and there is something in the fact that the former belongs to that world which has separated Sunderland so widely from his old friends, that makes Flora, despite her utmost efforts to the contrary, regard her with a sentiment approaching to dislike. She is vexed

with herself for feeling in this manner; but to feel differently is quite out of her power. It is a relief when the last compliments are exchanged, the Dupont party gone, and she is at liberty to take a book and go out on the rocks.

She finds without difficulty a nook where she is not likely to be disturbed—a craggy point of the great precipice, like that on which she was enthroned the day before, with Charlton lying at her feet. In every crevice, on every ledge, the feathering forest springs, so she is embowered in green, with rocks behind and around, broken into myriads of strange, fantastic shapes, while far below is spread the azure world with the magical haze of distance lying over it, and deepening in blueness with the heat of the day. The immense expanse of the wide and beautiful prospect seems to sink on the spirit with a charm which can never be forgotten—a charm that Flora has often felt. Yet at present she is scarcely conscious of it in any active sense. Her mind is full of other thoughts. Her hands are lightly folded over the book in her lap, her eyes gaze at the remote limit of the scene, where land and sky blend in glimmering, ocean-like mist, her lips are closed with a tense expression, significant of pain. She is

“—— telling her memories over
As you tell your beads,”

and not gathering a great deal of profit or pleasure therefrom.

How well she remembers those summer days two years ago, which she spent here with Sunderland!—how every sight and sound recalls his frank, handsome face! She can almost fancy that all the lapse of intermediate time is a dream, and that she will start suddenly to hear his voice ringing over the mountain-side in the hunter's chorus from ‘*Der Freischutz*’ which he liked so much and sang so well. Yet she knows that the pleasant music of that voice is far away—sounding, perhaps, under the tamarac trees of distant Canada, or on the blue waters of the great lakes. The green Carolina heights, the semi-tropical magnificence of the wild Carolina forests, have not heard its cadence in many days and the tender, pathetic eyes sweeping wistfully the verge of the horizon, look in vain for the presence that comes not.

But Flora's thoughts are not altogether, nor chiefly, retrospec

tive. Do what she will, Charlton's words sound in her ears, and she finds herself questioning constantly whether she was right or wrong in answering them as she did last night. Need she have told to this stranger the secret of her heart—the secret which even to herself she scarcely ever put in words before? She could not tell another person, she can scarcely intelligibly set before herself why she did so. In truth an overmastering sense of the hardness and cruelty of life came to her—a sudden sad realization of how many precious things are wasted, love for which no one cares, faith that is betrayed, hope that sickens unto slow death. Her own misplaced affection was nothing—so she would have said—but for Charlton to set his heart on her and suffer through her—that seemed more than she could bear! Most women would not have thought it necessary to say more than simply, "I do not love you," but the impulse of candour made Flora add *why* she did not love.

Now, thinking it all over, she cannot be sorry that she yielded to that impulse. To feel that one's feet are planted on the truth is always—in little or great affairs—a sustaining consciousness. Let the worst come, we can face it fairly then, with unstained rectitude and conscience at rest. There is no room for misapprehension, for doubt, for self-reproach, when all mists of concealment have been swept away. "He has given me a great deal," Flora says to herself, thinking of Charlton. "The truth is none too much to give him in return." Beside this, she has an intuitive consciousness that the man to whom she spoke that truth can be trusted to the uttermost extremity. He makes no pretensions whatever, he is the last person in the world to profess that he would go to the stake sooner than betray a trust deliberately given to him, but nevertheless she feels that this is so. Under his quiet manner she has read his character with perfect accuracy. She knows that her secret is safe, and in the first glance of his eyes, the first tone of his voice when they met this morning, she saw that her friend was still her friend—that he spoke truly when he said that he had little of that vanity which makes most men resent as a grievous insult, as well as a grievous wrong, such an answer as she had given.

It is late in the afternoon of the next day, before the hunting party return. They are flushed with success, and bear its spoils.

Charlton brings to Flora a splendid pair of antlers taken from the graceful head of a beautiful stag that never again will move through the fair greenwood. "It was the first deer I have been lucky enough to get a shot at," he says. "I wish you could have seen him as he paused for a moment opposite my ambush! I almost hated to pull the trigger. What an excellent thing callousness is, is it not?"

"I am not sure of that," says Flora. "It would spare us some pain, no doubt—but would you not rather suffer more pain than to care as little for the pain of others as some people do?"

"But there is a kind of sentimentality that one falls into if one is not careful. Stags, for instance, were made to be shot—yet I felt almost like a murderer when that creature leaped up with his death-wound."

"Poor fellow!" says Flora smiling, yet laying her hand gently on the branching antlers. These shall be hung in the hall at home," she goes on. "Thank you for bringing them to me."

"I wish it was the tuft of feathers from the breast of the golden eagle, which is valued so highly in the Tyrol," he answers. "Then you might wear it in your hat as a souvenir of a summer which I shall mark with white in the history of my life. It might serve to remind you of me—after I am gone."

"I shall not need anything to remind me of you," she says, lifting her eyes frankly. "I never forget a friend. We, too, will mark with white the pleasant summer days you have spent with us."

"How I shall think of you in the winter," he says quickly, "and try to picture the valley and the mountains covered with snow and wrapped in mist. I entertain serious fears, indeed, that my life for some time to come will be set to the refrain of 'My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.'"

"Then you must come back to the Highlands as soon as possible," says Flora—and she does not consider how likely, till her companion's silence, and a subtle shade falling over his face, tells her so.

The next day they bid adieu to Caesar's Head, look their last on the enthralling beauty of its fair prospect, feel for the last time the breeze which seems to come from no nearer distance than the curling waves of the vast Atlantic, drink to their return in the

clear sparkling water of the Cold Spring—in which if a thermometer is plunged it at once falls to 45° Fahrenheit—shake hands for the last time with their genial host, and turn their horses' heads toward the Transylvania valley.

CHAPTER XII.

"WESTWARD HO!"

Never did this fairest of all valleys seem more beautiful than as they drove down Mill Hill and saw its pastoral loveliness spread before them in the westerling light and long shadows of late afternoon, its frame of graceful mountains wearing their purest tints in the transparent atmosphere, and the bright river winding through the green breadths of its fertile lowlands.

"After all we have seen, nothing so beautiful as this!" says Charlton turning to Flora. "It would be impossible for the soft and the bold to be mingled more admirably than they are mingled here. Absolutely the scene is so perfect, that there is nothing left to desire."

"I think so," replies Flora, with a tender light of pleasure in her eyes, "but I have always feared that I was partial through affection. Yet many other people have said that the Transylvania valley is the loveliest in the mountains."

"I am sure it must be," says Charlton, "but I mean to improve my knowledge of other valleys, and so be able to speak with more authority. Did I tell you that I am pledged to go with Mr. Brandon to the West—through all that country over which we have journeyed on the map."

"O Mr. Charlton," cries Minnie before Flora can speak, "is it possible you are *really* going to leave us and go so far as that?"

"I am desolated, as a Frenchman would say, at the thought of leaving you," added Charlton smiling, "but I am also glad of an opportunity to make the tour under the conduct of such a competent guide as I am sure Mr. Brandon will prove."

"I, too, am sorry to lose you even for a time," says Flora, "but I am glad that you are going. I want you to see as much as possi-

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ble of the country. Then sometime, perhaps, you may write a story of your travels that will tell people how beautiful it is."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to do that," he answers. "The country has won my heart so completely that I should scarcely know how to attempt describing it. A man cannot paint when a glamour is over his eyes."

He wonders while he speaks, if it is this glamour which makes the valley into which they have now fairly descended, seem so lovely to him. The crystal river, with many a swirl and baby rapid, flows swiftly by under its vine-draped trees, hastening from its far birth-place among the peaks of the great Balsam, and gathering strength with every mile, to thunder a little later through its splendid gorge down to Tennessee. On each side stretch the cultivated lands bearing their rich harvest. Over the wide fields of rustling corn the sunlight rests like a mantle of gold, and streams in serene glory on the eastern hills, while deep shadows steal over the land from the western heights. There is a fragrance of sweetbrier and clematis on the air. Freshness and repose are in every sight and sound. It is like an enchanted land into which pain and care might never enter.

When they reach home they are welcomed vociferously by all the household from Mr. Martin and Oscar down to Jack, the small grinning page, whose oppressive duties are cleaning knives and running errands. The airy house seems to receive them kindly. "It is worth while going away if only to come back!" says Minnie. Charlton feels the charm of return as strongly as any one—perhaps, indeed, more strongly, since to the others this is their home from which, in the natural course of events, they need fear no exile, while to him it is only a place of brief sojourn, which he must soon leave behind, probably never to see again. He cannot restrain a slight sigh as he enters the pleasant chamber that has grown to have so familiar an aspect to his eyes. Just now the sunset radiance is filling it with light, the network of shade outside the windows is shot with gold, the river is murmuring below, soft green hills are scarce a stones'-throw away, westward the violet peaks stand height upon height and range behind range, against a sky ablaze with glory.

"And I must leave it all—the sooner the better," he thinks. "What a fool I have been to suffer myself to take root so deeply!

As if life could be all a summer holiday, or as if such a haven of Arcadia is likely to be found more than once in one's journey through it!"

The charm of Arcadia is soon to be broken in more ways than one. Charlton discovers this at the tea-table, when Colonel Tyrrell tells his daughter that he has found among his letters one from Mr. Markham saying that his party will be in Brevard the next day. "We must go over and bring them here," that hospitable gentleman goes on. "The ladies may remain several days. He talks of leaving them in Transylvania while the gentlemen of the party go west to Haywood and Jackson."

"Why don't the ladies go also?" asks Minnie rather inhospitably.

"What would ladies do on a hunting expedition?" asks her father.

"If Brandon comes down from Cæsar's Head to-morrow," says George, turning to Charlton, "I suppose Mr. Markham will join us. He's a first-rate shot, and nobody can teach him anything about hunting or woodcraft."

"I hope the ladies are not very formidable," says Flora. "If they are like Miss Dupont, I don't know how they can be amused."

"Take 'em in the woods, Floy, and have a gypsy supper," suggests Nelly, to whom this is the *ne plus ultra* of enjoyment.

After tea Flora is sent to the piano by her father, contrary to his usual habit, Charlton follows her into the room, and draws a chair near the instrument. He does not say so, but he feels that this is a farewell to the idyllic life he has been leading. To-morrow evening those people who are coming will be here, the next evening he will be gone, and when he returns it will only be to say farewell and go—not to return. Hence he declines to-night to join the smokers on the piazza, and sitting in the half-shaded room listens with a sense of mingled pain and pleasure to the sweet voice that sings the plaintive Irish melodies Col. Tyrrell chiefly likes. They are old-fashioned, and half-forgotten by the present generation, but how melodious the listener thinks he never knows till Flora sang them.

After this they go out on the lawn—for the summer night is full of fresh, cool sweetness—and while the river sings it's mysti-

cal refrain to the silent earth, and the dew brings out innumerable odours that are never perceived by day, they talk, and watch the moon rise in silver majesty over the eastern hills.

Charlton has himself well in hand, and Flora does not suspect that under his admirable self-control a fire is burning which would startle her if she knew of its existence. *He* knows it, and conscious that every hour of this association is to be paid for—and paid heavily—in future pain, he is in a measure anxious to end it. “The calm necessary for the intellectual life” had, as he said himself, always seemed to him the most desirable thing in existence, and he is perfectly aware that if he tarries here much longer that calm will be hopelessly gone, to be recovered—who can say when?

Reasonably, therefore, he should not be sorry when it is time to say good-night—yet, to Flora’s surprise, he does not content himself with the simple salutation, but takes her hand and holds it for a moment.

“This is the end,” he says, “of all our pleasant evenings. I am very sorry—and yet you must let me thank you for them. I can never forget all your kindness. I shall remember it as long as I remember *you*—and how long that will be, God only knows. I fear I shall never forget you.”

He certainly did not mean to say anything like this when he began to speak; but the tongue is at best an unruly member, and just now it has spoken out of the fullness of his heart. Flora does not draw away her hand; she only looks at him with something very gentle and pathetic in her eyes.

“Why do you talk of this being our last evening?” she asks, ignoring the latter part of his speech. “You are going away, it is true, but you will come back—and we shall be as good friends as ever, shall we not? You will not forsake us, you will not go away, Mr. Charlton, because—because I have been unfortunate enough to give you a little pain?”

It is difficult to express the sweetness and entreaty in these last words. The delicate face is lifted, the frank eyes meet his with no shadow of self-consciousness in their depths. She knows the world so little, she does not for a moment imagine that she should not ask the man whom she has rejected, to stay on the familiar footing of a friend. But Charlton does not misinterpret

her. He is aware that no impulse of coquetry, no *tenderness* for himself, prompted those simple, kindly words. It was out of the fullness of *her* heart that Flora, also, spoke.

"I shall come back, yes," he answers, "but it will be only to say good-bye. You must not blame yourself for my departure. I am not churlish enough, nor rich enough in such gifts, to refuse your friendship because I cannot win your love. On the contrary, I prize it very highly—more highly than you can imagine. But my holiday is nearly ended. I must go—I should go in any event. I shall never forget my summer in Transylvania, however, and you are right in thinking that we shall always be very good friends."

The courage with which he bears himself—the determination to spare her any possible self-reproach—touches Flora. "You are very kind," she says in a low voice. "I shall never forget how kind—how considerate."

"Floy, are you still on the piazza?" says Colonel Tyrrell's voice in the hall. "You better come in, my dear. It is growing late."

"Yes, papa," answers Flora, "Good-night," she says to Charlton, and with his clasp still lingering on her hand, she passes into the hall, kisses her father, and goes up-stairs.

The next day Colonel Tyrrell and his daughter drive over to Brevard—prettiest of mountain villages, with the beautiful valley of the Davidson river near at hand, and breezy hills rolling up on all sides. Here they find the Markham party, and Colonel Tyrrell insists that they shall return home with him. Nothing can be more charming—more unlike an ordinary hotel—than the pleasant house in which travellers are received in Brevard, but despite its attractions, this invitation is too tempting to be refused. The party, gathering their numerous articles of baggage, very soon drive off, and followed by two or three horsemen—among whom the habit of a young lady is conspicuous—take their way towards the French Broad.

Charlton is writing in his own room when they arrive. He hears the sound of gay voices below, but the only sign he gives of hearing is to draw his brows together in a frown, while his pen continues its rapid movement across the paper. He has plunged into work as a means of forgetting himself—and everything else, if possible. "It is time I was getting back into harness," he said

en sitting down. He closed his ears resolutely to the sweet woodland sounds which came in his window like an invitation, and wrote on doggedly—falling more readily than he had anticipated into the epigrammatic incisive style of the essayist. Now and then a slight smile crosses his face. He is pursuing two different trains of thought—an entirely possible thing as many writers know—and contrasting the altogether worldly and rather cynical utterances which he is putting on paper, with the life he has been leading, the thoughts he has been thinking, the occupations that have interested him of late. “How odd it will be to go back to the rush and fret of the great world, after this pastoral existence!” he thinks. “I shall be like a nan who has left an enchanted castle, and shall probably ask, like the French lady after her ‘retreat’ in a convent, ‘Do they still build houses?’”

At dinner he makes his appearance below and is presented to the separate individuals that, taken collectively, make up the Markham party. They are none of them alarming. Three or four ladies simply dressed, and all more or less tanned—as many gentlemen, red or brown according to the capabilities of their complexions. Despite the gypsy hue on her complexion, one of the ladies is more than ordinarily pretty, and the intelligence and humour in her large gray eyes attract Charlton’s attention. This is Miss Sylvia Norwood, who tells him as he sits down by her side, that she has made the tour so far on horseback, and hopes to accomplish the whole of it in that manner. “Of course I am sunburnt, till I suppose I shall never be white again,” she says laughing, “but what of that? I have seen twice as much as the others, and enjoyed the ride besides. What a country it is, is it not?”

“How much of it have you seen?” asks Charlton.

“Not very much—as yet. But I am going to see everything—that is, everything I am allowed to see. But would you believe that these gentlemen are so selfish and tyrannical, they will not take me with them to the Balsam Mountains, though I am dying to go to the gorge of the Nantahala and the Falls of the Tuckaseege?”

“I shall start to that region to-morrow,” says Charlton. “If you will allow me, I shall be happy to act as your cavalier.”

"You'd soon be lost if you did," says George, who is listening, with an explosive laugh.

"O no—we should take you along as guide," says Miss Norwood turning to him.

Soon after this Frank Brandon arrives from Cæsar's Head. He and Eric Markham are old comrades, and know every Indian trail and cattle-path among the mountains to which they are going. They settle the programme and all the details of the expedition. None of the others trouble themselves about it. They take the goods which it may please the gods—and any of their obliging fellow creatures—to provide, and say "Thanks," perhaps. The most languid of these gentlemen is Miss Dupont's friend, Mr. Kenyon. Yet despite this languor, it is evident that between himself and another gentleman of the party—Lanier, by name—a strong rivalry exists for the favour of Sylvia Norwood. Charlton observes this and is amused. "The old story," he says to himself. "How one meets it everywhere—and how astonishing that in all these centuries of countless repetition, it has not grown stale!"

In the middle of the afternoon—which is golden and serene with the coming beauty of September—the party start *en masse* for Mill Hill and the Falls of Coneste. Charlton excuses himself from accompanying them—resisting Miss Norwood's frank invitation, and a wistful look in Flora's eyes. After they are gone, he takes his way with note-book and cigar, to a ravine among the neighboring hills, which contains one of those lovely dells so common in this land, where nature seems running wild with luxuriance and beauty. The wooded hills rise sheer and steep on each side, in the cool darkness ferns and mosses flourish, and flowers shine in sumptuous profusion—the gay scarlet lobelia, delicate wild azalias, sweet clambering vines are everywhere. Down the ravine, tumbling in white cascades over brown and gray masses of rock, a flashing stream comes, on its way to the river.

Charlton likes the place, and lying on a bed of ferns he smokes and meditates for an hour or two. The result of this meditation is not recorded in the note-book, therefore it is fair to suppose that it does not altogether relate to the plot of his novel or the subject of his essay. Presently he rises and climbs one of the hills

in time to see the sun go down in splendour behind the mountains that swell range upon range like azure billows, far as the glance can reach.

By the time he returns to the house twilight has fallen, and the party from Coneste are clattering over the bridge, their voices and laughter floating out on the still, fragrant air. In the course of the evening which follows, Miss Norwood sees fit to bestow so much of her attention on "the author" that her admirers look a trifle grave. The young lady heeds their disapprobation as little as possible—while Charlton on his part is willing to be entertained. They go down to the bridge to see the stars—the moon not being yet risen—reflected in the river, and linger there, leaning idly over the railing and talking such light nonsense as passes current for sense on summer nights, with purple skies bending above, and soft water rushing below.

With Charlton this is simply a means of killing time, though no doubt he is amused by the pretty bright face, and blithe young tongue—while what Miss Norwood thinks of *him* may be gathered from a remark made to her sister a little later:

"I can't imagine what Adele Dupont meant by telling me that Mr. Charlton had the manners of a bear," she says meditatively, as she brushes out the abundant masses of her brown hair. "I think he is very agreeable."

"You seemed to think so," answers her sister a little dryly.

Sylvia laughs as she flings the dust cloud back and looks at herself in the mirror. "What then?" she asks. "You need not fancy we were flirting."

"O no—you never do anything of that kind," answers the other, with a strong infusion of good-natured sarcasm in her tone.

"Never except under provocation—and there was none to-night. We talked of—of the sublime, the heroic, and Mr. Carlyle."

"I suppose so," remarks the skeptical sister. "Those subjects are so much in your line. Now do stop chattering and go to bed like a good girl."

Immediately after breakfast the next morning the hunting party assembles. A wagon filled with provisions and tents is driven by a negro who followed Eric Markham through the war and therefore is well acquainted with the requirements and hard-

ships of camp life. "It will be like taking the field again, eh, Ned?" his master had said, and Ned replied with a grin from ear to ear, "I shouldn't keer if it was, Mars Eric." The gentlemen are all on horseback—Charlton having been mounted by Colonel Tyrrell, who insisted peremptorily on his taking the best saddle-horse in the stables. As usual on such occasions, there is great delay in making a start, so many last things claim attention, there is so much talk, laughter, badinage and repartee. Finally Frank Brandon puts his hands to his lips and imitates the bugle-call of "Boot and Saddle." This followed by a general mounting. Ned drives off, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, the cavalcade files out of the gate, and as the last one issues forth, a cheery voice shouts back, "Westward Ho!"

To follow their line of march, and record all the adventures, hardships and pleasures which fill the next six days, would require the pen of Maine Reid at least—and would fill a volume in itself. At the end of that time the gentlemen of the Markham party return—unaccompanied by Charlton or George. Their absence is explained by the two following epistles:

"WAYNESVILLE, August 19th, 1874.

*"My dear Colonel Tyrrell:—*Taking advantage of the kind permission you gave me at parting to keep Bayard as long as I like, I have decided to accompany Brandon still further. To-morrow we start for Cherokee. The fascination of this country grows upon me, and our present plan is to pursue our course due west, making Clarksville in Georgia our objective point—near which, as you will not need for me to remind you, are the famous falls of Tallulah. It is difficult—indeed impossible—to give any idea of the wild magnificence of the scenery here, but you may tell Miss Tyrrell that I have seen nothing which charms me so much as Transylvania. The valley of the Nantahala is beautiful—and the gorge of the same unspeakably grand—but man has done much to spoil it, while man has only adorned Transylvania. I cannot tell when I shall return—probably not for ten days. With warmest regards to all the household, believe me,

"Most truly yours,

"GEOFFREY CHARLTON.

Epistle Number Two was indited at the same time and from the same place.

"WAYNESVILLE, August 19th.

"*Dear Papa:* We got here last night tired out, I can tell you. We've had splendid luck in hunting, though, and I like roughing it first rate. I should n't mind being a hunter all the time, except in winter. We've had some of the mountaineers with us all the time, and such tales as they do tell—you never heard the like! Tell Oscar to tell Tom Fanshawe when he sees him that he'll be sorry to the last day of his life he didn't come on this trip, and that when I get back I'll open his eyes for him with some of the toughest bear stories he ever heard.

"Mr. Charlton is n't going back with the others. He and Brandon are going to keep on through the Indian country into Georgia. Since I came with him, I suppose of course you'll wish me to go on with him. The horses hold out first-rate, and we haven't had but one rainy day since we started. Then we were out on the mountains, and it soaked us through.

"Brandon says he can't tell exactly when we can get back—it depends on the roads and the horses and a hundred other things. There's no use in writing when the mails are so uncertain; so you may expect us when you see us. Love to everybody, and tell Floy this is n't half as pretty a country as ours.

"Your affectionate son,

"GEORGE TYRELL."

"That scamp knew perfectly well that he ought to have come back with Mr. Markham," says Colonel Tyrrell, handing this characteristic missive to his daughter, whose eye has by this time travelled to the end of the page filled with Charlton's clear black writing. "But there's a good deal of sagacity in his pretending to take for granted that what he wanted to do was the proper thing to do."

"Perhaps he honestly thought that he ought to remain with Mr. Charlton," says Flora smiling. "It is quite true that he went with him."

"What a thing it is to be a boy!" says Minnie enviously. "How I wish I was in George's place!"

"The day after the return of the hunters, the Markham party leave, and then blankness and dullness settle heavily on the Tyrrell household. There is no mode of escaping or throwing off the sense of *ennui* which envelopes them like a cloud. Minnie is bored to the point of desparation, and makes the air resound with her lamentations and regrets—lamentations that she must live in Transylvania, regrets that she is not a boy instead of "a horrid stupid girl."

"I was not aware before that you had such a good idea of your own character," says her father, overhearing the last remark.

Even Flora feels that life at present lacks some zest. "How soon one can become demoralized!" she says. "It seems scarcely while to have cakes and ale when their loss leaves such a flatness behind them."

There are other cakes and ale in store for the Tyrrells at this moment, however—little as they suspect it. Ten days have dragged their slow course by since the departure of the Markham party, and Minnie rises each morning, saying, "I wonder if Mr. Charlton and George will come to-day!" Instead of Charlton and George there comes a letter from Sunderland, addressed to Colonel Tyrrell, and this is what it contains:

"RICHMOND, August 25th, 1874.

*"My Dear Uncle:—*You will probably think me very much a will-o-the-wisp, when you glance at the top of this page, since my last letter to Flora was written from the lakes. We left there almost immediately after that epistle was despatched, and travelled down through the western cities to the mountains of Virginia. There I left the Prestons and came here yesterday. Constant travel has slightly knocked me up, and I am lying over a day or two in order to rest and see some old friends. Then I shall come on directly to Transylvania. You would scarcely believe it, perhaps—I have been such a thorough prodigal—but I am homesick for a glimpse of its blue hills. Tell Flora so, with my dearest love. I suppose from what I hear that I shall still find Charlton with you. I hope my coming won't prove inconvenient. If you can stow me away in a corner, I will excuse the killing of a fatted calf.

"Yours with affection,

"HENRY SUNDERLAND."

The rejoicing which takes place on receipt of this intelligence is tumultuous. "Harry is coming!" cries Minnie, Oscar and Nelly in chorus. The news is carried to the servants, whose sallow faces glow with delight. Let his faults be what they may, Sunderland is one of nature's princes—generous-hearted, open-handed, winning love and fealty from high and low. Only Flora looks a little disturbed and pale, and Colonel Tyrrell tries ineffectually to mask his pleasure by saying,

"What does the boy mean by writing nonsense about hoping his coming will not prove inconvenient? Does he think such a thing likely?"

(To be Continued.)

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

COMPILED BY T. B. KINGSBURY.

Number 3.

15. "It's an ill will that turns none to good.

—*Thomas Tasser, 1750.*

NOTE.—This is quoted usually: "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good."

16. "Christmas comes but once a year."—
- Ibid.*

17. "When Greek join'd Greek then was the tug of war."

—*Lee's "Alexander the Great."*

NOTE.—The usual quotation is "When Greek meets Greek, then comes, &c." The above is correct.

18. "Millions for defence but not a cent for tribute."

—*Charles C. Pinckney.*

19. "There's a good time coming."

—*Scott's Rob Roy.*

20. "
- Vox populi, vox Dei*
- The voice of the people is the voice of God."

—*Quoted by William of Malmesbury in 12th Century.*

21. "He left the name, at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

—*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*"

NOTE.—These lines are intended for Charles XII of Sweden.

22. "Hell is paved with good intentions."

—*Unknown.*

NOTE.—This is found in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and the same idea is in Herbert's *Jacula Prudentum*—"Hell is full of good meanings and wishings." It is an old proverb and Sir Walter Scott ascribes it to "some stern old divine."

23. "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks

In Vallambrosa———"

—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*"

24. "From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve."—*Ibid.*

25. "And with necessity,

The tyrant's plea excused his devilish deeds."—*Ibid.*

26. "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love."—*Ibid.*

27. "A little learning is a dangerous thing ;

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

—*Pope's "Essay on Criticism."*

OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.

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Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

28. "To err is human, to forgive, divine."—*Ibid.*
29. "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—*Ibid.*"
30. "And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."
—*Goldsmith's "Traveller."*
31. "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye."—*Ibid.*
32. "I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."
—*Cooper.*
33. "You have a wrong sow by the ear."
—*Butler's "Hudibras."*

34. "He that complices against his will,
Is of his own opinion still. — Hudibras.

35. What will Mrs. Grundy say?" — *Morton's "Speed the Plough."*

36. "The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to call a coward." — *Tobin's "Homer Moon."*

37. "Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one."
—*Earl Rochester on Charles II.*

NOTE.—This is sometimes attributed to the Bible. Herbert has the same idea, and Sterne borrows it :

39. "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell sir."
—George Canning in "*Anti-Jacobin*."

4 . "A sadder and a wiser man."

—Coleridge's "*Ancient Mariner*."

41. "Truth is always strange; stranger than fiction."

—Lord Byron.

42. "I awoke one morning and found myself famous.—*Ibid*."

43. "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

—Gray's "*Progress of Poesy*."

THE ROUND TABLE.

LIVING NOVELISTS.

Some months ago we promised to prepare an article for THE ROUND TABLE on the uses and abuses of novel reading, in which we would undertake to point out what novels richly deserve to be read, and to warn against those that should be avoided. We purpose to fulfil that promise, but not now. We wish at present to refer to certain *living* writers of fiction whose works are attracting the attention of cultivated readers. In what we are about to say, the reader will find no reference to American novels. We confess our knowledge of this department of American literature is limited no little. Bear in mind that *now* we are merely dealing with the living, and we have no acquaintance with any living American novelist except our own gifted Christian Reid. When we come to write the article referred to above, we may have something to say of Cooper, Bird, Brown, Kennedy, Simms and Hawthorne—but they have all passed away.

People will read novels, and it is, therefore, quite important to know what sort of novels to read and what to avoid. When it is remembered that in England alone the number of novels published annually averages two hundred, it becomes a matter of very great moment to those who have no time to waste over poor books, and who yet need mental recreation, to learn which of this immense array of fictions he may read with a guarantee of

intellectual enjoyment and moral elevation. We have no hours at our command we are willing to devote to the reading of books that are morbid or hurtful—that give false views of life, inculcate a low standard of morality, attack those things we hold dear and sacred, or with iconoclastic hand would break in pieces our cherished house-hold gods, however able or elegantly written. We have surely no time to idle over the thousands of trashy fictions that have been published within the last twenty years. No fictions of the *ordinary* type of English society novels is worth reading. If it does not in ability rise above the dead level to which a large proportion of fictions are confined, do not touch it. Jeremy Taylor says wisely that “no man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.” There is no more hurtful companion than a bad, vicious book, and no duller companion than a stupid book. But thanks to men and women of genius, there are scores of novels and romances that may be read with delight, for they are alike pleasing and instructive—edifying to the mind and good for the soul.

But to the “*living* novelists,” some or all of whose works ~~may~~ be read. We begin with George Eliot, who stands supreme—like Saul the son of Kish—head and shoulders above them all. The world has had but one Rome, and Rome had but one Cæsar—the others lived in the light of the great Julius. So the world has had but ~~one~~ England, and England, great, prolific, sovereign, unequalled, has given to the world but one George Eliot. Read, meditate upon, *study* her unique and admirable productions, and having done this, then—read them again, and thank God for the gift of such a rare genius and for endowing you with taste and sensibility enough to appreciate and relish her writings. The *London Review* says “an acquaintance with the writings of George Eliot” is “in itself a liberal education.” The *London Examiner* declares that her great fictions “belong to the *enduring* literature of” England, and that their durableness rests not in “the fashionableness of the pattern,” but in “the *texture* of the stuff.” This is just. The ordinary novel reader who sits up through the night to devour one of Wilkie Collins’ profoundly sensational stories and swears he is the greatest of novelists, will go to sleep over *Adam Bede*, and will throw that noble poem, although in prose, *Romola*, into the waste-basket, before he has read fifty pages. We have

long regarded it as very absurd to take Milton's *Paradise Lost* as a text-book in schools. We doubt if many men under forty ever appreciated it. Many well known English poets are much nearer the level of a boy's or girl's understanding than Milton, grandest, and yet, one of the most exquisitely melodious of poets. George Eliot will only be understood and relished by people of matured and fastidious tastes. We are never guilty of the stupidity of commending her writings to readers generally. We would as soon think of sending a disciple of the Dryden and Pope school to Alfred Tennyson, and expect him to understand his great thoughts, his masterful poetic grace and the liquid music of his verse.

But we must hasten to other writers. We cannot characterize their excellencies and defects. Being more or less acquainted with the following writers, we are prepared to say that some at least of their works, possibly the most of them, will pay you well for reading them, viz: Miss Mulock, (read by all means her *John Halifax, Gentleman*,) Mrs. Oliphant, (specially *Valentine and his Brother* and *Chronicles of Carlingford*,) Miss Thackeray (*Old Kensington*,) R. D. Blackmore, (notably *The Maid of Sker*, and *Lorna Doone*,) Mrs. Parr, (particularly *Dorothy Fox*,) George Macdonald, (his admirable fictions, *Alec Forbes* and *Wilfrid Cumberland*,) and Thomas Hardy, possibly the greatest living male novelist, (specially *Far From the Madding Crowd*, a work of great merit.) These writers we can indorse. There are other authors who rank high in the judgment of British critics, but we have not yet had an opportunity of familiarizing ourself with their productions. We mention specially William Black, whose *A Princess of Thule*, *The Strange Adventurers of a Phæton*, and other novels, have received the highest English critical indorsement; Charles Gibbon and B. L. Fargeon. In the great British Quarterlies, as well as the leading London literary weeklies, Hardy and Black have been particularly commended. Doubtless there are other writers of merit with whose names we are not familiar. Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, Mrs. Macquoid and George A. Lawrence have written works that have been praised by the critics. We confess we rather like Reade's *Peg Woffington*, but his other novels that we have read, such as *White Lies* and *Put Yourself in His Place*, appear to be too much in the Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon

strain. With Trollope and Mrs. Macquoid we have no acquaintance. We never read but one of Lawrence's stories, *Guy Livingstone*, and although it appeared to us not without a certain sort of vigor and dramatic skill, it was not enough to our taste to induce us to read the other works he has since written. Our aim in this paper is not criticism but to help our readers in the purchase of novels. We wish to save them both time and money.

T. B. K.

NOT SUSTAINED.

"I have lately seen it alleged that for the last twenty years no graduate of our American colleges has risen to fame as an orator, a poet, a statesman, or an historian, or in either of the learned professions."—*Rev. Dr. Jacobus*.

In the article by Dr. Jacobus from which we copy the above statement, we do not understand him to indorse the allegation. But whether he does or not, we do not believe it is true, although we have neither the necessary information nor the requisite material at hand to furnish a complete refutation. As to the reference to poets it may be true, for they are *born*, not made you know. But as far as it applies to other professions we have no idea that it can be sustained by an appeal to facts. For instance, probably the two most successful of American historians who have become famous within "the last twenty years" are J. L. Motley and Dr. Abel Stevens. We are not absolutely certain, but we believe both are graduates of colleges. If America can produce one able historical writer every "twenty years" it will be doing well. Are none of our most famous American orators and statesmen who have come to the front within the last score of years alumni of "American colleges?" We think so. Can it be possible that none of the ablest lawyers who have made their name within the last two decades have diplomas from our colleges? There must be error in such a statement as that quoted by Dr. Jacobus. The charge is made to damage the character of the highest literary institutions as nurseries of genius and talent and learning? If the statement were true, then our eminent physicians, teachers and ministers—those who are most distinguished for erudition,

rose to fame without collegiate advantages, whilst those who enjoyed the benefits of a college curriculum have "taken back seats" among the obscure and forgotten. The statement given above is designed to show that our colleges are not what they claim to be—institutions in which men can be so prepared as to use with the greatest benefit those educational appliances with which they are supplied, and to give them a genuine advantage over those contestants who are less favored. It seems to us that the charge means this, or it means nothing.

When we turn to North Carolina and run over the roll of its illustrious and accomplished citizens, we are prepared to reject the assertion we are now combatting, and to appreciate the great blessings which our colleges have been instrumental in visiting upon our people. We know that our home colleges at least have been of great service, and that many of the leading men in the various professions are either graduates of the University, or of Wake Forest or Davidson college, or of some similar institution abroad.

But the success of college alumni is not denied to those who became famous prior to 1855. It is only within the last twenty years that graduates have failed to win the highest places. As far as North Carolina is concerned the charge is not true. Quite recently the North Carolina and Virginia papers have vied with each other in praise of a speech made in the U. S. Senate on February 17th, last, by Gen. Matt W. Ransom, and papers North and South have agreed that it was an effort of remarkable eloquence. Senator Ransom is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina.

We must here parenthetically record our own opinion of this speech after having studied it with exceeding care and interest. We believe it to be one of the noticeable speeches of the century. In literary finish, in scholarly elegance, in rare beauty of diction, in noble thought, in persuasive and manly eloquence, it will compare well with any speech we have read that has been delivered in our time. Appealing to the reason and justice as well as to the imagination, the affections and the emotions of the Northern people, it should be potential in allaying the bitter waters of strife, in exciting a higher patriotism, and arousing a profounder and sincerer sympathy for the oppressed South—"the

Niobe of nations." It has that matchless magic of sympathy—that *vivida vis animi*—that "glorious burst of winged words," which always interests where it fails to win, and excites the kindlier and better feelings of the heart when it fails to "master the high eminence" of men's passions and prejudices. The whole speech is reflexive of refined taste, elegant scholarship and affluent thought. As a native North Carolinian writing of another North Carolinian, "native and to the manner born," it is gratifying to us to be able to pay this imperfect tribute to the most ornate and rhetorical published speech that illustrates the annals of our State oratory.

We might refer to many gentlemen who have secured fame for oratory, or legal ability, or learning, within the "last twenty years." In all our land Gov. Vance is known for his rare endowments as an orator and a lecturer, whilst within a few months he has added the charms of a forceful and singularly gifted descriptive writer to his manifold accomplishments. In North Carolina the eloquence of the Hon. George Davis, and the great legal abilities of Col. Edward Graham Haywood are well known, and they are all graduates of colleges. In letters we have not many names. But among those who have become known to the public as authors within the "last twenty years" are some college graduates. We mention Rev. C. H. Wiley, Haywood W. Guion, and Edwin W. Fuller. In North Carolina our most attractive and learned ministers and our most successful and erudite educators, are college alumni. As to journalism, it will not be denied that there are no better informed editors or more scholarly writers than those who received collegiate educations. As far as we know among the leading physicians of the State, none stand higher than some who are graduates of both literary and medical colleges. So much then for the charge as far as it applies to North Carolina. The great evil is not that our college bred men do not achieve distinction, but that there are so few of our boys who are now being favored with the best educational advantages that our State can offer. Let us have more colleges, if necessary, more instructors and more pupils. At any rate, let us revive the University, place it upon a permanent footing, endow it generously, secure an able faculty, and then fill its halls and dormitories with anxious pupils. That is one of the ways to fill the State with competent and able

men—with men of education and knowledge and worth, who constitute the real “graceful ornaments to the civil order” and are “the Corinthian capitals of polished society.” T. B. K.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE ADDRESS OF THE HON. WM. A. GRAHAM on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence of the 20th of May, 1775. Delivered at Charlotte, on the 4th day of February 1875, by request of the citizens of Mecklenburg county. With Accompanying Documents, including those published by order of the Legislature of North Carolina in the year 1831. New York, E. J. Hale & Son, Publishers. 1875.

This is a valuable and interesting contribution to our State history and deserves to be read by all. It is very decidedly the clearest, ablest, and most conclusive argument in favor of the 20th of May Declaration, that has come under our eye. It is from the pen of an illustrious North Carolinian, himself the son of one of the leading spirits of the Revolution, and what he says merits the closest consideration. It is beautifully printed and makes a volume of 165 pages. We received our copy through the courtesy of Alfred Williams, Esq., our well known bookseller.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY after Legendre, with a selection of Geometrical Exercises, and Hints for the solution of the same. By Charles S. Venable, LL.D. Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia. University Publishing Company, New York and Baltimore. 1875.

This is a well printed volume of 366 pages by one of the most eminent mathematicians in America. There are many additions and improvements which will be doubtless appreciated by teachers and pupils.

THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE'S COUNSELLOR AND FRIEND: Containing Directions in Every Department of Housekeeping, Including the Duties of Wife and Mother. By Mrs. Mary Mason, author of “A Wreath from the Woods of Carolina,” “Spring-Time for Sowing,” etc, New York: E. J. Hale & Son, 1875.

A most beautiful edition of a most useful and timely work, by the venerable widow of the late Rev. Dr. Mason of Raleigh, who

was loved and revered for his many virtues and high Christian character, and held in high honor for his profound and varied learning and fine abilities. This is a wise book—a genuine Counsellor and Friend, and should be in the hands of every housewife—specially of the young and newly married. We can conscientiously recommend this very tasteful volume, for unlike some works of a similar character, it is written in good English and bears evidence of refinement and culture. It has a two-fold end in view: to give hints and helps in the management of the family, and to furnish the recipes necessary for an abundance of useful and appetizing creature comforts. In other words it advises you as only an aged and experienced friend could, and tells you how to become an expert in the neglected art of cooking. Our North Carolina friends, the Messrs. Hale, have done full justice to the book in the way of clear type and beautiful binding. We received our copy through our well known bookseller, Alfred Williams, Esq.

A REPLY TO THE HON. W. E. GLADSTONE'S "POLITICAL EXPOSTULATION." By the Right Reverend Monsignor Capel, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.. 1875.

This is a production of an able Roman Catholic writer, and will doubtless interest those who have read the discussion of Mr. Gladstone that has attracted such general attention in this country and in Europe.

MY STORY. A Novel. By Mrs. K. S. Macquoid. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. New York

The author's novel entitled *Patty* attracted marked attention. She has a good reputation to sustain. We have not read *My Story* and can give no opinion of its merits.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE AND HIS BROTHER. By Mrs. Oliphant. Harper & Brothers.

We bought our copy of this novel and give it a gratuitous notice because of its merit. It is a delightful story—fresh, natural, entertaining, with touches of the artist visible in many places, and with scenes of genuine beauty and pathos. T. B. K.

Other works have been received that will be noticed in the July number.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

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HUXLEY, DARWIN AND TYNDALL ;
OR, THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

BY T. L. CLINGMAN.

So much attention has of late been given to the views of such men of science as Darwin, Huxley, and others, with respect to the origin of life and the production and development of animal and vegetable species, that I am tempted to present to you a paper on this subject. Without claiming more scientific knowledge than any gentleman who reads and reflects may possess, I propose to offer objections to the views of that school of philosophers.

To avoid prolixity I shall abstain from the use of such scientific terms as would require explanation to render them intelligible to many readers, and endeavor simply to state in plain language the propositions of that school, so as to present their views fairly and justly.

Their doctrine may be stated in general terms, as embodying, the hypothesis that the various species of animals now living were not called into existence by special acts of a creative power, but owe their being and present condition to a slow and gradual development from earlier and inferior animals. It is maintained that all existing species come either from one, or at most a few inferior creatures called monads or primordial forms, and that, by a succession of evolutions or changes in them, all animals exist as we now perceive them. In this mode man himself is supposed to have come from a lower animal, probably of the ape species.

I regard this hypothesis as improbable in itself, without a single fact to support it, and without one plausible argument in its favor.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

SYMPTOMS OF

ACUTE AND CHRONIC INFLUENZA

BY DR. J. H. HARRIS, CHICAGO, ILL.

SYMPTOMS OF

ACUTE INFLUENZA

The symptoms of acute influenza are usually of a sudden onset, and are characterized by a high fever, aching muscles, headache, and a general feeling of malaise. The fever is usually of a high degree, and is accompanied by a rapid pulse. The headache is usually of a frontal type, and is accompanied by a feeling of pressure over the eyes. The aching muscles are usually of a general type, and are accompanied by a feeling of stiffness. The general feeling of malaise is usually of a general type, and is accompanied by a feeling of weakness. The symptoms of acute influenza are usually of a sudden onset, and are characterized by a high fever, aching muscles, headache, and a general feeling of malaise. The fever is usually of a high degree, and is accompanied by a rapid pulse. The headache is usually of a frontal type, and is accompanied by a feeling of pressure over the eyes. The aching muscles are usually of a general type, and are accompanied by a feeling of stiffness. The general feeling of malaise is usually of a general type, and is accompanied by a feeling of weakness.

The symptoms of chronic influenza are usually of a gradual onset, and are characterized by a low fever, aching muscles, headache, and a general feeling of malaise. The fever is usually of a low degree, and is accompanied by a rapid pulse. The headache is usually of a frontal type, and is accompanied by a feeling of pressure over the eyes. The aching muscles are usually of a general type, and are accompanied by a feeling of stiffness. The general feeling of malaise is usually of a general type, and is accompanied by a feeling of weakness. The symptoms of chronic influenza are usually of a gradual onset, and are characterized by a low fever, aching muscles, headache, and a general feeling of malaise. The fever is usually of a low degree, and is accompanied by a rapid pulse. The headache is usually of a frontal type, and is accompanied by a feeling of pressure over the eyes. The aching muscles are usually of a general type, and are accompanied by a feeling of stiffness. The general feeling of malaise is usually of a general type, and is accompanied by a feeling of weakness.

The symptoms of acute and chronic influenza are usually of a sudden and gradual onset, respectively, and are characterized by a high and low fever, aching muscles, headache, and a general feeling of malaise. The fever is usually of a high and low degree, and is accompanied by a rapid pulse. The headache is usually of a frontal type, and is accompanied by a feeling of pressure over the eyes. The aching muscles are usually of a general type, and are accompanied by a feeling of stiffness. The general feeling of malaise is usually of a general type, and is accompanied by a feeling of weakness.

Let us first consider the theory of "natural selection" or the "survival of the fittest," which is assumed to have been the chief instrumentality that has effected the successive changes that have brought an animal, originally inferior to the oyster, up to man as he now appears.

By natural selection we are to understand a theory of this kind. The fact is stated that young animals at their birth differ in their constitutions, some of them being larger and stronger than others. During their struggles for existence those having most bodily vigor will survive, while the feeble will succumb to the difficulties with which they are surrounded. As the more vigorous only survive, they transmit to their offspring healthy and strong constitutions. This process being repeated from time to time will not only make the whole species more vigorous than it originally was, but it will acquire new and superior qualities, and will finally seem to have become a different and higher race of animals. This process will be continued, each time producing, by successive evolutions, superior beings, until finally man is formed, his last progenitor having most probably been a species of ape like the ourang-outang or gorilla. The first part of this statement, viz: that among animals those having at birth, the most vigorous constitutions survive while the feeble perish, has not the merit of novelty. The fact did not escape the observation of even the most ignorant savages, among whom it is sometimes the custom to expose to death infants so feeble that they would not probably survive and become vigorous adults. Though this practice does not prevail among civilized people, yet one may hear a nurse say that such a new-born infant is so feeble that it will be difficult "to raise it." Farmers understand this so well that when, in a litter of young pigs, one under size is seen, it is assumed that he will not be able to contend with the others for his food, and it is decided that he must be put into a pen and fed on slops, so that he may in due time be killed as a shoat.

All stock raisers recognize this principle, and select their sows and brood mares of good size and fine developments. Unquestionably larger and better animals are thus obtained, but while their size is increased, the improvement does not extend beyond certain limits, which seems invariable for each species. Though the hog can be greatly increased in size he never becomes as

large as the bullock or horse, nor can the horse be gotten up to the bulk of the elephant. There is in fact no evidence of any permanent addition even to the size of the species, much less of any change in its organization. When the stimulating cause ceases the animal seems to revert to his former condition.

Though the Arab and Tartar wild horses have, by good feeding in Europe, been greatly increased in size, yet, when left to take care of themselves on the plains of Mexico or South America, they become the smaller mustang, and on the banks of Eastern North Carolina dwindle into the little marsh pony. In like manner the hog left to run wild in the mountain forests, is reduced to a small, hardy animal. Even with respect to the human race, which is not subject to changes of food, tall parents often have children shorter than themselves, nor have we any evidence that the process of "evolution or natural selection" has ever produced human beings an hundred or even twenty feet high, as it should have done upon this hypothesis. It seems rather that the changes of which each species is capable are confined within certain limits easily observed, within which these species seem to vibrate like the pendulum of a clock.

But even if the fact were otherwise it would not support the theory of the evolutionists, unless it could also be shown that animals would not only increase in size, but that they could likewise be developed into some other species. It is necessary that the sow should not only become very large, but that she should also produce a cow or a lion, or the mare give birth to a dromedary or an elephant to lend support to their views.

Great stress is laid on the fact, however, that surrounding conditions do in certain cases diminish or influence the development of some animals. It is stated that if a tad-pole be kept in cold water he will for a long period, perhaps an indefinite one, remain simply a tadpole, and not be developed into a frog. This fact, however, is by no means a singular one. Every old woman who raises poultry knows that if an egg be kept cold it will not hatch, or, to use a scientific phrase, be developed in a chicken. In like manner all farmers know that if a cold spell of weather comes on immediately after their corn or cotton has been planted it does not come up. While this result may be looked for in all the cases, there is another analogy between them which is even more

unfortunate for the evolutionist. When warm weather causes the seeds to germinate the plant will invariably follow in its form and qualities that from which the seed came. In like manner whenever the egg is hatched the product is a chicken, and never a goose or a rabbit; so, however long the tadpole may be detained in cold water, when he does develop he always becomes a frog. What the advocate of evolution by natural selection needs to show is, that under these conditions the tadpole should become a fish, lizard, or a mouse. If he could point to such a result as this he would then have one fact to support his hypothesis.

It is said, however, that if we go back to the earliest germs of life, it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish those in the eggs of certain birds from such as are found in the eggs of a serpent. But the essential fact remains that, however much alike in appearance they may be, each germ, when developed, invariably produces an animal like that from which it came. This fact makes the case still stronger against the evolutionists; for if it were true that these germs of different animals were in material, form and quality in all respects precisely alike, the great fact that they invariably produce different animals tends to prove that the form of any particular species is not determined by matter alone, but that the mysterious substance or quality which is designated as vitality is something independent of the mere identity and form of matter.

When such objections are presented the evolutionist insists that mere negative evidence is insufficient and ought not to be relied on. Though it may be true that negative evidence is inconclusive in some cases, yet in other instances it is as satisfactory and convincing as any positive evidence can be. Suppose an individual were to affirm that a bar of iron, if made red hot, would be converted into gold, I might reply that I had seen iron frequently thus heated without its being so changed; that, in fact, all iron was thus heated while being manufactured, and that it had never been in a single instance converted into gold. Is there a man acquainted with metals who would not be just as thoroughly satisfied by such negative evidence that the iron would not become gold as that it would not by being thus heated cease to be acted on by the force of gravity, and remain if left without support stationary in the air? In like manner does any one

doubt but that the offspring of a sow would be pigs, and not puppies or lambs?

But the evolutionist replies that though these things appear to be true, yet we cannot know what an indefinite period of time might have accomplished; that we cannot decide what millions of years or of ages might effect by means of the "plastic forces of nature." To this surmise, however, the answer is that physical science, that science which deals with materials things, proposes to rest on observed facts, and not on mere suppositions, like those of the school men of the middle ages. Its professors are often designated as positive philosophers, and pride themselves on following facts to whatever conclusions they may lead. How, then, can a hypothesis be maintained which not only has no fact to support it, but to which every known fact bearing on the case is directly hostile? If we may assume a thing to be true merely because it cannot be proved that at some time in the past, or at some place in the world, it might not have existed, then why doubt the reality of Sinbad's voyages, or the wonders of Aladdin's lamp?

It is urged, however, that at least different species may have originated in a common ancestor, and gradually diverged like the branches of a tree. The case is referred to in which from the same stock pigeons of different colors and forms have been produced. Unfortunately, however, for the evolutionist, the birds thus produced are invariably pigeons, and never hawks, ducks, or animals of any other species. If in one case it could be shown, for example, that a sweet potato when planted had given rise to a sweet potato-vine from its center, while from its north end a young oak had sprouted, and from its south a pumpkin-vine had shot out, then there would be a striking fact for the evolutionist. It may be said that it is unreasonable to expect so great a change at a single bound, and that a long period should be imagined to effect such a result, but in the absence of all evidence, upon what basis can such an opinion rest?

These changes are supposed, by the advocates of the "natural selection" hypothesis, to have been produced among animals by their having been placed in situations sometimes in which they felt the want of the particular change. When suffering from cold, one animal would feel the want of hair, and to gratify its

longings hair would grow on it. Another, to enable it to reach the leaves above it, by continually stretching its neck upward, and by wishing for it to be longer, would have it gradually extended, and in time become a giraffe, instead of its remaining a deer or a camel. The ape, though he had never seen a man, as no man had yet existed, wished, nevertheless, to become one, and by wishing very energetically, had his forepaws converted into hands, his hinder ones changed into the flat feet of a man, his brain enlarged to three times its former size, and his spine made erect.

One of the most earnest and ingenious advocates of the evolution theory, however, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, finds a serious stumbling-block in his way when he considers the changes which the ape underwent while being converted into a man. His hind foot lost its prehensile faculty by becoming like that of a man, and was, therefore, much less useful to him in climbing among the trees, while he did not for a long time at least know how to turn his hands to a good account. The great difficulty, however, which Mr. Wallace encountered was that he could not understand why the ape wished to get rid of the hair on his back when he became a man. All men are destitute of hair along the spine, while savages especially seem to desire to have it on their backs. The ape had it most abundantly on his back, and it would seem ought to have greatly rejoiced in it as a protection against the rain. Most animals, as Mr. Wallace observes, though they may have little hair on their bellies, possess it in abundance on their backs, while along its spine especially it is the thickest, sometimes taking the form of bristles. Mr. Wallace further states that savages seem especially to suffer from cold on their backs, and, therefore, when they can obtain even a small piece of skin they invariably place it over their shoulders. Some of them, as the Fuegians, are even smart enough to have the skin so tied on that they are able to shift it from side to side according to the direction of the wind, to protect them from it. As therefore the hair was manifestly advantageous to the ape in his original condition, and was equally so to him after he became a savage, why in the world did he wish to get rid of it? And as savages feel the want of it so much, why did not "natural selection" give it back to them again? After casting about for some satisfactory

answer, with little success, Mr. Wallace fears it will become necessary to seek for some other principle in addition to "natural selection." Ludicrous as this whole passage appears, one is not less amused with that narrowness of vision, which prevents him from seeing obstacles not less formidable to every part of his hypothesis.

It is also true, however, that while he is not staggered at all by the proposition that the ape, by wishing it, could have his brain, expanded from a capacity of thirty-four inches at the utmost up to a bulk of more than a hundred inches, or above three times its original size, yet he cannot understand why the ape should have wished for a moral sense. He cannot perceive any reason why the animal should have desired the possession of conscientious feelings or a sense of right and wrong. In fact, such emotions, instead of being of advantage, would seem rather to have been an incumbrance to him while engaged in such predatory enterprises as our modern apes appear to take delight in.

To this view also the objection exists that no organic change seems to have been produced in any animal by its feeling a desire for such a change. As yet it has not been stated that any one of the maimed soldiers one meets has had his limb restored to him, though from their resorting to artificial helps there is little doubt but that they desire such restoration. If the "plastic forces of nature" would now supply teeth as they formerly did to the animals wishing for them, would there be as many dentists as the signs on the doors seem to indicate?

If it should be argued that having once furnished the organs to the individuals the powers of "natural selection" had been exhausted in their case, we may well ask, How is it that no one of the short men we meet, who often manifest a desire to be tall, has, even by the most vehement wishing, been able to add a cubit or a single inch to his stature? If, in truth, the mind of animal or man were able simply by its action to change material things to the extent which the theories of the evolutionists assume, then its potency over matter would be immensely greater than its enthusiastic advocates have ever claimed for it.

Again, the facts presented by geological science have been appealed to as lending support to the views of the evolutionists. It is said that the animals which existed in the early geological pe-

riods were inferior to those which succeeded them in later ages, and that an upward progress has been steady and uniform, from the shellfish up to the quadrupeds and men. Though this fact has been disputed in certain respects, yet I regard it as in the main true, and for the purposes of the present argument will accept it as absolutely true. In other words, after the oyster the vertebrated fish, like the salmon, came, then the crocodile and other reptiles, and in succession lions, horses and similar quadrupeds, and finally man. Does such a succession, even if it were mathematically true, afford a respectable argument in support of the view that each of these classes came from the preceding one, or was a modification of it by the process of evolution? Admit that this succession was invariably upward, does it invariably establish the doctrine of "natural selection?"

Let us suppose that the man in the moon has come down to the earth from a laudable desire to learn how matters are managed here. Of course he would be invited to dine with the President. The first dish will be soup, then fish, afterwards roast beef and other meats, the dinner ending with jellies, ice cream and coffee. On the next day he dines with the Secretary of State, and is surprised to find the same succession of dishes. Each member of the Cabinet treats him precisely in the same manner, and so do such of the private citizens as he dines with. Being of a scientific turn of mind, he philosophizes, and is soon convinced that he has divined the true theory of these phenomena. The succession of dishes is invariably the same, and therefore it is clear that each dish must have been a modification of the preceding one. In the laboratory of the cook a certain primordial form of matter existed, and through some evolution which he did not precisely understand, it at first appeared as soup. By continuing the operation this substance became partially solidified and took the form of salmon. The action being continued by the aid of time, it was so hardened as to become roast beef. The operation longer persevered in, broke up the consistency of the material somewhat, so that it appeared as jelly and ice cream, while certain watery portions, which could not be even partially solidified, remained as coffee. The invariability of this succession left no doubt on his mind as to the soundness of this theory. Had he not in truth all in this form of evidence that geology

gives to the evolutionist? On stating this hypothesis, however, he was told that his theory was so plausible that it was not singular that he should have adopted it, but that he was mistaken. That the dinner invariably begins with soup and ended with coffee was merely due to the fact that the person who arranged the dinner thought that such a succession of dishes was better suited to the tastes, appetites, and constitutions of men than any other arrangement. Does geology furnish to the advocate of "natural selection" a stronger argument than this lunar philosopher had? If at one time the earth, from its warmer condition, was enveloped in an immense mass of cloudy vapors, so that the sunlight was excluded, the creative power might be supposed capable of perceiving that it was in its condition well suited to the existence of shell fish in its waters. After further cooling its vapors subsided, and permitted the sunlight to penetrate its ocean, and vertebrates, furnished with eyes could be accommodated; and as the land emerged its marshy surface was well-fitted for the comfortable existence of reptiles. Further hardening rendered it a suitable habitation for quadrupeds, that could be well fed on its luxuriant grasses and other vegetation. At length it acquired a condition fitting it for the growth of the cereals, and man was called into being. Such a supposition as this would not require in the creative power a higher degree of intelligence than the farmer displays, when, after having newly drained a piece of marsh land, seeing it still wet, he uses it for a meadow, and after it has been thoroughly dried cultivates it in wheat.

There has recently been much discussion in relation to the discovery of the "basis of life," or that point where mere matter first assumes the character of vitality. Microcosmic examinations show that there are certain minute particles of matter designated as ova, cells, or protoplasms, which manifest a potentiality to be developed into plants and animals. They are found to consist of the four elements—oxygen, carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen—but they become food for plants only in their combinations of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. In this form they can sustain the growth of the "protoplasms," which constitute plants, while animals can only assimilate them secondarily from plants. These protoplasms seem to be so near to mere matter that Professor Tyndall said in his address at Belfast that he "passed over" the

interval which separated these protoplasms from matter itself. In other words, he seemed to regard matter alone as sufficient to constitute vitality in plants and animals, excluding the idea that there is any such thing as life other than as a modification of matter.

But do the alleged discoveries sustain this view? It would be but a superficial view if we were to assume that the knowledge of the fact that the oak came from an acorn, and a fowl from an egg, explained the origin of vegetable or animal life. How it was that the acorn had a potentiality to germinate into a tree, or the egg to be developed into a fowl, would remain still none the less a mystery. The chemist might place the egg in an exhausted receiver, hermetically seal it, and by applying a moderate degree of heat he could deprive it of its vitality or potentiality to become a fowl. After this had been done he would have under his control all the material elements of the egg with its numerous dead protoplasms, but no skill of his could restore its vitality. Does not this show that vitality is something more than mere matter, a something to be added to matter before it can possess the potentiality to manifest itself as a living organization? So is it with the protoplasms. Professor Tyndall says he passes over the chasm which separates his protoplasms from matter. So can the protoplasms also; but when they have thus passed they have crossed a chasm over which they return not again. No man of science can again restore their vitality. Their condition is then as hopeless as would be that of the Professor himself when he once passed from living to dead matter.

Is it not clear, then, that the discovery of protoplasms has not enabled us to understand the "basis of life" any better than men did centuries ago? How they become living organizations is just as much a mystery as the potentiality of the acorn or the egg to produce vegetable or animal beings.

Again, the fact that the microscope does not enable the man of science to distinguish the protoplasms of one animal from those of another does not tend to establish the identity of different species. It was discovered long ago that animals and vegetables, with slight additions, were constituted of these four elements. But no one ever assumed that because chemical analysis showed that the flesh of men and dogs was composed of these same ele-

ments it thus proves that men and dogs are identical in species, or must have had a common origin. The very fact the protoplasms of different animals cannot be distinguished from each other, accompanied by the other fact that the protoplasm of each animal invariably produced that animal, and not any other, indicates that life which determines species is something entirely different from mere matter.

The question may be asked, then, Why is it that such views have attracted of late so much attention, and been adopted by a number of persons? It must be remembered that the minds of many men of science in the pursuit of certain inquiries run in narrow channels, and, like the microscopes they use, make small objects appear very large; and thus they attach undue importance to some new discovery. The mass of readers are influenced by the authority of great names, and are also fond of a novelty. Their minds are confused by the use of terms not well understood. "Natural selection," "the survival of the fittest," "evolution," "protoplasms," "monads," "protein," "the physical basis of life," "correlation of growth," "correlation of vital and physical forces," and similar terms disturb their minds, and induce them to believe that there must be something deep and mysterious in such theories, just as the traveller who comes to a stream so muddy that he cannot see the bottom is easily persuaded that it is of indefinite depth. Such persons, seeing that they have often been surprised by great discoveries in science, become credulous, and ready to adopt new theories, however improbable.

Mr. Quirk, because Tittlebat Titmouse had, from being a beggar, suddenly become owner of ten thousand a year, was induced to believe that the red, green and blue, and purple colors of his hair, produced by his brisk application of the various hair-dyes with which he so suddenly surprised his acquaintances, might have been caused by the change of his pecuniary condition.

The several works lately published on these subjects contain much valuable scientific information, and, if read as we do "Gulliver's Travels" will furnish knowledge as well as amusement. Science, in her sphere, gives us an amount of knowledge that cannot be overestimated, but it has utterly failed to explain the origin of life, the connection of mind and matter, or the manner in which they act on each other.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

In the following poem written by one of the best American poets, John Greenleaf Whittier, there is much that is tender and simple and beautiful. It appeared in a Northern child's magazine called *Young Folks*. T. B. K.

Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning:
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a setting sun
Shone over it at setting:
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls.
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the schools were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
 I hate to go above you,
 Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing,
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him,
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her,—because they love him.

MARGINALIA.

I. A Baltimore paper says there is no "generic title" for the literary man—no proper "designation" by which he may be known. It thinks the word "writer" expresses too much, and "man of letters" is too cumbersome. It wants an English word, not French or Latin. Thomas De Quincey evidently felt the need of some brief name to designate the professional literary man, and he called him a *literator*. If that is not accepted, then we ask with the Baltimore editor, "Who will invent the right designation?"

II. The hoop-skirts of a few years ago will never be forgotten by the generation that beheld them. In the days of Queen Anne they were in vogue, and Addison has given us a fine description of them in one of his *Spectator* papers. But, according to Milton, there were fine and grandly dressed women before Addison's day.

The great poet, in lines that will always live, thus describes the approach of the cunning and treacherous Dalila, the wife of Samson:

"Who is this * * * *
 "That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind."

We cannot decide whether she wore hoops or not. If she wore a "long train" we must conclude she did not wear hoops. But we leave that to the ladies to decide. Whilst we are considering the fashions of former ages, let us reproduce a striking passage from an old book. A reverend gentleman by the name of Wilkinson, preached a sermon in 1607 on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Hay, of England, when he took as his text, Proverbs 31:14—"She is like a merchant's ship, she bringeth her food from afar." The following will be enjoyed: "But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is, *too much rigging*. Oh! what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile, with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops, and her top-gallants, with her upper deckes, and her nether deckes, and so bedeckt with her streamers, flags, and ensigns, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and *her foolish fashions*, that hee that made her, when hee lookes upon her *shall hardlie know her*, with her plumes, her fannes, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe like a saile, yea, a ruffe like a rainbowe, with a feather in her cap, like flag in her top, to tell, I thinke, *which way the winde will blowe*."

If good Mr. Wilkinson, or gifted and courtly Joseph Addison, were among us, we opine he would have something to say of the *very scant patterns* now allowed a young lady, and prefer, as more modest and decorous, the ample and flowing robes of two hundred years ago, to the present style that "sticketh closer than a brother," and impedes the best efforts of the pedestrian. Selah!

III. Lord Byron, one of the greatest of English poets, though it is now the fashion among most critics to "damn him with faint praise," charges that one of his contemporaries took unusual liberties with the Holy Scriptures:

"Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch."

Theft among authors is quite common. We often meet in the newspapers with a beautiful paragraph in *prose* that is attributed, we cannot say how correctly, to the late George D. Prentice. It is stolen almost bodily from a poem by the late Dr. Moir, one of the best contributors *Blackwood's Magazine* ever had, and a man

of true genius. In the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, a literary theft of a very glaring character is pointed out. In Rogers's *Italy*, the following fine lines occur :

"A few in ferra

*Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves."*

In Gibbons' *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxxv, the reader will find the following passage :

"It is a saying worthy of the ferocious pride of Attila, *that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod.* * * * The minister of Theoderic compares them in his quaint declamatory style, *to waterfowl who had fixed their nests on the bosom of the waves.*"

IV. It has been often stated that persons engaged in professional duties live to a greater average age than those who are otherwise employed. It is claimed that persons who use their minds chiefly are the longest lived. We have no means of establishing ourself the truth or falsity of this assertion. We noticed in the necrology of 1874, that the average age of eminent men devoted to intellectual pursuits showed remarkable longevity. In a list of possibly a hundred names, the average was, we believe, some sixty-six years. Dr. Beard, of New York, is high authority in questions of the kind. He published some few months ago a most interesting paper upon "The Longevity of Brain-Workers." He shows first, that precocity of mental development is by no means inimical to health or to a long life. He examined, for instance, 213 cases of acknowledged musical prodigies, and found they averaged 58 years, some of them living to 103 years. In the second place, he gives us some interesting figures in regard to famous historical men. He examined the age attained by 500, including many who died young, like Raphael, Blaise Pascal, Mozart, Byron, Shelley, Keats and Chatterton, and he found the average life was 64 years and between two and three months. Of these, 150 were decidedly precocious, and their average was greater than the remaining 350. A Berlin physician has published also some figures. His investigations show the average age in Prussia to be as follows: clergymen 65, lawyers 58, artists, 59, physicians 56, military officers 59, mer-

chants 62, farmers 61. Mechanics and laborers generally show a much lower rate, especially some branches, such as house-painters, stone-cutters, &c. We believe the statistics of England and France will show a higher average still. In 1867, the following were the respective ages of the most eminent members of the French Academy, which is composed of forty members, and through three hundred years has maintained the highest reputation for learning: M. Vinnet is 89; M. de Segur, 86; De Touqerville, 76; Lebran, 82; Villemain, 76; Lamartine, 76; Flour-ence, 78; M. Guizot, 79; M. Thiers, 69; Berryer, 74; the Duke de Broglie, 82. Of these several are still living. Guizot died last year, aged 86. The body averaged considerably over 60. In England, it is not uncommon for its statesmen and divines to attain to the age of 85 or more. Lord Brougham died at 88, Lord Lyndhurst at 87, John Wesley at 88, and so on. In our own country, our distinguished literary men often live to a green old age. Dana is now almost 87; Charles Sprague, 83; John Neal, 81; Bryant almost 80; Emerson 72; Longfellow, 67; Whittier almost 67; Holmes, 65; and Street 61. Halleck lived to be 72, and Pierpont died at 80; Mrs. Sigourney lived to be 74, George Ticknor to more than 70, Washington Irving to 76, Cooper to 62, Wm. G. Simms to upward of 60, Channing to 62, Everett to 71, Franklin to 84, Audubon to 71, Dwight to 65, Albert Barnes to 70, and Prescott, to 63. George Bancroft is 75. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Andrew Jackson, Van Buren, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, and other famous statesmen all lived to an advanced age. So brain-work, when the laws of health are properly observed, seems to be conducive to a long life.

T. B. K.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—For the teacher: Possess exhaustive knowledge, keep always bright, of the branch or branches you profess. For the pupil: Leave nothing till you have comprehended it. For teacher and pupil: Labor with diligence and persistency of effort. If the observance of these directions do not cause you to attain success, sever your connections, and enter upon the performance of other work in life.—*James A. Bartley.*

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